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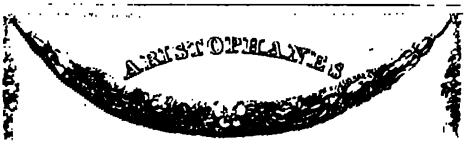

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

ROBERT WALSH, JR.

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THE

COMEDIES

OF

ARISTOPHANES.

BY T. MITCHELL, A. M.

LATE FELLOW OF SIDNEY-SUSSEX COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

It will be taken for granted, that the reader is acquainted with some of the leading differences between the scenic representations of the Greeks and our own. He will be supposed to know, that the dramas of that people grew out of and formed part of their religious ceremonies—that they were exhibited in theatres of a colossal size compared with ours—that the times of exhibition were at distant intervals—that when those few intervals did take place, the whole day was devoted to theatrical entertainments—that a prize was conferred on the most successful competitor—and that a piece once performed, was never, in the same shape at least, represented a second time. He will further be supposed to have some knowledge of the general principles of that peculiar part of the ancient drama, the OLD COMEDY, as it is called, in contradistinction to what was afterwards named the MIDDLE, and the NEW;—as that it stood in the extreme relation of contrariety and parody to the tragedy of the Greeks—that it was directed chiefly to the lower orders of society at Athens—that it served in some measure the purposes of the modern Journal, in which public measures and the topics of the day might be fully discussed; and that in consequence the *dramatis personæ* were generally the poet's own

contemporaries, speaking in their own names, and acting in masks, which, as they bore only a caricature resemblance of their faces, showed that the poet in his observations upon them did not mean to be taken literally to his expression. Like tragedy, it constituted part of a religious ceremony; and the character of the deity, to whom it was more particularly dedicated, was stamped at times pretty visibly upon the work which was composed in his honour. The Dionysian festivals, in short, were the great Carnivals of antiquity—they celebrated the returns of vernal festivity, or the joyous vintage, and were in consequence the great holidays of Athens—the seasons of universal relaxation. The comic poet was the high priest of the festival; and if the orgies of his divinity (the God of Wine) sometimes demanded a style of poetry, which a Father of our Church probably had in his eye, when he called all poetry the *devil's wine*, the organ of their utterance (however strange it may seem to us) no doubt considered himself as perfectly absolved from the censure which *we* should bestow on such productions: in their composition he was discharging the same *pious* office as the painter, whose duty it was to fill the temples of the same deity with pictures, which our imaginations would consider equally ill suited to the habitations of divinity. What religion therefore forbids among us, the religion of the Greeks did not merely tolerate, but enjoin. Nor was the extreme and even profane gaiety of the OLD COMEDY without its excuse. To unite extravagant mirth with a solemn seriousness was enjoined by law, even in the sacred festival of Ceres. The feast of Bacchus retained the license without

the embarrassment of the restraint. While the philosophers, therefore, querulously maintained, that man was the joke and plaything of the Gods, the comic poet reversed the picture, and made the gods the plaything of men: in his hands indeed every thing was upon the broad grin; the gods laughed, men laughed, animals laughed. Nature was considered as a sort of fantastic being, with a turn for the humorous, and the world was treated as a sort of extended jest-book, where the poet pointed out the bons mots, and acted in some degree as corrector of the press. If he discharged this office sometimes in the sarcastic spirit of a Mephistophilus, this too was considered as a part of his functions: he was the Terræ-Filius of the day, and lenity would have been considered, not as an act of discretion, but as a cowardly dereliction of duty.

Of the species of comedy thus described, whoever was the inventor, whether Epicharmus or Phormis, Aristophanes was the great finisher and perfecter. With an ear tuned to the nicest modulations of harmony, and with a temperament apparently most joyous and jovial, he was just fitted for the entertainment of a people, of whom Philip of Macedon, when he compared them to the Hermaic statues, so common in their streets, drew in a few words one of the most happy and characteristic descriptions of a people, which is upon record. That gaiety which is so well adapted to a nation of quick natural parts, and which has so few charms for persons of cultivated understandings, the gaiety which consists in painting pleasantly the dulness of the understanding (*la betise*) and in inspiring buffoonery,

of that gaiety, which has been made equally the basis of Italian and Grecian comedy, Aristophanes was pre-eminently the master. Music, dancing, metre, decoration—all that union of amusement, which the Greeks, a *seeing* and not a *reading* public, (this fact cannot be too much in our minds, when we are talking of their dramatic literature,) required of their writers for the stage, Aristophanes seems to have improved; the muse of Comedy herself he left as he found her—a beautiful Titania, matchless in her outward proportions, but with a spell upon her affections, and showering favours, which should have been better bestowed—upon an ass's head, with Bottom, the weaver, below it. An utter aversion to every species of affectation, and a most splenetic hatred to Euripides, (derived from deeper views of things than people have generally given the comedian credit for,) perhaps guided Aristophanes on this point. He found that poet, half-pleader and half-bard, as he contemptuously calls him, affecting to rescue the sister muse of tragedy from the coarse hands of Æschylus, under whom she had been pampered into a sort of cumbrous ostentatious Amazon. A course of straight-lacing and cool diet was bringing her a little more into compass: her appearance had already become more genteel, and only a little more polish was necessary to fit her for the society of the Sophists, to whose schools she continually resorted for the little prettinesses, and affectations and delicacies of thought and expression, which were for ever in her mouth. A rough hand and a good course of bark and steel were necessary to repair the spreading mischief and infection. The puns of the Peiræus,

and the proverbs of the Agora,* and the coarse jokes of the Ecclesia and Heliæa were therefore diligently collected and culled, and showered from a full cornucopia, in all their native richness and strength, upon an audience, who must have found in them a charm, of which we are wholly unsusceptible. Perhaps, too, it added some charm to their value, in the eyes of democratical pride and vanity, that it was a man of rank and property (for Aristophanes was both) who thus condescended to amuse his audience according to their own notions of pleasantry and humour.

Till the fatal exhibition therefore of the Clouds, the dramatic career of Aristophanes had been short, but eminently successful. His first play, (the Dætaleis,) which was brought out before the author had reached the age established by law, we know to have been received with the most flattering attention: his "Babylonians" could boast the triumph of having at once excited and defeated the vengeance of that pestilent demagogue, who seems, as the historian expresses it, to have been as much born for the depression of Athens, as Miltiades, Themistocles, Cymon and Pericles were for its elevation; while the prize of victory had been awarded to his comedies of the Acharnians and the Knights. Diffidence had thus been removed: exertion was stimulated; and gratitude, success, emulation and hope, all urged the writer to press forward in a career, which had commenced under such favourable auspices.

* The Agora was the public place of the Greeks, which, however, differed very considerably from the Forum of the Romans, the substitute generally given for it.

The first of the dramatic pieces of Aristophanes seems to have been directed against the state of private* manners in Athens; in his Acharnians he endeavoured to moderate the insolence of national success, and to infuse juster notions respecting a great public measure, which was putting the existence of the Athenians as a people at stake; while in the Knights, or, as it may more properly be termed, the DEMAGOGUES, a mirror was held up to his fellow-citizens, where the ruler and the ruled saw themselves reflected with equal fidelity, and by which posterity has gained a complete knowledge of the greatest historical phenomenon that ever appeared, the ATHENIAN DEMUS. It remained for the author to strike at the root of all these evils, private and public, domestic and political,—a mischievous and most pernicious system of education. This was undoubtedly the origin and object of the CLOUDS. That Aristophanes had not entered lightly or without reflection upon the office of a public instructor, this mere arrangement of his subjects, at an age when, if not youthful in years, he was at least young in his career, sufficiently testifies; and we may here see what might have been expected from him in maturer years, if public favour had patronized this attempt to raise the comedy of his country above its ordinary level, and to make it something more than a scene of ebullition for the

* The principal characters in this play, of which only a few fragments have reached us, were two brothers: their names *Saphron* and *Catapygon*, sufficiently evince, that the object of the play was to establish a comparison between the temperate virtues of the good old times (a favourite theme of Aristophanes) and the unrestrained and unexampled dissoluteness of his own age.

noisy jollity and licentious revelry of the Dionysian festivals.

It is only an intimate acquaintance with the state of manners, and the habits of society in the upper classes of society in Athens, which can give the reader a full idea of the Clouds of Aristophanes. It is then only that the full force of many of his single happy words can be understood, or those images raised in the mind which mere words are sometimes calculated to light up.

To dispel by the powerful weapon of ridicule the mists of error,—to give a finished picture of a plain unlettered man as he was likely to come from the hands of the sophists,—to rescue the young men of family from the hands of such flagitious preceptors, and restore them to that noble simplicity of manners, which had prevailed in Greece in the time of Homer, and which had not entirely disappeared even in the days of Herodotus, was unquestionably the object of the Clouds;—it was a task of no ordinary kind, but the author has accomplished his purpose in one of those immortal dialogues, which, wrapped up in his own rich, mellifluous, and inimitable versification, remains, to the moderns, like so many of the other great works of antiquity, at once an object of admiration and despair. If the mode in which this admirable dialogue was conveyed, be such as to detract, in our eyes, at least in some degree, from its merits, it must be remembered, that the persons for whose service it was intended, were not likely to be present at the recital of it, and that the reproof could only be dealt at second hand through the medium of a clever, but noisy, conceited, and

riotous mob, who required some compensation for having the merriment of their bacchanalian anniversary disturbed by satires upon the system of public education.—It now remained for the author to give a central figure to his piece; and the same regard to the quality of his audience seems to have guided him also in this stage of his progress.

About the time when the play called the Clouds was brought before a public audience, a person was seen in all the streets and public places of Athens, whose appearance, manners, and doctrines equally tended to excite observation. If not a sophist himself, he was at least seen continually in the company of the sophists; and, as he made no scruple to practise upon them the arts which they practised upon others, it is no wonder that an almost general opinion should have considered him as one of the profession; as a sophist more honest indeed than the rest, but in talent, in vanity,* and self-conceit surpassing them all. Like the sophists and philosophers, he had given himself deeply and unremittedly to physical† researches: and in a temperament naturally melancholy, it had produced such an effect upon his countenance and manners, that, by the gayer part of his fellow-citizens, who wanted opportunities of knowing him more intimately, an introduction to his society was considered as something like venturing into the sombre cavern of Trophonius.‡ And certainly there were not wanting reasons for forming such an opinion.

* Le Jeune Anach. tom. v. p. 490.

† In Phædone, 392. Conv. Xen. 85, 6. Xen. Mem. l. iv. cap. 7.

‡ Arist. Nub. v. 509.

Wrapt up in profound reveries, the ordinary functions of nature seemed sometimes suspended in him—the vicissitudes of day* and night passed unobserved, the necessary refections of rest and food were neglected, and he seemed to have derived from his own experience the reproach which he sometimes cast upon the other philosophers, that their native town had only possession of their bodies, but that the air was the chosen habitation of their minds. The pride of knowledge communicated a consequence which contrasted rather ridiculously with the humility of his external appearance; his air was stern,† his step was lofty, and his eyes, if not fixed upon the heavens, were thrown round with an appearance of conscious importance. He was rather ostentatious in proclaiming that his father had been a statuary,‡ his mother a midwife;‡ and he explained, in language highly ingenious, but rather more at length, perhaps, than was consistent with good taste, and certainly in terms which only a degraded state of female estimation would allow to be called decent, that the profession, which his mother had practised, was that which he also pursued; with this difference, that he performed for the intellect, what she had done for the body; and that while she confined her attentions to the female sex, his obstetric services had been devoted exclusively to the male. In his more convivial moments he had a term,§ by which he chose to characterize his pursuit, that

* In Convivio Plat. 310 B. 338 C.
† In Phæd. 409 B. Conv. Plat. [illegible] in Nub. v. 363.
‡ In Acibiade primo, 30. In Theæteto, 117.
§ Conv. Xenoph. 70, 80.

requires still more circumlocution in mentioning; it will be sufficient to say, that it came nearest to that office, which is considered the most degrading that one man can perform for another; and he who had accidentally seen the author* of it, coquetting with a grey-bearded brother in philosophy, and aping the manners of a courtezan who denies, only to be courted to do, what she wishes, might have been justified in thinking, till circumstances had better informed him, that the pretended office was not merely assumed for the purposes of momentary pleasantry. By whatever name, however, he chose to term his vocation, certain it was, that no man could be more assiduous in the prosecution of it. Whoever was the disputant, or whatever the subject of conversation, the discourse finally fell upon the head of the person with whom he was conversing. Armed with a divine† commission, as he pretended, for that purpose, and himself under the immediate direction of a supernatural being, not perfectly naturalized in the theology of his country, every man was questioned by him in turn, and found no‡ respite, till he gave a complete account of himself: —what was his present and what had been his past mode of life,—and once upon this topic, said one who knew him well, there is no hope of escape, till you have been put to the touchstone torture, and your whole life sifted to the bottom. So strong was this passion, that the attachment to rural

* Conv. Xen. p. 86. The paraphrastic translation of the word θρυπτομενος is given from Gray, whose erudition was as exact as his genius was sublime.

† In Apol. 364. D. ‡ In Lachete, 240.

scenes, which prevailed so strongly in most of his fellow-citizens, in him seemed a feeling almost extinct—he was a stranger to the environs* of Athens, and was scarcely ever seen outside the walls. He could gain no instruction, he declared, from fields and trees, and nothing but a book could entice him to the banks of the Ilyssus, or that more beautiful stream, where Venus† quenched her thirst, and in return blew over it the sweetest breath of the Zephyrs, and sent the Loves to be the companions of wisdom. Man was his game; and from man he never wished to be absent; but the passion was by no means reciprocal: a catechist so inquisitorial was not always agreeable, and the presence of the philosopher either created a solitude‡ where he went, or if he collected an audience, it was among the idle§ young men, who took a malicious pleasure in his cutting remarks, and who immediately left him to practise upon others the lessons which they had just received. In a town where the personal appearance of the male sex excited more comments and observation than the female, even the exterior of this person was calculated to fix the attention of many, who were not disposed to penetrate beyond it; and whatever merriment was excited on this subject, it must be owned that himself was ever the first to set the joke afloat. His eyes (to use the words in which he‖ was accustomed to draw his own figure, and in which it will

* In Phædro, 338.
† Euripides in Medea, 385.
‡ Xen. Mem. lib. iv. c. 2. p. 313.
§ In Apol. 361. D.
‖ Convivium Xen. Oxon. 82, 3.

be necessary to follow him, for purposes that will appear hereafter) stood so forward in his head, that they enabled him not only to see straight before him, but even to look sideways; and he used in consequence to boast, that himself and a crab were, of all other animals, the two best adapted for vision. As his eyes took in a larger field of vision, so his nostrils, from standing wide open, were formed to embrace a larger compass of smell. His nose, too, from its extreme depression, had in like manner its advantages; for, had it been aquiline, instead of what it was, it might have stood like a wall of separation between his eyes, and thus have obstructed their vision. His mouth and his lips were equally subjects of pleasantry with him, and the latter, with reference to subjects, to which the decorousness of modern manners does not admit allusion. With a view to reduce the periphery of his body, which certainly was not very exact in its proportions, he practised dancing, and that down to a very advanced period of life; not merely to the occasional discomfiture of serious reflection in his pupils, but even to the excitement of a doubt in them, whether their master was quite correct in his senses;*—to close this not very agreeable part of the subject:—when these pupils likened his whole exterior to that of the Sileni,† no doubt of the truth was ever expressed, and no umbrage taken as at a supposed affront. Though little distinguished for beauty himself, some of the handsomest young men of Athens were seen continually in his train: and while they did not scruple to take

* In Conv. Xen. 66, 67.
† In Conv. Plat. 333. et alibi.

the utmost liberty in expressing their opinion upon his deformity,* he did not perhaps altogether find his advantage in gazing upon their beauty; for it led to the objection, which the warmest† of his admirers either did not attempt to deny, or found it necessary to palliate, that led him sometimes to clothe the noblest operations and aspirations of the mind in the language of the senses, that it engaged him to arrive at mental through corporeal excellence, and made it appear, that the presence of the beautiful Agathon,‡ or the interesting Autolycus§ was necessary, before the philosopher could arrive at the essential beauty, the αυτο καθ' αυτο, his reveries about which must have become sometimes a little fatiguing to the most admiring of his auditors. With these persons, who were never many‖ in number, of whom the more ambitious¶ deserted their master as soon as they had gained the object which brought them into his society, and others of of whom left him to form schools, whose names have since been synonymous with sophistry,** the coarsest effrontery,†† and the most undisguised voluptuousness,‡‡ the greatest part of his time was

* In Conv. 333.

† Maximus Tyrius, Diss. XXIV. XXV. XXVI. XXVII. Xen. Mem. lib. iv. c. 1.

‡ In Convivio Platonis.

§ In Convivio Xenophontis.

‖ In Gorgiâ, 296, H.

¶ Xen. Mem. lib. i. chap. 2. § 16.

** The Megarian school under Eucleid. Diog. Laert. lib. ii. in vit. Eucl.

†† The Cynic school under Antisthenes. Diog. Laert. lib. vi. in vit. Antist.

‡‡ The Cyrenaic school under Aristippus. Diog. Laert. lib. ii. in vit. Arist.

spent; for the civil duties which occupied the hours of others were avocations which he chose wholly to decline: he never made part of the General Assembly;* he never frequented the Courts of Law;† and the awkward manner‡ in which he performed the externals of a senator, when necessity or accident brought him into the situation, showed that neither practice nor reflection had made him acquainted with the duties of the office. Even that duty which seemed peculiarly connected with his office of a public teacher, that of committing to writing the result of his studies, or giving a lasting habitation to those important disputations in which he was continually engaged, was a task which he declined, and for which he had framed reasons, which, however satisfactory to himself,§ have by no means been equally so to those who have lived after him. To himself, however, one very satisfactory consequence resulted from these derelictions, as some did not hesitate to call them, of the duties of a citizen: it left him the most unlimited leisure for frequenting, what seemed his peculiar delight, the schools of the sophists, and engaging in disputation with those fallacious pretenders to universal knowledge. If there were some points in which the sophists and himself had a certain similarity, there were many of a trifling, and still more of a serious nature, in which they were diametrically opposite. While the sophists went clad in magnificent garments, he appeared in

* In Apol. 365. A. B.
† In Apol. Socr. 358. F.
‡ In Gorgiâ, 392.
§ In Phædro, 357. apud Stobæi Sermones, Ser. 21, p. 367.

the most plain and simple apparel. The same coat served him for winter* and summer, and he preserved the old-fashioned manner of his country, in going always barefooted:† he frequented the baths‡ but rarely, and never indulged in the usual luxury of perfumes.§ While the sophists confined themselves to the sons of the wealthy and the great, and were therefore known to them and them only, he did not disdain to frequent the meanest of the artisans, to converse with them in their own language,‖ and on topics with which they were most familiar. There was even a class in society still more degraded, which he did not scruple occasionally to visit,¶ and to evince, by his instructions, that there was no class of society whose pursuits had wholly escaped his scrutinizing eye. The effect of these visits was very evident in his language, and those who felt themselves annoyed by his raillery, or pressed by his acuteness, did not fail to throw into his face the shipwrights,** the cobblers, the carpenters and weavers, with whom his habits of intercourse were not unfrequent, and from whom he was so fond of drawing those maxims and comparisons, which confounded the class of persons, to

* In Conv. Plat. 335.

† In Phædro, 337.

‡ Arrian. Epict. de Mundit. accounts for this abstinence, by a reason, which might have justified Cujas the celebrated lawyer, Alexander the Great, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in a similar piece of abstinence: viz. a peculiar sweetness of body, which rendered ablution unnecessary, and perfumes superfluous.

§ Xen. Conv. 64.

‖ Xen. Mem. lib. iii. c. 10.

¶ Xen. Mem. lib. iii. c. 11.

** Hipp. Maj. 98 F. *Gorg.* 299. B. Conv. 335. G.

whose annoyance and discomfiture he seems to have devoted the greatest portion of his time. It is the language of the chivalrous ages, which would best do justice to this part of his character: and the knight, locked up in complete armour, and ready to run a tilt with the first person he met, is the completest image of this philosopher, preparing to encounter the sophists, at once apparently his enemies and his rivals.

Every age, however, has expressions and images in which it can stamp any strong feeling; and the sophists, without the power of recurring to the language of knighthood, had many significant terms, by which they could express the Quixotism of this redoubted opponent. They compared him at first to the Spartans,* who, if any one approached their palæstræ or places of public exercise, obliged the intruder to make choice between immediately retiring, or joining in the exercises of which he was a spectator. But they recollected that this was conceding too much, and they corrected their position by placing their rival in the same rank with the Scirons and Antæusses, who let no passer-by escape them without a previous encounter. To ask questions† or to answer them —to convict or to be convicted—were, in his own words, the great purposes for which men should meet together; and a person, who had decreed that his life should be a complete logomachy, could not have come to the contest better prepared; nor, where‡ words were to be the weapons of warfare,

* Theætetus, p. 125.
† In Prot. 208 F.
‡ See the whole of the dialogue called Cratylus.

could any man draw them from a better-provided armory. That a person possessed of so powerful a weapon should sometimes have been a little too much delighted with the use of it, is no subject of wonder. His hearers described the effect of it upon themselves as resembling the effects of witchery and enchantment: they compared it to the touch of the torpedo, which causes a numbness in the faculties. Much was affirmed by him, and little proved—both sides of a question were alternately taken, and the result left upon his hearers' minds was, that he himself was in doubt,* and only excited doubts in others. The sophists, indeed, by the manner in which they were handled, were made, *especially in hot† weather*, to perspire more copiously than, perhaps, was agreeable; for their subtleties were met with niceties still more acute than their own, and they were entrapped into admissions of which they did not foresee the consequence; but their falsehoods were also combated with positions which he who advanced them would have been unwilling to have had considered as decidedly his own, and in pursuing them into their dark recesses, his own gigantic powers could not altogether save him from the reproach which he cast upon another: "the best divers only should venture to plunge into a sea of such prodigious depth." Such was the person whom Aristophanes selected to be the hero of his Clouds. Those who are acquainted with Grecian affairs only through the medium of history, will not, perhaps, recognise in this picture, the celebrated son of Sophronis-

* In *Menone 16, C. D.*

† De Rep. lib. i. 419. E.

cus; and, were no other traits added to the above portrait, men of deeper research might justly complain that it showed no reluctance to exhibit the darker shades, and much inability to describe the brighter parts of a philosopher, whose virtues and whose intellect, in spite of some drawbacks still more serious than any which have hitherto been mentioned, have been justly allowed to form an epoch in the history of man.

Having thus got his central figure, the attention of the author was next turned to that most peculiar part of the ancient drama, the Chorus. It has been remarked by W. Schlegel as one of the peculiarities of Aristophanes, that he is fond of adopting a metaphor literally, and exhibiting it in this way before the eyes of the spectators. As a person given to abstraction and solitary speculation is proverbially said to have his head in the clouds, it was but another step, therefore, in the poet's creative mind, to make the clouds the chorus of his piece; as of the person, whose abstractions and reveries seemed to make him most conversant with them, he had formed the hero of the piece. By this contrivance the author wove into his performance the mob (no inconsiderable body in Athens) who assisted the sophists in the perversion of the public mind—

> The foretune-tellers,
> Quacks, medicine-mongers, bards bombastical,
> Chorus-projectors, star-interpreters,
> And wonder-working cheats.

The effect of this personification in the original *theatre* was no doubt very striking. A solemn in-

vocation calls down the Clouds from their ethereal abode—their approach is announced by thunder—they chaunt a lyric ode as they descend to the earth, and, after wakening attention by a well-managed delay, they are brought personally on the stage as a troop of females, "habited," says Mr. Cumberland, "no doubt in character, and floating *cloud-like* in the dance." All this we can easily conceive; but a more curious part of their duty must be left to be supplied (and that but very imperfectly) by the imagination. Recitation was not the only part which the chorus had to perform; a great share of their office lay in their feet, as well as in their tongue, and both author and actor were expected to be great proficients, the former in the composition, the latter in the practice, of those movements and evolutions which, as we find Aristotle classing them with poetry, music and painting, and Lucian terming them a **science of imitation and exhibition, which explained the conceptions of the mind, and certified to the organs of sense things naturally beyond their reach,* we may easily conceive to have consisted of something more than the elegant movements which now go under the name of dancing. Had the treatises of Sophocles and Aristocles on the subject of the chorus come down to us, or had those statues not been lost from which ideas of the attitudes of the ancient dancers might have been collected, (for every movement of the body, we are given to understand by Athenæus, was observed, in order to collect those gestures

* See the very learned Enquiry of R. P. Knight, Esq. into the Symbolical Language of Ancient Art and Mythology, p. 152.

which might afford a concert for the eye, modulated upon that which was at the same time presented to the ear,) we might have spoken with more confidence on what must now remain a subject full of perplexity and obscurity. As all dancing, however, among the Greeks was of the mimetic kind, whatever was the nature of the tragic dance, we may be sure that the comic dance stood in the same relation of parody to it, as the comedy itself of the ancients did to their tragedy; and to have enjoyed the mimetic movements of the cordax, or dance of comedy, we ought to have witnessed in the tragic chorus those movements, whose general name (emmeleia) implies accordance and a modulated harmony in the play of the characters. How far this mimetic province of the dance was called into action by the Chorus of the Clouds, what steps were used in their parabases to give effect to the rhythm,* what pauses in the metre* were supplied by action, what gestures at once aided and gave life to the music, and in what manner the metaphysical speculations of the sophists, which, resting on no ground of experience, floated about in the kingdom of possibilities without any definite shape

* As mistakes are apt to occur in the use of these two words, the following definitions of them, from the acute author of "Philological Inquiries," are subjoined.

Rhythm differs from metre in as much as rhythm is proportion, applied to any motion whatever: metre is proportion, applied to the motion of words spoken. Thus in the drumming of a march or the dancing of a hornpipe, there is rhythm, though no metre; in Dryden's celebrated ode there is metre as well as rhythm, because the poet with the rhythm has associated certain words. And hence it follows, that though all metre is rhythm, yet all rhythm is not metre.

or body,—how far all this was ridiculed by appropriate movements and evolutions, must now be left to the fancy: we may be sure, however, that the fruitful mind of the poet who invented one of the most powerful and graceful metres* in the Greek language, would not be deficient in giving effect to his mental creations by all the effects of scenic decoration, and all the additions of costume, music, and dancing. In this union of talents lay the great merit and difficulty of the ancient dramatists; and in this lies the depressing part of those who endeavour to give the public an idea of their works by translation. Conscious of what ought to be done, and what they know never can be done, the unfinished appearance of their labours throws a damp upon their toils, and they relinquish a work in despair, where they feel that their happiest efforts can only be a species of galvanism, giving motion to a muscle, to a leg, to an arm, but impotent and powerless to breathe the breath of life into the whole.

We have now gone through what appears to have been the object of this very singular drama, the Clouds, and the process by which it was moulded into the form it now bears. The author might surely be pardoned for supposing that a piece thus

* The Aristophanic tetrameter. In its happy mixture of anapestic and spondaic feet, this metre combines a degree of strength and playfulness which no other language can hope to reach. It is the want of a metre of this kind, which makes every scholar feel a sensible deficiency in Mr. Cumberland's translation of the Clouds, where it not only tends to destroy the poetical effect, but assists in giving a wrong idea of the feelings under which the original play was primarily composed.

carefully and laboriously constructed would have met with a reception far more flattering than had attended any of his former plays. We know, however, from his own confession, which is certainly more valid than Madame Dacier's conjectures, that this was not the case; that the prize of victory was assigned to the Wine Flask of Cratinus, (that Cratinus who collected his declining powers to show a youthful and not altogether forbearing rival, that he could still contest the palm with him,) and to the Connus of the cold and spiritless Ameipsias. This was sufficiently mortifying; and the author, by his frequent complaints, showed that he felt it to be so.

There can be no doubt that the Clouds failed, and there is as little doubt that the author re-cast his piece with the intention of bringing it before the audience a second time;—that it was so brought, the acutest modern* critics seem to doubt. By some curious accident, it so happens that the play originally comdemned has come down to us with part of a parabasis (or address to the audience) evidently intended for the second. The author here complains pretty bitterly (for Aristophanes was clearly a man of warm feelings) of the injustice which had been done to this most elaborate of all his performances; but he no where hints at the judicial overseers as the occasion of its failure; on the contrary, the reproach is directed against the spectators, and from the epithet he at-

* Die Wolken von Wieland. Erläuterung vii. Brunck, when settling the chronology of the Aristophanic comedies, observes: eodem anno Nubes emendatas docuit aut docere in animo habuit; nam in scenam eas productas falsae incerta opinio est.

taches to them, we may see that it was a class of spectators not usually found in the comic theatre. The nature of the poet's subject, and the unusual labour, which, as he intimates more than once, he had bestowed upon the composition of it, had evidently led him to reckon upon an audience of a somewhat higher description than usual; and as the keenest amateur of the Théâtre François sometimes deserts the sublime acting of Talma for the inimitable buffooneries of Potier and Brunet, so Aristophanes seems to have thought that he might reasonably calculate upon having, for once at least, the gentlemen of Athens (the καλοικαγαθοι) among his hearers. That they did attend, and that they assisted in the demolition of the piece with the less enlightened of the audience, is pretty clearly intimated in the poet's own words:

ταυτ' εν υμιν μεμφομαι
τοις σοφοις, ων ενεκ' εγω ταυτ' επραγματευομην.

In his play of the succeeding year, the Wasps, Aristophanes again complains of the failure of his Clouds, and mentions the direct reason of its failure, viz. a novelty of invention, which the audience had not the merit to appreciate.

With candid and discerning readers, the present writer feels no doubt that the way has already been paved for the justification of Aristophanes by the preceding remarks, and that many errors, which might have arisen in their minds from confounding the ancient drama with the modern, (than which

no two things can be more dissimilar,) have been altogether removed. It is not for him to tell them what inferences are to be drawn from the circumstances which have been incidentally mentioned,—that Aristophanes did not invent the Old Comedy, but found it ready made to his hands—that in his satirical, and even his indecent vein, he acted upon established principles; principles which, however inconsistent with our notions upon such subjects, found sanction in the very religion of the times. The information given respecting the masks has apprised them, that the audience came to the exhibition with a previous knowledge that they were to consider what they saw merely as a harmless caricature; the comic poet being to them, something like what a Gilray was to us; with this difference, that the former drew entirely from his own resources, while that ingenious caricaturist often acted upon the suggestions of wiser heads than his own. As these plays were acted only *once*, the reader will tell himself, that it became a necessity that the impression made should be a strong one; and this necessity will be further enforced to his mind by the reflection, that the audience could only carry away, what they retained in their memories;—what they lost in the recitation was not likely to be recalled by books; for these were few and scarce, and the Athenians were, as we have already observed, a seeing and hearing, but not a reading public. For these and a few other remarks the penetration of the reader may be trusted. In this place also, were it necessary, we might enter at some length into the state of parties,

which in some shape or other always divided Athens. A war party and a peace party—a party which favoured aristocratical, and a party which in like manner leaned to democratical principles, are terms which we easily understand; and we can guess, by the influence they have upon ourselves, what would be their effects upon the fiery, disputatious, and idle citizens of Athens. To their literary parties, however, and more particularly to that war of opinion, which existed between the philosophers and the writers for the comic stage, we have nothing analogous; but it was as keen, as bitter, and as unintermitting as any opposition of politics between the Whig and Tory of this country: even the subordinate animosities between the comedian and the flute-player, who was employed to regulate the steps of the choral movements, give occasion to remarks in the plays of Aristophanes, (who certainly did not want for the esprit de corps,) which to this day are highly amusing. Now though nobody questions the general sincerity of those who advocate Whig or Tory principles among ourselves, yet we believe the warmest arguers on either side would not always like to be taken to the letter in the opinions of each other, which the heat of argument sometimes elicits: strong expressions on one side are and must be met by strong expressions on the other; opinion must be combated by opinion, and the public are the real gainers by the warmth of the controversy —they form silently their judgment from the conflicting parties, and often set right those who are ostensibly their preceptors. And in free states it is right that all this should be so. The atmosphere

which we breathe is purged and cleansed in the same manner: the explosion takes place above, and the quiet fields below are only made sensible of the storm by the showers which are elicited from the concussion, and which fall to gladden, to fatten, and to fertilize. In this sense, Socrates, as a philosopher, was fair game for Aristophanes, as a comedian; and the good sense of the former (perhaps the most predominant feature in his wonderful mind) would lead him to be the first to laugh at the absurdity, and would teach him that in a free state it was better that many things should evaporate in a laugh than in a more serious way. Many other points might here be insisted upon, and particularly such as would tend to remove those prejudices, which lead readers to suppose, that Socrates was, at the time of the exhibition of the Clouds, the same important personage to his contemporaries, which his doctrines and his death have since made him to posterity; and that *therefore* any attack upon him *must* have been the effect of envy and malevolence. Independently of the privileged license of a poet, whose opinions are always considered with a certain degree of indulgence, it would be easy to prove, from the long note attached to the translated parabasis in the Knights, that Socrates, an obscure philosopher just commencing his career, could be no great object of envy to Aristophanes, already high in fame, and shining in a branch of that particular profession* where it was so peculiarly the object of ambition in Athens to excel. The relation.

* The possession of talents for the drama were, according to Plato, the surest road to honour and promotion in Athens, as military endowments were in Sparta.

ships of rank,—those relations which all are so ready to deny as influencing their conduct, but which, in fact, operate so strongly (and with good reason) upon all,—might here also be mentioned with effect; and it would be no difficult matter to show, that though a mistaken contempt might thus be generated, there would be small grounds for supposing a decided malevolence, in a man of rank and property, to the son of Phænaret the midwife, who valued his house with all its contents at five minæ. Even the opposition of personal character, as well as of profession, between the philosopher and the poet;—the one gay, jovial, lighthearted, and a man of the world; the other serious, thoughtful, and contemplative; witty perhaps, but from the vivacity which lies in the intellect, and not that more sociable one which lies in the temperament, might not have been undeserving of remark, and still more might we insist upon the circumstance, that the personal appearance of Socrates (which was described more at length than persons of good taste might think warrantable, on purpose to give effect to this remark) was a consideration to a poet, part of whose entertainment consisted in the ridiculousness of his masks, and who in giving the masks of Prodicus or Hippias, would have given what the greater part of the spectators would neither have knowledge of, nor relish for.

THE ACHARNIANS.

The plot of the Acharnians is told in a very few words. Dicæopolis, a citizen of Athens, is irritated at the continuance of the Peloponnesian war, that calamitous event, which furnished Aristophanes with so many topics of complaint, and which ended in the ruin of his native country. Dicæopolis endeavours to persuade his countrymen to make a peace with Lacedæmon: his efforts fail: irritated at their obstinacy, the worthy rustic resolves to make a separate peace for himself and family, and despatches one Amphitheus to Sparta for the purpose. We are not to look for probability in these Grecian farces: or, rather, it is in an utter contempt for probability and an entire departure from all the ordinary prosaic occurrences of common life that the principal entertainment of these wild sallies of humour consists. This journey of one or two hundred miles is accordingly accomplished in the course of a few minutes. The rest of the play consists in a succession of panegyrics upon the blessings which this treaty brings to Dicæopolis; (among which the additions to his culinary enjoyments are not forgotten, in a country where cookery is ranked by one of its poets among the liberal arts;) and a series of satires upon the young statesmen of the day, who were

impatient for the continuance of the war, and who, it should seem, had as yet shown nothing but that spirit of foppery, haughtiness, and vain-gloriness, which often precedes the development of powerful and active minds: such were Alcibiades and Lamachus, upon the latter of whom the dramatist's lash falls very heavily. The Acharnians is the first in order of time of the plays of Aristophanes, which have come down to us. It was written in the sixth year of the Peloponnesian war, and ascribes the commencement of that calamitous event to a personal affront received by the mistress of Pericles, the celebrated Aspasia. The policy which Athens pursued on this occasion is too well known to the general reader of history to require any long comment. Persuaded by the eloquence of Pericles, her chief statesman, she shut herself up in her capital, left her fields and their produce to be ravaged by the Spartans, resisted every temptation to risk a battle by land, and trusting only to the superiority of her navy, she kept by that powerful weapon the islands and her foreign connexions in subjection, while she made reprisals for the injuries her own lands sustained, by sailing about and harassing every part of the Peloponnesus. It marks at once the uncommon eloquence and extraordinary force of character which Pericles possessed, that he could dare to recommend such a measure to his fickle and turbulent countrymen; and that he not only persuaded them to adopt it, but, in spite of every obstacle, (and the attacks of the comic writers were not among the least,) could keep them steady to this resolve. A short

view of the subject from the English historian of Greece will show the difficulty of the undertaking, and throw much light on the ensuing comedy, and the object its author had in view. "While the Peloponnesian troops were assembling," says* Mr. Mitford, "Pericles was engaged in the arduous office of preparing the minds of the Athenian people for what was to follow; obviating the clamours of faction, the discontent which would arise from the unavoidable calamities of a defensive war, and the jealousies to which his own situation of first minister of the commonwealth would now more than ever expose him. Persuaded by his arguments, the Attic people applied themselves to the ungrateful task of stripping their whole country, and fixing themselves with their families within that space, ample of its kind, which the walls surrounding and connecting Athens and its ports inclosed. All their furniture they brought with them; and many even the frames of their houses; valuable in a country where the materials for building were wood and marble; the former scarce: the latter, though plentiful, yet in workmanship costly. Their cattle, great and small, and attending slaves, were transported to the neighbouring islands, principally to Eubœa. This measure, however, was not resolved on, even upon conviction of the pressure of necessity, without extreme reluctance; for the Attic people, says a contemporary writer, were beyond all other Greeks attached to their country possessions and a country life. The ravages of the

* History of Greece, vol. iii, 8vo. edit. p. 89.

Persian war were now repaired, with large improvements upon the ancient state of things; most of the houses were newly built; some lately completed and elegantly and expensively furnished, so that, according to Isocrates, they were superior to the houses in the city. The temples also in the several borough towns destroyed in the Persian wars had been zealously restored; and the people were warmly attached to those which they esteemed their own inherited religious rites, peculiar to that town which had been the town of their ancestors, before Theseus concentrated their religion, government, and jurisprudence of the country in Athens. Besides the prejudices thus to be violated and imaginary evils to be supported, the real inconveniences, unavoidably attending the measure, were great. While their improvements were to be demolished, and the revenues from their estates to cease, only a few of the more opulent could obtain houses for the habitation of their families; and but a small portion could be received into those of their friends. The numerous temples of Athens afforded an incommodious shelter to many: all were occupied, excepting those within the citadel, and the magnificent and highly venerated Eleusinium, the fane of the mysterious Ceres, with one or two others, which were firmly locked. Even the superstition which had taught to dread the roof of the temple called the Pelasgic, as under a curse from the deity, yielded to the pressing necessity of the times. Those who, in the actual circumstances, took the lead in public business, had certainly a difficult and hazardous office: it was of urgent necessity for them to be cautious of pressing upon a

larger portion of the sovereign multitude in favour of a smaller; and hence, perhaps, the distressed individuals from the country were not objects, as apparently they ought to have been, of the care of government, but were left almost entirely to their own means and their own discretion. When the temples were all occupied, the *turrets of the city walls were resorted to for private residence. But neither building nor space within the city sufficed for the multitude. Many families formed for themselves the best shelter they were able on the vacant ground inclosed within the long walls and about the port of Piræus." The historian then proceeds to trace the progress of the Spartan army under their general Archidamus, till they reach Acharnæ,† the largest and richest borough of Attica, situate within eight miles of Athens. "Archidamus had expected that the Athenian people, strong in numbers, naturally high-spirited and impatient, and prepared for war, as they had never before been, would not have borne without opposition the waste of the Eleusinian and Thriasian lands; but he depended more upon the ruin now hanging over Acharnæ. The people of that borough formed no fewer than three thousand heavy-armed foot; they could not but have great weight in the Athenian assembly: and Archidamus thought it probable that their impatience, under the destruction of their property, would influence the whole people to require that they should be led

* See the translation of the Comedy of the Knights.

† It is the natives of Acharnæ who form the *Chorus* of the ensuing comedy and give the name to the piece.

out to battle: or otherwise, that when the Acharnians saw their own estates ruined, they would with little zeal engage in the defence of those of others, and thus he might proceed with more security to ravage all the rest of the country. What passed in Athens proved the justness of his judgment. From the time of the Persian war, now remembered only by a few of the oldest citizens, Attica, except a small part of the border, had never felt the ravage of an enemy. The Eleusinian and Thriasian plains had been plundered about fourteen years before by the army under Pleistonax; and so much was supported now as matter to be expected. But when the Peloponnesian army encamped within sight of Athens, and the rich Acharnian vale was to be the next object of devastation, the whole city was in an uproar. Some were vehement for marching out to defend their property; others as warmly opposed a measure which would so endanger the Commonwealth; but on all sides there was an outcry against Pericles; who, whether as advising the war, or refusing the means of engaging the enemy, was reproached as the principal author of the present evils."

Such were the distresses which the first year's invasion of Attica occasioned; but the feelings which it engendered soon wore off, and the Athenians are represented in this comedy, after suffering the same calamity for five successive years, as anxious only for war, and as spurning at every proposal of the Spartans for accommodation. In the sixth year of the war, the period when this comedy was performed, the Lacedæmonian government, according to Mr. Mitford, alarmed by the success

of their opponents, "became anxiously desirous of peace; but they expected only insult from the haughty temper of their enemy, should they send ministers publicly to propose terms: they made, however, repeated trials by secret negotiation. The wiser and more moderate Athenians, and those of higher rank in general, would gladly have profited from the present prosperity to make an advantageous accommodation. But the arrogance of the people, fed by success, and enflamed by the boisterous eloquence of Cleon, now the popular favourite, (and minister since the death of Pericles,) made all endeavours for the salutary purpose fruitless."

The preceding observations will put the reader in possession of all that is necessary for understanding the politics of the following play, and he is warned at the commencement that it is a play entirely political: if he has any knowledge of "the sovereign multitude" of Athens, he will not be surprised at the lowness of humour with which the poet artfully endeavours to cheat them into good sense. The writers of the Old Comedy resemble in some respects the Fool of the baronial times; for the privilege of telling a few wholesome truths, they were condemned to utter a great deal of nonsense: the writers' talents were thus circumscribed or sacrificed; but pride and self-love (two large ingredients in all democracies) were effectually consulted. Plutarch, a great enemy to Aristophanes, allows that the comedy made such an impression on the poet's audience, that nothing was to be heard for a long time among the populace but quo-

tations and recitations from it. It may be as well to add, that Acharnæ abounded in coal mines, and that many allusions to the occupations of its inhabitants are made in the course of the play. We have here also the first attack of the poet upon the tragic writer Euripides.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DICÆOPOLIS.
HERALD.
AMPHITHEUS.
AMBASSADORS.
PSEUDARTABAS, *or* THE KING'S EYE.
THEORUS.
CHORUS—*composed of Archarnians.*
WIFE *of* DICÆOPOLIS.
DAUGHTER *of* DICÆOPOLIS.
CEPHISOPHON—*Servant to* EURIPIDES.
EURIPIDES.
LAMACHUS.
MEGARIAN.
DAUGHTERS *of the* MEGARIAN.
SYCOPHANT.
BŒOTIAN.
NICARCHUS.
SERVANT *of* LAMACHUS.
COUNTRYMAN.
PARANYMPH.
MESSENGERS.

SCENE—THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY—*afterwards the House of* DICÆOPOLIS *in the Country.*

THE ACHARNIANS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

DICÆOPOLIS* *solus.*

Dic. OUT, out upon it; I am sick, heartsick!
My joys are few, heav'n knows! some three or four:
But for my plagues, they come in whole battalions,
In numbers numberless, like Ocean's waves.—
Yet, I have had my touches too of joy,
Pure, genuine joy—when was't?—stay, stay—'twas when
I saw, dropping from †Cleon's full-gorg'd mouth,

* Almost all the dramatic names of Aristophanes have a particular signification. Thus *Dicæopolis* means a worthy citizen. The reader must be prepared to encounter in the worthy citizen all that rusticity and "ton de goguenard," which I must resign at the outset to the utter contempt of those, who cannot find in honest intentions some apology for coarse manners and low buffoonery. It is a picture uniquely Greek, to have a person of his rank in life giving such a debtor and creditor account of his intellectual pleasures as Dicæopolis does in this opening soliloquy.

† Cleon (of whom much more hereafter) had taken a bribe from the islanders in subjection to Athens, under an agreement that he was to persuade his countrymen to lighten the annual tribute, which was levied upon the subject states. The knights, getting scent of this, *prosecuted* the corrupt demagogue, and he

Those same five talents. Oh! the very sight
Was milk and honey to me, genuine transport!—
Love we the knights for this, their's was the deed,
And faith 'twas such an one as Greece might well
Be proud of. Then again came t'other trouble,
A trouble that might give the tragic Muse
Fit theme and matter. I—a simple wight—
Sat open-mouth'd, hugging myself in hopes
Of something from the pen of Æschylus.*
Sudden a hasty summons shakes the roof:
And—"Hoa, Theognis!† please to introduce
Your company of actors!" brazen-lung'd
Exclaims the Herald,—'twas a blow that pierc'd
My very vitals! Then Dexitheus enter'd
And tried his skill in a Bœotian song,

was condemned to pay the fine of five talents, which is here mentioned.

* Æschylus was not living at the time this comedy was acted: the passage therefore alludes to a curious decree passed in favour of this sublime poet by the flattering gratitude of his countrymen. It was the common ordinance, that a piece, which had once obtained the prize of victory in the theatrical contests, should not be allowed to be exhibited a second time for the crown. This was altered in favour of Æschylus. An author, who wanted talents for original composition, was allowed to retouch and alter one of the prize-compositions of Æschylus; and the play thus altered was considered a fair object of competition with the original pieces of other authors, and might gain the victory a second time.

† Theognis was one of those unfortunate persons, whom civilized society are so little disposed to forgive—a bad poet, and a cold dramatist. There was so little warmth or fire in his compositions, that in Athens, where every one had a nick-name (see a pleasant fragment of Anaxandrides in Athenæus, lib. vi.) he was called Snow. We shall see Aristophanes making a laughable application of this name very shortly; or rather it is probable that Theognis derived his name from that passage of our acrimonious dramatist.

In hopes to gain the well-contested heifer :*
A great refreshment that!—But then again
This year has been a death-blow to me. Oh
'Twas dislocation of the neck,—a death
Of vapours and the spleen—to see and hear
That fellow Chæris stooping, sirs, and slouching,
And flourishing his harsh, obstreperous† preludes—
But of all pains, past, present, or to come,
Never since first I took to living cleanly,
And making my ablutions, felt I, sirs,—
The dust so painful in my eyes as now.‡
'Tis morn : it is the stated§ term, and yet
The Pnyx‖ is quite deserted : not a soul

* A heifer was the prize of victory in the musical contests, as a bull was the prize of competition for the dithyramb poets.

† It has not been thought necessary to enter into the *nomi*, or measures of the Greek music. Whoever wishes to be informed on this point may consult the French Anacharsis, where the subject is discussed at great length. The measure referred to in the text is that called the *Orthian*; it furnishes the author with more than one play of words in the course of the following comedies.

‡ This is one of those pleasantries so common in Aristophanes, which the critics call παρ' ὑπονοιαν, or jokes by surprise. It might have been expected, from what had gone before, that the worthy citizen was on the point of mentioning some new and still more serious grievance. The English reader must be content to see with a grave face many similar passages pointed out to him as humorous, when the real facetiousness can be felt by those only who have a nice knowledge of the original language, and to whom the various expressions and customs of antiquity are perfectly familiar.

§ The assemblies of the people were either stated or extraordinary. The *stated* assemblies met four times in the course of every thirty-five days. The nature of these assemblies will be more fully explained hereafter.

‖ This word will occur very frequently in a work connected with Athenian politics. The *Pnyx* was a public place, which derived its name from the number of stones with which it was

Within't! No: my fine idle sparks must stand
And gossip in the Forum; skipping here
And there to shun the herald's painted rope.*
Plague take our chairmen, what are they about,
That they too come not? Creeping, and snail-paced,
They never find their way till noon at least.
What crowding then and elbowing among them!
What jostling for the foremost seats! heav'n save us!—
But for a safe and honourable peace,—
My masters never trouble once their heads
For that: good citizens! sweet citizens!
As I'm an honest man, I blush for you!
For my part, sirs, sure as the morning comes,
So sure am I the first at the assembly.
Solus cum solo there I take my seat;
And first I groan a little,—then I yawn

filled. (A curious allusion to this circumstance will be found in the ensuing comedy of the Knights.) The General Assemblies were usually held in the *Pnyx*; and before these assemblies all ambassadors were required to give an account of their missions. The three or four following scenes turn upon this point of Athenian legislature, and are consequently of much interest to the scholar.

* "If the people," says Archbishop Potter, "were remiss in coming to the assemblies, the magistrates used their utmost endeavours to compel them: they shut up all the gates, that only excepted through which they were to pass to the assembly: they took care that all vendibles should be carried out of the market, that there might be nothing to divert them from appearing: and if this was not sufficient, the *Logistæ* (whose business this was) took a cord dyed with vermilion, with which they detached two of the Toxotæ, or public officers, into the market, where one of them standing on one side, and another on that which was opposite, pursued all they found there, and marked with the cord as many as they caught, all which had a certain [illegible] set upon them." The polished Athenians appear continually a set of thoughtless, volatile, romping school-boys.

tle,—stretch a little,—hawk a little :—
comes a fit of vapours,—then I fall
racing figures in the sand, or pluck
lle hair or so, or puzzle me
ums and items of arithmetic ;
e ever and anon I cast an eye
the blooming fields, and breathe a prayer
rnestness for peace. As for the town,—
and east winds light on't !—I lack of nothing
ny snug country-box and pleasant acres.
lk from them of buying coals and oil
vinegar ; *buy ! buy !* thank heav'n the word's
own to them, they yield their produce all
nothing, they : nor never stoop to twit me

lesopolis most probably alludes to the additional expences, his *involuntary* residence in the town brought upon him. e the irruption of the Spartans had driven him into Athens, d lived upon the produce of his farm, which, as he intimates much feeling in the succeeding lines, had furnished him ll necessaries of life, free of expence.

he Athenians were particularly distinguished by their at- ent to a country life. In the plays of Terence and Plau- hich, I need scarcely observe, are derived exclusively from ew Comedy of the Greeks, every old gentleman has his ry house; and the effect produced by those dramas is not owing to the means of contrast, which this circumstance nto the hands of the writers of them. The repose of ad- d life, and the boiling impetuosity of youth,—the son sigh- r the pleasures of the town, and the father engaged in the ll amusements of his farm, the hard-earned fruits of ar- dustry, are pictures which the Greek dramatists delight to t. A town and country servant often add to the effect (in s more particularly) by characters as strongly marked, and rted by dialogue of as much wit and pleasantry, as any Molière himself has furnished. The Abbé Barthelemi, in chanting picture of Athenian life, has very properly laid ene of his Attic farm in the rich vale of Acharnæ.

With that curs'd *by-word buy. Here then come I—
Hands, feet and lungs prepar'd; and if a word
Our orators let fall, save what pertains
To peace, I'll raise a storm of words, and rain
A very tempest of abuse upon them!

SCENE II.

HERALD, AMPHITHEUS, DICÆOPOLIS, CHAIRMEN, AMBASSADORS.

The worthy citizen, as he is called *par excellence*, has not long to wait for putting his threat in execution. Scarcely is his curious soliloquy concluded, when the chairmen make their appearance: the scene of confusion, which Dicæopolis had predicted, takes place; every man elbows his neighbour, and all push for the foremost seat. The functionary, whose office it was to see that the members of the assembly were exactly within the limits which had undergone the previous religious ceremonies of lustration and purification, executes his duties by desiring the members to advance yet a little farther; and the next regular formula of an Athenian assembly is enunciated by the same holy person, "Whose pleasure is it to address the meeting?" The first person who offers himself to the notice of the legislative body bears the name of Amphi-

* There is a play of words in the original, for which a substitute has been given.

theus. The title imports something more than human origin. The bearer of it is aware of the circumstance, and is very perfect in his genealogy. (The long generic* derivations of Euripides are ridiculed in this account of the birth of Amphitheus.)

Triptolemus, says Faine,
Was wedded and bedded
With Ceres, his consort fair
Whose chaste and holy fire
Soon made him the sire
Of a little son and heir,
Amphitheus by name.
Amphitheus thus bred
Soon took it in his head
Great Celeus to form, his fair progeny.
Which Celeus took the trouble
On Phænaret his double
Lycinus to beget as Lycinus me.

(*Proudly*) Thus lies the fountain of our blood in heav'n.
(*Familiarly*) What's better to the purpose, in myself
You see the only man, whom heav'n has will'd

* The Scholiast refers with great propriety to the commencement of the Iphigenia in Tauri as an example. That interesting drama opens with a prologue by the heroine, from which we learn, in the compass of the first five lines,—that Pelops was the son of Tantalus, and Atreus the son of Pelops by the daughter of Œnomaus; that the produce of this union were Agamemnon and Menelaus, and that the former of these two heroic persons was the father of the speaker herself. The Chinese drama, which has lately amused the literary world, was observed to commence with a similar instance of communicativeness.

To be your deputy and make a truce
With Lacedæmon for you—one thing I
Come short, and want in—'tis a little money
To help the way: ill suits with birth divine
And godship such confession, I allow ye.
But rest the blame with your close-fisted chair-
men,
Who have not in more fitting guise provided me.
Chair. What hoa there, beadles,—constables,—
I say!
Amp. (*alarmed.*) Celeus—Triptolemus—I make
appeal.
You will not see such slight upon your kindred!
Dic. Good *chairmen—members of the Pryta-
neum,
Ye surely do despite unto the assembly,
Who rudely force away a man that fain
Would make a truce for us, and give our arms
A holiday.
Chair. Good friend, command your speech.
Dic. Vengeance upon me, if I do! treat ye
Of aught but peace, this tongue shall keep no
measures. [king—
Her. What hoa! the †ambassadors from the great

* For an explanation of the word here, and in other places, rendered *chairmen*, see the Note which gives an account of the constitution of the Athenian senate.

† The object and design of this comedy lie in the previous speech of Amphitheus; a hard word evidently to many of the auditors: the business of this imaginary assembly is properly made to enforce it. The pressing state of public affairs had obliged the Athenians to solicit assistance in every quarter. They had sent to the Persian monarch for money, and to the king of Thrace for troops: the missions themselves, and their effects, are described with considerable humour in the following scene.

The court demands their presence!

Dic. what does he
Deliver us? A plague upon these envoys,
I hate their peacock trains, their six-foot words,
And swell of ostentation.

Her. Peace there, fellow.

Dic. Heavens! what a dress! this comes of *Ecbatane!

SCENE III.

AMBASSADORS, KING'S EYE (*or* PSEUDARTABAS), *and former Characters.*

Amb. We were your worship's representatives
To the great king, and for our journey cost
Your honours just two drachms a day, what time
Euthymenes† was archon.

Dic. Heave a sigh
For those same‡ drachms!

Amb. In sober truth, it was

* Echatane was one of the Persian capitals, and a place of great resort, I believe, for articles of fashionable dress.

† Euthymenes had filled this high office twelve years before the representation of this comedy. Aristophanes therefore laughs at his countrymen, as the dupes of a set of men, who prolonged their missions solely for their own pleasure and profit.

‡ The drachma was about eight pence sterling. In all the Grecian democracies, official situations were miserably underpaid; and the corruption which seems to have been so prevalent among their public men may perhaps be attributed to this capital defect in the very constitution of their government.

A piteous foil to wander o'er the plains
Of wide Cayster;—true—we had our tents,
And bolster'd up ourselves as soft as could be
Within our coaches,—wretches that we were!

Dic. (*ironically.*) O you far'd hard no doubt—
I was much more
At ease who held me ever at the bulwarks,
Glad of a truss of straw to stretch me on!

Amb. And then at our carousals to be forc'd
To drink our vinous beverage so sweet
From cups of crystal and of gold!

Dic. Body o' me!
These prating coxcombs make our thick-skull'd town
Their laughing stock.

Amb. For these barbarians,
The rogues! allow no manhood but to those
Who show a vigour at their meals, and drink
A hogshead at a draught.

Dic. Say you? we hold
Thoughts quite diverse, and think such fellows are
The stuff that pimps and profligates are made of.

Amb. Four years elaps'd ere we could reach the palace:
Meantime the monarch (in his train an army)
Physick'd his royal person on the mountains.
Eight months in that abode his highness purg'd him.

Dic. And, with submission, when might cease his labours? [moon,*

Amb. His highness clos'd his course at full of

* This is said to raise a laugh at the expense of the Persian king. It was the practice among the Greek physicians to *commence* a course of medicine, and not to *close* it, at the full moon; as the humours are supposed to be then more abundant.

Then hied him home again.—next came in order
The royal entertainments: to our share
Fell some fine oxen—whole, sirs,—*uncurtail'd—
Hot from the oven!

Dic. Mould these tricksome tales
For other ears—Did mortal ever hear
Of oxen bak'd within an oven!

Amb. We
Had birds too, summing thrice the weight of our
Cleonymus †† the name they bear is Mock-bird.

Dic. A truce, a truce with these fine mockeries:
Rest ye content with those same drachms they cost us.

Amb. And now, so please your worships, we return,
And with us bring the mighty monarch's eye;
Whose name we give unto your ears, and call
Pseudartabas.‡

Dic. Is there no crow to pounce
Upon this envoy's eye and make a feast on't?

* We learn from Herodotus, that it was the fashion with the Persians to have an ox, and even an ass, a horse, or a camel served up whole at their tables on birth days or festivals. If Antiphanes the comic poet may be believed, an entire camel was sometimes set before the Great King himself. The Athenians, whose tables were much better regulated, took pride in laughing at these large entertainments of the *barbarians*.

†† We shall see enough of this unfortunate person in the course of the following plays: he is generally attacked by the old dramatists for his want of personal courage.

‡ The latter part of this appellation is a real Persian name. The first syllable of it in the Greek language signifies *false*. Aristophanes either wished to point at some Persian satrap, as unworthy the confidence of his countrymen, or, what is more probable, wished to throw a discredit on the whole business, as *got up* for the purpose of deluding the Athenians. It is scarcely necessary to add, that among the Persian monarch's courtiers and governors some went by the name of the King's Eyes, and others the King's Ears, &c. See Aristotle's Politics.

SCENE IV.

Characters as before.

Her. His highness' Eye* will please to come
forthwith
Before the court.
Dic. Heav'ns, man? dost see a navy,
Or look'st to turn a point and reach the dock-yard?—
You move so gingerly and with such caution.
'Tis well that eye has prop and leather lining.
Amb. Come forth, Pseudartabas, unbuckle thee
Before their worships, and disclose the message
His mighty highness trusted to thy keeping.
Pseu.† Iartaman exarx' anapissonai
Satra.
Amb. You comprehend?
Dic. No, by this light,
Not I.
Amb. His majesty, he says, is firm
In his resolve to send you money. Tunç (*Speaking to the Persian*)
Your voice before this honourable court,
And say distinctly, money; now, sir, speak,

* The legate, to answer his appellation, makes his appearance in a mask, having a prodigious eye to it.

† M. Poinsinet, the French translator of Aristophanes, says that this is Celto-Scythian, and implies—but it may be as well to give his note entire upon the subject—C'est-à-dire, *une charte est émanée du secrétariat* (des bureaux) *du satrape de la province d' Issus.* M. Poinsinet refers for this explanation to his "Origines Uriennes," a work which I have not seen.

*Pers.** No mony for soft-breech'd Ionians.

Dic. Clear and distinct enough, i'faith: what will
Become of me!

Her. What says the gentleman?

Dic. He says that we are fools, and what is worse,
If we expect one doit from these same scoundrels—
These foreigners I mean.

Amb. Tut, you mistake:
He tells you, sir, of some whole bushels here
Of gold.

Dic. Bushels?—but you're a knave: go to—
I'll question him myself—observe me, sir, (*to Pseudartabas*)
And answer straight to my interrogations,
Or I may chance to throw a dye† from Sardis
Upon your body,—Will the king send money?
Resolve me, yes or no. (*the Persian nods dissent.*)
Our ministers
Have play'd us false then? (*the Persian nods assent.*)
Well, these men nod Greek,
At least; nay, in my conscience, I believe
They are of Attic breed and our own countrymen.
At any hand that eunuch there is Cleisthenes.‡
Sybertius' precious son. O 'tis a quick
And nimble wit, where ought that's foul and monstrous

* Pseudartabas speaks broken Greek, and this is the usual translation given of the passage. M. Poinsinet, however, thinks otherwise; and referring to his book abovementioned, he says; J'y ai fait voir que cette phrase barbare signifie *oui, cela même, de l'or, de quoi couvrir un schœne; apportez-en du plus clair.*

† This was of a red colour: Dicæopolis means to say that he would beat him till the blood came.

‡ Cleisthenes and Straton were two effeminate men, infamous for their vices. The name of the former occurs frequently in these comedies.

Is to repay the labour of invention.
And then to come in such expenditure
Of beard, and ape the humours of an eunuch!—
But who's his comrade? Do my eyes play false,
Or is it Straton?

Her. Peace! sit quiet, man.
List, sirs, the senate bids his Eyeship welcome;
And asks his presence to the hall.*

Dic. The hall!
For him! a rope! a halter rather—must not
Such conduct drive a man to desperation!—
And I stay loitering—Yes! that hall has doors
Are never clos'd—no stranger but has access
And freest entertainment there, so help me!
But I will do a deed that shall beget
Amazement—where's Amphitheus?

Amph. At your elbow.

Dic. Take you these drachmas, eight they number, sign
And seal a truce with them of Lacedæmon,
For me, my wife and children. For you, messieurs,
(to the people)
Ambassador as usual, and be gull'd.
[*Exit Amphitheus.*

* The hall here mentioned was the Prytaneum or palace, where the executive government, for the time being, were entertained at the public charge. It was usual to ask ambassadors and strangers of eminence to the entertainments.

SCENE V.

HERALD, DICÆOPOLIS, THEORUS.

Her. What hoa!
Theorus,* please to come before the court,
And say what message from Sitalces.†
Theo. I
Am ready to the call.
Dic. Heav'n help! here comes
Another coxcomb.
Theo. Sirs, my lords, our stay
In Thrace had been but short
Dic. Aye, marry, had it
If pay ran short.
Theo. But that we found the fields
One heap of snow: the rivers too were bound
In ice. For why? our frosty bard, Theognis,‡

* Theorus is stigmatized in the Old Comedy as a flatterer and a man guilty of perjury. A few pages of Aristophanes have already brought us into very indifferent company; but fortunately the poet holds a light pencil, and his characters, like the figures in a magic lantern, vanish almost as rapidly as they appear.

† Sitalces was king of Thrace. The irruption of the Lacedæmonians had made it necessary for the Athenians to court the alliance of every foreign power which could be of service to them in this trying situation. The alliance with Sitalces was the more necessary to guard against Perdiccas, king of Macedon, who favoured the cause of the Peloponnesians, but whose haughty, faithless, and capricious character continually led him to break his engagements. The name of Sitalces' son, who entertained so strong a predilection for the Athenians, was Sadocus.

‡ Horace makes the Alps indebted for their snow to the cold compositions of Furius,

Was writing for the prize. This tedious time
Sitalces and myself gave to our cups.
The man, in truth, is fond to very madness
Of us Athenians. Nay, the very walls
Bear token of his fondness. "Fair Athenians,"
"Charming Athenians," still meet your eye,
In well-writ characters,* at every turn.
The son, whom we have made a denizen,
Felt coil and mighty stir to take his privilege
And join our festival of Apaturia.†
"And, father, sure you'll lend a helping hand!
"To such a state as this!"--"A helping hand!
"I'll send them such a host!" replied the sire,
And as he said, he swore it, making due
Libation at the time. "I'll send them such
"A force, that whoso sees them shall exclaim,
'Why here's a host of locusts‡ come among us!'"

Dic. Fine promises! but none one word I credit—
Saving the §locusts.

* The practice of writing upon the walls, here ascribed to the Thracians, was very common in Athens. See the comedy of the Wasps.

† The festival of Apaturia lasted three days. On the first day of the festival each tribe had a separate meeting, at which a sumptuous entertainment was provided. The Athenians were excellent cooks, and the young prince in the text, among other privileges to which his right of citizenship entitled him, appears to have set a particular value on the *sausages* which he should meet with at this feast.

‡ This satire, directed against the foreign troops who devoured Athens, when called to her assistance, is strong and palpable.

§ From a fragment of Hermippus, (the comic poet who brought Aspasia before the tribunals of Athens for impiety,) it is probable that the Spartans had made application to Sitalces for assistance as well as their antagonists, and with as little profit as that mentioned in the text. The fragment, among other articles imported into Greece by Bacchus, mentions a cutaneous disorder

Firm unto his word,
ırch sends his bravest troops, and men
st mark Thrace has to boast.
My eyes
tation of this truth.
(addressing himself to the troops.) Soldiers
e, who took Theorus for your guide,
:t demands your presence!
[*The Thracians enter.*
Who are these?
schief have we here, in the devil's name?
Your eyes behold a host of Odomantians.*
reach you not; these are but eunuchs.
Tut!
m two drachmas for their pay, and pre-
ntly
ttle shields will overspread Bœotia.
'wo drachmas! and for such a rabble too!
:umcised scoundrels! O, 'twould break
rts of my poor ‡bench-tied countrymen,

l among the Lacedæmonians from Sitalces, not much
rom that which is still to be found in many parts of
Athen. lib. i. p. 27.
domantes were a people of Thrace near the river Stry-
r were great devourers of garlic, and asked extraordi-
or their services. The scholiast says they were Jews.
on was sent into Thrace to encounter Brasidas, he en-
to procure mercenaries from the prince of the Odo-

ita, or light buckler, was not at all to the taste of the
The Spartans more particularly affected to despise it,
eces of Iphicrates with his targeteers taught them to
ent value upon it. It would be endless to remind the
very *play of words*, by which the poet's ridicule is com-
d still less perhaps to his taste, to attempt an imitation

et alludes to the benches on which the Athenian sal-
the purpose of rowing. The construction of the an-

Whose nobler services have wrought the town's
Deliverance.—Why, what now? hang dogs, varlets—
These rogues have help'd them to my garlic!*
Tell me,
Were e'er men so respectless in their courses,
As these same Thracians! (*To them*) Knaves! disgorge—this moment.
Theo. (*to Dicæopolis.*) Be cautious, nor adventure on a man
With garlic† in his mouth—be more advis'd.
Dic. Good chairmen, help, in the name of justice! what,
In my own country! from a stranger too!
To suffer such injustice!—Mark me, sirs,
I claim my privilege, and do protest
Against the meeting and its purport. See,
The day is clouding in! a drop of rain‡
Has fall'n upon my cheek.

cient ships of war will be best understood by a description extracted from De Pagès, an intelligent French officer, and inserted in the second volume of Mitford's History of Greece. Aristophanes takes every opportunity of complimenting the Attic sailors; and indeed whoever would make himself master of Grecian politics, more particularly at the period under immediate consideration, cannot bestow too much attention on the Athenian navy, at that time the most powerful in the world.

* Every member of the Ecclesia or General Assembly, according to M. Poinsinet, had a certain quantity of garlic allowed him, for the purpose, he supposes, of guarding against the contagion of any epidemic disorder. It is more likely that the garlic formed part of the worthy member's breakfast. Our own senators used formerly to carry provisions with them to the house.

† The Greeks used to feed their fighting cocks with garlic, that they might encounter each other with more fury: hence the allusion.

‡ The Athenian assemblies were immediately adjourned in any unfavourable weather.

Her. The men of Thrace
Will instantly retire: the' Assembly is
Dissolv'd: we meet again the thirtieth.

SCENE VI.

AMPHITHEUS, DICÆOPOLIS.

Dic. Wretch that I am
To lose my sallad's best ingredient, thus!—
But see Amphitheus return'd from Sparta.
Health and fair greeting, friend.
Amph. (*hurrying forward*) I take them not
Until my race has run me to a stop.
The Acharnians are at my heels, you see;
And I must needs be gone.
Dic. But how is this?
Amph. As I came here full speed, bearing in hand
Some truces—mark!—your seniors of Acharnæ
Got scent of them: stiff crabbed dogs are they;
Chips of the holm-oak, or the sturdy maple;
Fit subjects for a fight at Marathon.
"Rogue! scoundrel!" open'd all at once. "What, knave!
Our vines all lost, and you dare bring us truces!"
Their cloaks anon collect a show'r of stones—
I wait not for the storm, but run full speed;
And ever at my heels I hear their steps
And shouts.
Dic. All's one. But dost in faith bring truces

Amph. Aye, that I do—three several sorts and samples.
Taste these—these truces are of five years growth.
Dic. Bah! (*making a grimace.*)
Amph. Why, what ails you now?
Dic. I like them not.
There is a smack of pitch and naval armament
About them.
Amph. Try some others; these I call
Of ten years standing.
Dic. Foh! they have a taste
(And strong) of embassies and long delays
Among allies.
Amph. What say you then to these?
By sea or land they'll last you thirty years:
Taste them: nay, taste.
Dic. O, sweet! sweet! sweet! they breathe
Of nectar and ambrosia. Not one word
Of three-days* camp-provisioning in these.
Fair speech they hold, "*Do as thou wilt—go where Thou listest*"—hand and heart and voice I take them.
I quaff, I drink, I make libation of them.
For those Acharnians, may the devil fetch them!
War—mischief—misery, good bye. I'll in
And pay his rural feast to Bacchus.
Amph. And I'll
Unto my heels, to 'scape these rogues that follow.

* Every Athenian soldier was obliged, previously to a campaign, to provide himself with provisions for three days. Repeated allusions are made to this custom in the course of the following plays.

SCENE VII.

Full CHORUS,* *in pursuit of Dicæopolis, address each other.*

Double, double toil and trouble, quicken step and
change your plan,
Inquisition or petition must arrest the shameless
man;

* As this is the first passage in the present work which introduces to the reader that curious part of the ancient drama, the *Chorus*, it may be necessary to make a few concise remarks on its formation and nature. The subject has been treated very amply by Schlegel, and the Abbés Barthelemi and Du Bos, to whose works the reader is referred who wishes for more ample information. The following remarks are extracted chiefly from the former.—The theatres of the ancients were, in comparison with the small scale of ours, of a colossal magnitude, partly for the sake of containing the whole of the people, with the concourse of strangers who flocked to the festivals, and partly to correspond with the majesty of the dramas represented in them, which required to be seen at a respectful distance. The seats of the spectators consisted of steps, which rose backwards round the semi circle of the orchestra, (called by us the pit,) so that they could all see with equal convenience. The effect of distance was remedied by an artificial heightening of the subject represented to the eye and ear, produced by means of masks, and contrivances for increasing the loudness of the voice, and the size of the figures. The lowest step of the amphitheatre was still raised considerably above the orchestra, and the stage was placed opposite to it, at an equal degree of elevation. The sunk semi-circle of the orchestra contained no spectators, and was appropriated to the Chorus. The Chorus was composed of men, women, citizens, soldiers, slaves, priests, &c. according to the nature of the piece. The number of persons composing it was limited in tragedy to fifteen, in comedy to twenty-four. The entrances of the Chorus were beneath in the orchestra, in which it generally remained, and in which it also performed its solemn

It concerns her pride and honour that our town
motions know;
Who has back'd him, or has track'd him, forw
let him come and show.

Semi-Chorus. Toil and search are in vain,
He is gone—fled amain,
Now shame to my age,
And to life's parting stage.
Other tale it had been,
When my years were yet green,
And my youth in her pride
Follow'd fast at the side
Of *Phayllus the racer!
A fleet-going pacer,

dance, going backwards and forwards during the choral so
In the front of the orchestra, opposite to the middle of the sc
there was an elevation with steps, resembling an altar, as hig
the stage, which was called *Thymele*. This was the statio
the Chorus when it did not sing, but merely took an interes
the action. The leader of the Chorus (called the corypha
then took his station on the top of the thymele to see what
passing on the stage, and to communicate with the charac
Though the *Choral Song*, therefore, was common to the w
Chorus, yet when it entered into the dialogue, one person sp
for the rest. Occasionally, as in the present instance, the C
rus divided into two parts, each having its respective leader,
discoursed upon the incidents arising from the developmen
the piece. These conversations are generally terminated
their uniting into one body, and resuming their function
full Chorus. The thymele, as Mr. Schlegel observes, was sit
ed in the very centre of the building; all the measureme
were calculated from it, and the semi-circle of the theatre
described round that point. It was therefore an excellent
trivance to place the Chorus, who were the ideal representat
of the spectators, in the very situation where all the radii
centrated.

* Phayllus, a famous runner and prizeman at the Olyn
games. An epigram, cited by the scholiast, says that he c
leaped fifty feet. This could not possibly have been on l
ground.

Tho' coals a full sack
Press'd hard at my back.
Then had not this maker
Of peace, and a breaker
With his best friend, I ween,
Long space put between
His country's undoer
And me his pursuer,
Nor should we thus part
For a leap and a start.

But now my leg with age is heavy, and in vengeance for my sins,
*Lacratides and all his frost sure winter in these stiffen'd shins.
So the rogue both scapes and flouts me—
Semi-Chorus. Forward, forward, friend, 'twere shame,
Should we, tho' slow, the search forego, and the varlet vict'ry claim.

Who, lost to all grace,
And the worst of his race,
(Sky, wet him and soak him!)
Air, strangle and choak him!)
Hath his love-cup let flow
With his country's worst foe.
Ah, ne'er shall there be
Betwixt *that* foe and me
Love and fair amity;
But hatred more glowing,
And war ever growing.
At his cheek and his lip,
And his side and his hip,

* Lacratides was a former archon of Athens, during whose magistracy there happened a prodigious fall of snow.

I'll point me and push
And I'll stick like a rush,*
Face-twisting, jaw-rending,
Lip—chin—and knee blending;
That my fields never more
May their lost crops deplore,
Nor my vines mourning feel
Trampling foot and sharp heel.

Full CHORUS.

Soft and fairly, word and parley we must drop and straight begone,
To †Ballene visage mean we, comrades mine, to set anon.
Earth and ocean must be compass'd, till the graceless varlet's found;
O what storm of stone and missiles then shall fly the wretch around!

* The nearest term in our language has been here given for that sharp pointed plant, known among the ancients by the name of *schænus*. The forcible epithet in the original, which identifies this instrument of vengeance with the Athenian navy, however significant in the Greek, would have lost much of its energy in a translation.

† A pun derived from Pallene, (one of the Attic boroughs,) and from a Greek word which signifies to cast stones.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The unities of time and place, which were so strictly regarded by the Greek tragedians, do not appear to have stood much in the way of their comic writers; and accordingly Dicæopolis, whom the first act displayed as forming a component part of the General Assembly in Athens, comes before us in the second as if restored to his beloved borough of Acharnæ, about eight miles distant from the capital. The worthy citizen is commencing his rural sacrifice to Bacchus. His wife and daughter assist in the ceremonial parts of this solemn rite; the latter bearing the golden basket, filled with all sorts of fruits, in which consisted the most mysterious part of the solemnity. The ladle, with which the proper leguminous herbs were poured upon the sacred cake called *elateer*, is also consigned to her hands, and she is further encouraged by her mother to conduct herself "like a lady as she was," "and to keep a steady countenance, like one who was fed upon savory." A blessing is then pronounced upon her husband, under certain restrictions; and it does not say much for Athenian morality that the young lady is further instructed to take care that no one in the crowd made free with the ornaments of gold, in which her person was plentifully arrayed. The father next arranges the order of the sacred procession: first is to ad-

vance the daughter, bearing in her hand the holy basket; behind her follows Xanthias the slave, raising on high that mysterious emblem of the active principle, which makes so conspicuous a figure in all oriental worship. The mother appears to be consigned to the house-top, as a mere spectatress of the imposing pomp, while the sire himself brings up the rear, chanting the usual hymn to Phales. Some of the epithets applied to this sub-deity are not of the most attractive or honourable kind; but it was *six* years since Dicæopolis had had an opportunity of paying his respects to him, and he seems determined to prove that none of the god's qualifications had escaped recollection in the interval.

Phales, warmer love than thine
Never touch'd the god of wine:—
In their revels and their joys
Thou art with the drinking boys;
Not a laugh nor shout sonorous,
But thy voice is heard in chorus;
And when skulking night hath set
Luxury upon his feet,
Thou art with him—to intrude—
Where your lusts may best find food.—*
Phales summers six are wasted,
Since thy converse last I tasted,

* The effect of the Dionysia upon public morals may easily be seen in the New Comedy of the Greeks. The *dénoûment* of a very great portion of their dramas appears to have turned upon the illegitimate births to which the licentiousness of those disorderly festivals gave occasion.

And that interval between
Much I've suffered, much I've seen,
Fight and skirmish, battle-cry,
Toil and tug and Lamachi.—
But I'm now within thy arms;
And amid my villa's charms
All is pardon'd, all forgot.
Mine be now the sweeter lot
In a forest or a glade
To surprise some neighbour's maid
Occupied in petty theft—
Branch that's lopp'd, or stem that's cleft,
Then to seize the sweet intruder,
And with kiss, and nothing ruder,
To compress her till her soul
Through her lips comes warm and whole;
As the grape gives under pressure,
Stone and juice and pulpy treasure.—
Phales, Phales, I am thine,
Phales, Phales, thou art mine,—
Boon companion, see my cup,
Let a joint draught drink it up.
If too deep our thirst we slake,
And our morning temples ache,
Peace shall medicine us both
With a dish of fragrant broth;
And if frost be in the gruel,
What serve shields unless for fuel?

At this point, the CHORUS, who had kept an eye upon him during the whole sacrifice, and knew him to be the person they were in search of, come up; their earnestness is well evinced by the exultation they display at finding him, and their reiterated exhortations to each other to stone him resemble

the pleonastic vengeance of King Lear, when he was to shoe his horse with felt "and kill, and kill, and kill, and kill." Could a single death indeed suffice for the punishment of a man who had been so shamelessly impudent as to betray his country—make a separate treaty of peace with her enemies, and who, after such unparalelled enormity, had yet the audacity to look the Chorus in the face? Such are the sentiments and such the reasonings of this body of Acharnians. In vain does the worthy citizen beg them to hearken to reason: the Chorus will hear no reason: we hate you, say they, in a climax of indignation, worse than Cleon;—that Cleon, whom, for the sake of our Knight's feet, we intend some day or other to cut into shoe-leather. The Spartans they proceed to treat with the utmost contempt, as men who had no regard for religion, no respect for the dictates of honour, no reverence for the sanctity of an oath. (The public character of this singular people was indeed ever at variance with their private one, and whoever thinks them hardly dealt with by the dramatist may turn to the much severer account of them, which is given by the friend* and disciple of the great Socrates.) Dicæopolis, without controverting this point, asserts that the Spartans were not

* See Plato's Republic, lib. viii. The great historian of the Peloponnesian war is not less severe upon the Lacædemonians than Plato. "The Spartans," says Thucydides, gave ample proofs of honour and virtue among one another, and in all domestic relations; but with respect to the rest of the world, their rule of acting was to consider as honourable whatever was pleasing to them; and as just, whatever was conducive to their interest." *Thucydides*, lib. v p 406. Steph. Edit. In the Andromache of Euripides, their character is treated with still more bitterness. Andr. v. 444.

ınly causes of the calamities which Athens had
red. He could not have uttered a more dar-
assertion: it goes at once to the heart of the
tus; it is "goads, thorns, nettles, and tails of
s" to them. They are for proceeding imme-
ıly to extremities, and prepare "to tear him in
es like wool that was to form a robe with the
million dye upon it." Dicæopolis sees "that
lf-burnt fire-brand is working within them,"
endeavours by a more submissive language to
the rising storm. The Chorus it will be seen
s not men to be appeased by words.

Ac. Explanation—supplication—
HON. Both are preaching to the wind.
Ac. Warm petition and submission—
HON. Seas are deaf and rocks are blind.
Ac. Bended knees and hands uplifted—
HON. We have eyes and cannot see.
Ac. Falling tear and prayer submissive—
HON. We have ears, but not for thee.
Ac. Hear, O hear me!
HON. I'll not hear thee—death must
guerdon deeds so bold.
Ac. (*enraged.*) Blow for blow then let us
bandy, damn'd be he that first cries hold.
a wight your vengeance fall not—unprovided—
unprepar'd—
h the nearest and the dearest of your friends
must it be shar'd.
HON. (*to his companions.*) Sons and wardsmen
of Acharnæ, whence this threat of retribu-
tion? [for a solution.
ak—explain—my wildered brain seeks in vain

Hath he bairn of any present, hath he prisoner
hous'd within?
Whence hath he such boldness gather'd?
Dic. (*exhibiting something in his hand.*) Now let
Fate her work begin:
We have here that in the drama shall enact a fore-
most part—
Surest test to prove who best loves his craft and
trade at heart.
CHOR. All is over—darkness cover me and mine
within the grave!
(*To Dic.*) O let prayer and humble tear this my
toy, my darling save!
Explanation—supplication—
Dic. Both are preaching to the wind.
CHOR. Warm petition and submission—
Dic. Seas are deaf and rocks are blind.

We are not dealing with a Congreve or a Molière: the modern reader will therefore hear with less mirth perhaps than surprise, that the object which awakens these tender feelings in the Chorus proves to be a *cophinus*, or wicker coal-basket,* the

* This wicker basket is a parody on a scene (well known to the audience of Aristophanes) from the Telephus of Euripides. Euripides wrote two tragedies of that name. In the second of them Telephus is represented as having been wounded before Troy by Achilles. The oracle declares that his cure must come from the same hand which administered the blow. In vain, however, are all applications to Achilles: that ferocious combatant declares he is a warrior and not a physician. Telephus then betakes himself, with humble supplications, to Clytemnestra; and that princess, touched with compassion, advises him to take her son, then an infant in the cradle, and pretend to kill him before the face of that warrior, if he still remain inexorable. Achilles, alarmed for the hope of the throne of Argos, who was soon to be his own brother-in-law, and softened by the prayers of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, yields to the intreaties of Telephus and accomplishes his cure.—*Poinsinet.*

emblem of their trade and of that article which formed the principal produce of the Acharnian borough. This threat brings the Chorus to terms; they cannot bear that so close a friend to their craft should be abused; and they will make any sacrifice for the preservation of their beloved *cophinus*: they will hear what the worthy citizen has to deliver, even respecting the Lacedæmonians; and the stones, the intended instruments of vengeance, shall be abandoned without any reserve;—it shall be done, while they transport themselves in a dance to the other side of the orchestra. Dicæopolis, after remarking in the coarse manner of the Old Comedy on the effects which terror had produced on the coal-basket, and after commenting on that temper "sour as wild grapes," which led his antagonists to use their hands and their lungs, rather than their ears and their reason, makes, in his turn, a voluntary proposal: a block is to be brought forward, and if he cannot justify himself for having entered into this separate treaty of peace with the enemies of his country, his head is to pay the forfeit of his indiscretion. Such is the homeliness of humour with which the countrymen of Pericles and Plato were to be cheated into their proper interests. If an anecdote recorded by Aristotle be true, it was not without reason that Aristophanes provided these fences for his worthy citizen, who dared to recommend so obnoxious a measure as a peace with Sparta: it is now time to attend to the dialogue.

Dic. Sirs, I request the lending of your ears
Awhile;—here is the block, and here behold

The advocate :—not one of mighty port,
Or stately presence :—'tis no matter ; look not
That I should buckle me in armour, sirs,
Or guard me with a shield. Sparta shall find
An honest chronicler, tho' Fear may try
The prize with Truth—yes, I have fears, and those
In no small brood—I know the country folk,
Their temper's edge and humour : does some tongue
Link cunning commendation with their own
And city's name ? their joy o'erflows the measure ;
It matters not the praise be wrong, nor that
Their freedom pays the tickling of their ears.
Then too our elder folk,—their whole soul lodged
In the *justice-box, and ne'er so pleased at heart,
As when they give some criminal a gripe :—
Believe me, friends, I am not so unschool'd
As yet to need the learning of their natures—
My last year's †play is fresh in memory's tablet,

* There will be abundant occasion, in the course of this work, to observe upon that part of the Athenian policy, which made the country a nation of judges, or, to use the original term, a nation of *dicasts*.

† Dicæopolis here assumes the character of Aristophanes. The comedy to which he alludes was, as we learn from the scholiast, entitled "The Babylonians." It was performed at that festival of the Dionysia, which drew the islanders and strangers from all parts of Greece to pay their annual tribute, and to partake of the gaieties and scenical representations of Athens. Cleon took offence at some sarcastic observations, which had been levelled by Aristophanes at the magistracy and people in office, and brought an action against him. He took occasion, at the same time, to dispute our author's legitimacy of citizenship. Aristophanes, by way of answer to the charge, parodied a verse from Homer; which a French wit has very happily translated—

Je suis fils de Philippe, à ce que dit ma mère;
Pour moi, je n'en sais rien; qui sait quel est son père?

A bon mot was sure to succeed in Athens, and the poet was presently acquitted. It cost Cicero a long and beautiful speech to

hat the wrongs it drew on me from Cleon.
denounced and drawn before the senate,—
s that I knew not of imputed to me.
an was as it were all tongue,—floods, cataracts
in his voice—a deluge roll'd across me
I had well nigh drown'd in the wild current.
'twas a dirty bus'ness! fits it then,
I begin this parley, that I robe me
one who long has lost the smiles of fortune.

CHORUS.

Why this toil and this trouble,
Why turn, shift, and double?
Nay, if things must be thus,
Go from me with a buss,
And with *Jerom discuss;
Perchance that deceiver
May lend thee a beaver,
Black as night—dark as furies,
And fierce as ten juries;—
Donning this, thou mayst splice
Crafty trick, and device,
Such as might, at first heat,
Cunning Sisyphus beat;
For, not to deceive thee,
Thou'rt buckl'd, believe thee,
To an enterprise greatly
Important and stately.

[illegible] the same for his poetical friend Archias among the graver [illegible]

* Hieronymus, according to Suidas, was a tragic poet of some [illegible]agination, but irregular, and without judgment Aristophanes [illegible]mpounds a word after his peculiar manner to laugh at the for[illegible]idable masks, which Hieronymus used in his tragedies.

From the first to the last
It will hold thee quite fast
To the proof and the point:—
Straining each limb and joint.

Dic. 'Tis time I summon all my courage then,
And hie me to Euripides. What hoa?
Who keeps the gate? (*knocks.*)

SCENE III.

DICÆOPOLIS, CHORUS, CEPHISOPHON, *servant to* EURIPIDES.

Ceph. Who may this be, I marvel!

Dic. Your master, lad, is he within? I mean
Euripides.

Ceph. He is and he is not:*
He is abroad and yet at home; hast wit
To fathom that?

Dic. Abroad, and yet at home!—
I reach you not.

Ceph. And yet 'tis even so.
Mark me; his mind's abroad and on the wing
For dainty verse: himself, or body politic,
Is all aloft within, composing tragedy.

Dic. Euripides, thou art a happy man,
Who hast a †servant of so trim a wit! –

* This appears to be a parody on a line of that most beautiful tragedy of Euripides, from which Rousseau borrowed the death-scene of his Julie, and perhaps unconsciously some part of his own.

† Cephisophon (who passes here for the valet of Euripides) was that poet's principal actor, and is said to have assisted him in the

But, boy, call forth your master; here is one
Requires his presence straight.
Ceph. It may not be. (*with dignity.*)
Dic. (*entreating*) Nay,* let my wishes sway thee,
—here I plant
Myself, and with this knocker rain a show'r
Of blows, till he do show himself. What hoa!
Euripides, my sweet, my toy—my darling—
Euripides, I say, lend me your ear,—
And shut it, an thou wilt, to all beside:
'Tis Dicæopolis that calls, the man
Of Chollis.†

composition of his pieces. It was in consequence of an intrigue between Cephisophon and the wife of Euripides, that the tragedian retired to the court of Archelaus, king of Macedon.

* From the continual use of the word 'αλλ' in this part of the scene, it is probable that a great deal of mimicry was used here in the acting.

† It was usual among the Athenians, after a man's name, to specify the tribe or borough to which he belonged: of their fondness for these adjuncts a curious proof will be mentioned hereafter. It is a constant practice with Aristophanes to pun upon them, and to apply such fictitious titles as suit the occasion. In the present instance, the term Chollis is meant to ridicule the *lame* characters, which Euripides sometimes introduced upon the stage, with a view of exciting more compassion for them: Dicæopolis supposes that of preference he would open his gates to a man of that description. This is wit of no very high order, and would nearly be tantamount in English to saying of a drunken citizen, that he belonged to Portsoken ward, or of a lame man, that he was an inhabitant of Cripplegate.

SCENE IV.

EURIPIDES, DICÆOPOLIS, CEPHISOPHON.

Eurip. Friend, I have no leisure—
Dic. Granted—
To quit your wheel—but you may turn about.
Eurip. I may not, sir, subscribe to this your pleasure.
Dic. Nay, let my wishes sway thee—
Eurip. I'll content thee—
I turn upon my wheel,* observe, and face you;—
But to descend—time speeds, and I want leisure.
Dic. Euripides—
Eurip. What wouldst thou, clam'rous friend?
Dic. Resolve me first, my most poetic sir:
Why seated thus aloft to write your tragedies?
Will not the terra firma serve your purpose?
No marvel that your muse is rickety,
And sends a train of limping children forth.
Again, that tragic dress and scurvy garb—
Proof clear why all your characters are beggars;
But, sweet Euripides, I have a suit—

* The wit or malice of the dramatist introduces Euripides to the audience, seated aloft in the *encyclema*, a machine used by the Greeks for the purpose of producing theatrical effect. It was of a semi circular form within, and covered above, and represented the objects contained in it, as in a house.

You see me on my knees—some rag, I pray you,
From forth your tragic wardrobe; I have speech
To make before the CHORUS; if I falter,
Or once prove gravell'd for the lack of matter,
My life must pay the forfeit.

Eurip. Say what rags
Will best content? Wouldst have the same that garb'd
Old *Æneus at his contest? 'twas indeed
A sorry wight!

Dic. But he was sorrier,
Whose dress I'm suitor for.

Eurip. Mayhap, blind Phœnix—

Dic. 'Twas one more out of Fortune's favours still—

Eurip. Whom may he mean! or whose the robe may suit him!
Speak you of Philoctetes, friend, the beggar?

Dic. You miss the mark a hundred miles in beggary.

Eurip. I reach you: 'twas the robe worn by Bellerophon

Dic. 'Twas one, in truth, of the same stamp: lame, beggarly,
A man that had large gift of speech and tongue.

Eurip. 'Tis †Telephus of Mysia.

* Æneus, Phœnix, Bellerophon, &c. are all names of tragedies composed by Euripides. The subjects of them are too well known to require a notice.

† It appears (vide Poinsinet's translation of Aristophanes) that Euripides wrote two plays of this name, neither of which has come down to us: and it is therefore impossible to say with what justice they underwent so much ridicule from the comic poets. Telephus was the reputed son of Hercules and the beautiful Auge. It was one of those marriages, of which Homer has left

Dic. Thou hast hit it.
Thou wouldst not do the thing might cross my ends:
The loan of those same sorry rags I beg you.
Eurip. (*to his servant*) Reach them, and crown his wishes, boy—they lie
Above the Thyestean rags, midway
'Twixt them and Ino's.
Ceph. (*to Dicæopolis*) Sir, you are possest
Of all you wish.

so naïve a description in the third of those hymns attributed to him, and which were so common in the romantic age of Greece, and the chivalrous times of modern Europe. The offspring of this intrigue was exposed in a forest, and there suckled by a bitch. The father of Auge, having more correct notions of duty than his daughter, ordered her to be sold for a slave. She fell into the hands of Teuthras, king of Mysia; and her attractions made so strong an impression on that monarch that he immediately adopted her for his daughter. We find the Mysian king soon after disposing of her in marriage to her own son, whose real birth was of course unknown to all the parties; and who had commanded the gratitude of Teuthras by the vigour with which he had defended his kingdom and throne for him. Auge, accustomed to the embraces of Hercules, disdained the arms of a mere mortal, and determined to assassinate this aspirant to her bed. A lucky prodigy prevented the deed. Telephus, apprised of what was intended for him, determined on revenge; and the sword was actually suspended over the head of his beautiful parent, when Auge calling with a loud voice upon Hercules, a discovery fortunately took place, and Telephus very happily committed neither parricide nor incest. It was no doubt in the scene where Telephus designed to murder his mother that the disguise was assumed which Aristophanes so severely ridicules. The tomb of the beautiful Auge was still shown in the time of Pausanias. See that interesting writer's Arcadiacs.

Dic. (*dressing himself*) Now Jove (and as the god*
f loop'd and window'd raggedness I pray you)
our sacred blessing while I try to garb me
plight most miserable. Thou hast done me
ost timely grace, Euripides;—wouldst win
y whole affection? add a loan, (it were
ot fitting to divorce it from these rags)
nd cast upon my head a Mysian bonnet.
nust put on the beggar, and disliken
he truth,† be what I am, and seem what I
n not—possessing the spectators here
'my true bearing, while the Chorus‡ gape,
nwesting who it is that speaks, and bearing
l taunts and jeers I chuse to put upon them.
Eurip. Thou show'st a teeming wit—want shall
not fool it. (*giving a bonnet.*)
Dic. §For thee, heaven prosper thee;—for Tele-
fall what lies within my thoughts: I have [phus
pregnant wit, and words flow plentifully.

* In addressing the gods, it was usual with the ancients to pre-
some epithet suited to the occasion. Dicæopolis derives his
rity's attribute, in the present case, from the numerous holes
hich the tattered robe exhibited, and which he holds up at the
ne to the light. The capacities of the German language,
hich, in power of compounding words, almost equals the
reek, have enabled Mr. Schlegel, who has translated this
rase, to give the very words of the original.

O Zeus Umschauer und Durchschauer überall!
Hilf mir, mich auszukleiden aus elendesto, &c.

† Quoted from the Telephus.

‡ Euripides is here ridiculed for making his Choruses take little
rt in the action of the drama, but either telling long fables, or
pertinently questioning and answering the characters.—*Gray*

§ Quoted from the Telephus.

But softly, I must have a beggar's staff.

Eurip. Here's one unto your hand, take it, and l
Your back cast shadow on these doors.

Dic. Seest, my so
That we must fain divorce us from this gate?
And yet my needs still ask a world of tire;
Rub oil upon thee, soul;—twist, wriggle, crouch,
Till he do crown thy wishes—good Euripides,
Favour me with a beggar's basket; 'tis
No matter though a *link have singed it.

Eurip. What
Thy need on't?

Dic. None—beyond the wish to have i

Eurip. Away, and quit my doors: thou breede
trouble.

Dic. (*aside*) A pestilence upon thee! (*alou*
Happy bard,
Heaven fortune thee, as erst thy †lady mother!

Eurip. Wilt thou begone?

Dic. Not till I have my cravin
One little cup, so please you; one whose lip
Hath lost its wholeness—

Eurip. Take it and begone:
Your presence breeds disturbance.

Dic. (*aside*) Would you knew
The mischief and the ills you breed yourself!
(*Aloud*) But, sweet Euripides! I fain would have

* The scholiast explains this passage by saying, that elderl people, who were slow in their motions, used to preserve thei lighted links by carrying them in a basket.

† Aristophanes is here preparing the blow, which he presentl levels at the parentage of Euripides, and which has given ju cause of offence to the amiable and excellent translator of th Greek tragedians.

A pipkin with a cleanly* sponge to wipe it.

Eurip. The man will rob me of a tragedy complete :
Content your wish with this, and now away. (*giving a pipkin.*)

Dic. I have an ear to your request: one thing
Remains : that one not granted me—I am
A ruin'd man—crown it and I am gone
For ever. Telephus bore leaves and herbs ;—
A scantling of the same within my basket.

Eurip. The man will be my ruin ; see, 'tis granted : (*giving him leaves.*)
A whole play lost, as I'm a living person.

Dic. This timely grace completes me : I retire—
It is too plain my presence breeds offence.
These eyes† know not how to turn their view discreet
On mighty men and pay them terms of honour—
A prize upon't, was ever such a wretch !
I have forgot the primest thing of all.
(*Addressing Euripides*) Thou dearest, best of men —I pray thee now
With most petitionary vehemence—
Crown but this one, one longing ; if I ask
Aught more, all plagues and maladies light on me !—
Throw from the tender mercy one small potherb—
Thou canst not lack,—thy mother will supply thee.

* All the requests of Dicæopolis show a wish to exhibit the very extreme of poverty. The scholiast gives one or two explanations of this passage. One of them is curious, as it shows that noisy children were quieted among the Greeks much in the same way that they are among the lower orders in England, and that a sponge dipped in honey supplied the place of Godfrey's Cordial.

† Quoted from the Telephus.

Eurip. Most frontless impudence! shut-to the door, boy.* (*The Encyclema closes. Euripides and Cephisophon retire.*)

* The humour of this whole scene may probably, to a modern reader, seem carried too far; but Aristophanes, a diligent observer of the signs of the times, knew well what he was about. Grandeur and ideal elevation—the contrast between internal liberty and external necessity, and the formation thereby of the human mind to the power of suffering with dignity and constancy; these had hitherto been the grand objects of the Greek tragedy, to which Æschylus had directed the sublime seriousness of his mind, and Sophocles his severe wisdom. But under Euripides, the "Attic tragedy of stateliest and most regal argument" was fast degenerating into homeliness and effeminacy; and the effect upon the public manners was becoming obvious. Æschylus had written like a man to whom the heroic and he supernatural were his own natural atmosphere: Sophocles had drawn them, as Socrates was said to have done wisdom, into the circle of humanity: the pride of Euripides was to lift up the veil which hung between the great departed and the moderns, between the heroic and the ordinary life, and to show that imperfection was common to both. Love, which had hitherto been nearly excluded from the drama, became, under his corrupting hands, the prominent feature of the stage; the exhibition of passion and not the formation of character was the aim of most of his tragedies; and those sufferings, which human flesh is heir to, and which it was the moral and useful object of his predecessors to keep balanced and in repose, he delights, by every adventitious circumstance, to represent as overpowering. "He is always endeavouring (says a writer who has estimated every part of the ancient drama with the powers of an intuitive perception) to move, and, for the sake of emotion, he not only violates probability, but even the connexion of his pieces. He is strong in his pictures of misfortune; but he often claims our compassion, not for the inward agony of the soul, nor for pain which the suffering individual endeavours to overcome and to bear with manly fortitude, but for the unreserved expression of bodily misery. He is fond of reducing his heroes to the condition of beggars, of allowing them to suffer hunger and want, of exhibiting them with all the external signs of mendicity, and displaying their tattered

Dic. We must be gone, and that without a pot-herb.
Now comes the tug of war.—Art well advised
To what encounter, heart of mine, thou'rt buckled,
Who soon must proffer speech and full defence
For Sparta?—forward, soul! the barriers are
Before thee: what! dost loiter, hesitate?
Hast not imbib'd the spirit of Euripides?
But I commend thee;—to the block, sad heart
And then to death: yet shrink not, but deliver
Your sentiments as please you; forward, heart,
Pluck courage;—to the contest—bravely, bravely now.

SCENE V.

CHORUS, SEMI-CHORUS, DICÆOPOLIS.

CHORUS.

What course art pursuing?
What saying and doing?
Hath shame from thy face
Snatch'd a final embrace,
Or do ribs of cold iron
Thy heart, man, environ,

rage."—Schlegel's *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, vol. i. p. 140. The person whose acute mind perceived all this, and foresaw the consequences, was not a mere buffoon, as those who are utterly unacquainted with the nature and object of his writings, have been pleased to term Aristophanes, but a real benefactor to his country.

That thus you lay down
Your neck for a whole town,
And singly dare close
With a myriad of foes,
Opposing and closing
And learnedly prosing,
To prove with glib tongue
That the rest are all wrong
And yourself in the right?

SEMI-CHORUS.

'Tis no equal fight:—
But his visage, see, wears
No doubts and no fears,
And he bears the first brunt
With invincible front.
Then to it—pursue it, (*turning to Dic.*)
I wish thee well through it:
Not a moment, friend, miss,
For thy own choice, I wiss,
Thy courage first hired
Inspired and fired
To face and embrace
A sharp trial like this.

Dic. *Construe me kindly, gentlemen spectators,

* Dicæopolis here assumes the character of the poet, or rather, as M. Poinsinet says (alluding to the quotations introduced from Euripides,) it is at once Aristophanes, Dicæopolis, and Telephus, who address the audience. The great object of this Parabasis is to excite indignation against a war, which had already lasted six years, by ascribing its commencement to a personal affront received by the celebrated Aspasia.

That, garb'd as you behold, I yet presume
To make your town my topic and discourse.
The Comic Muse, whatever some may think,
Hath yet her sense and partage of what's right.
Harsh I allow my speech, and little palatable,
Its truth, however, none shall dare impeach.
The charge of Cleon shall not now hold good,
That I commit your city's reputation
And flush her face, careless of strangers' presence.
We are *alone; bent on that strife and war
Of high contending bards, when strangers are
Away, and due returns of yearly tribute
Bring no confederates as yet to Athens.
We are alone:—unmix'd and and unalloy'd:
The true and genuine grain of Athens; guiltless
Of chaff immix'd; for chaff I call—the †sojourers,
Well then: to my heart's core I hate the folk
Of Lacedæmon, sirs:—O for an earthquake,

* During the Choæ, or Feast of Pitchers, a festival which lasted only one day, all persons but citizens were excluded from the theatrical representations, then held in an inclosed place near Athens, called the Lenæum. Authors generally, therefore, kept their pieces in reserve for the greater Dionysia, a festival which occurred about one month after the former, and which lasted for several days. Strangers then came from all parts to partake of the theatrical entertainments of Athens, so superior to what any other city of Greece could exhibit; and no small benefit was derived to that city from the sums thus spent in it. The plays began early in the morning, and lasted, almost without intermission, during the day.

† The population of Athens consisted of three sorts—the freemen, the slaves, and the *metics*, or sojourners. If the latter derived considerable advantages from their residence in a commercial and polished town like Athens, the pride of democracy also subjected them to many indignities: and the comic theatre, always the mirror of public manners, was not averse from recalling these degradations occasionally to the recollection of the audience.

Such as the god from *Tænarus' heights once sent,
To level her proud city with the dust?
For I'm a partner in your grief: I mourn,
Like you, my trees †destroyed, my vintage lost.
And yet, sweet friends, (for I would fain believe
That none but friends haunt here, and therefore take
Large warrant to my boldness,) wherefore blame
The Spartans only for this ill? ourselves,—
(Not the whole town, you'll please to mark that, sirs,

* Neptune had a temple of great repute on the top of Tænarus; and it was for a violation committed by the Spartans against this holy sanctuary (see Pausan. Mess. c. 24.) that the awful calamity mentioned in the text was sent as a visitation. The earthquake, says the English historian of Greece, following the authorities of Thucydides, Diodorus and Plutarch, came suddenly at mid-day with a violence never before heard of. The youths of the principal families, assembled in the gymnasium at the appointed hour for exercise, were in great numbers crushed by its fall; many of both sexes and of all ages were buried under the ruins of other buildings: the shocks were repeated: the earth opened in several places; vast fragments from the summits of Taygetus were tumbled down its sides; in the end only five houses remained standing in Sparta, and it was computed that twenty thousand lives were lost.—*Mitford's Hist. of Greece*, vol. ii p. 370.

† The general spirit of cruelity exercised in Grecian warfare may be seen by a passage in Plato's Republic, lib. v. It is justly remarked by Mr. Mitford, that in the Theban war, when Athens and Thebes were engaged on opposites sides, we hear of no ravage of the Attic fields by the powerful armies of Bœotia, nor of any attempt against Bœotia in the occasional absence of its forces. Both states sent troops to act against each other, at a distance from the territories of both in Peloponnesus; both remaining quiet at home, as if by compact. Both states had apparently learnt wisdom from these earlier proceedings of the Peloponnesian war, of which the comedies of Aristophanes remain so valuable a document.

Within your memories)—not the whole town,
ut some among us, meddling fellows, counterfeits
f the true Attic mintage; men, mere bankrupts
name and honour, and a bastard breed
f citizens at best, began the warfare
ith charges and vexatious informations
ainst the short-cloak'd Megarians. Did my patriot
t eyes upon a cucumber, a sucking pig,
are, an onion, or a lump of *salt,
sooth the articles were contraband,
uick with them to the hammer, here are goods
m Megara!"—and this perhaps was nothing,
acking too much of our accustom'd manner
give offence—but here, sirs, was the rub:
e sparks of ours, †hot with the grape, had stol'n
istress of the game,—Simætha nam'd,—
m the Megarians; her doughty townsmen
r the deed mov'd no small extent of anger)

Salt formed a considerable part of Megarian commerce. It collected from the rocks near their principal port Niæa.

Literally, men drunk with playing at the game of *cottabus*. ther allusions are made to this game in the course of this work, following description of it is inserted, taken from Potter's hæologia, vol. ii. p. 405. "A piece of wood being erected, her was placed on the top of it, with two dishes hanging n from each extremity, in the manner of scales: beneath dish was placed a vessel full of water, wherein stood a e, composed, for the most part, of brass. They who played ottabus stood at some distance, holding a cup of water or , which they endeavoured to throw into one of the dishes, the dishes by that weight might be knocked against the head e statue under it. The person who threw in such a manner o spill least of his water, and to knock the dish with the itest force upon the statue, was conqueror, and was thought reign in his mistress's affections, which was the thing to be

Reveng'd the affront upon *Aspasia's train,
And bore away a brace of her fair damsels.
All Greece anon gave note of martial prelude;
And what the cause of war? marry, three strumpets.
Our modern Jove meantime took fire: he thunder'd—
Lighten'd—launch'd thunderbolts of words, and †stirr'd
And mix'd Greece universal to her centre.
Next came a train of laws, writ ‡scolia-fashion,
And borrow'd from the Rhodes-composer's vein,
"That land nor market-place (so went their tenor)
Be open to the citizens of Megara;
That their feet find no resting-place on sea
Or §terra-firma." What could they, poor souls!

learnt by this pastime." The exploit in the text seems therefore to have been a very likely deduction from the amusement.

* The name of Aspasia is well known in history as the mistress, and afterwards the wife, of Pericles. The charge made against her in the text, by the plain-speaking poet, is confirmed by Plutarch, (see his Life of Pericles) and repeated by the author of the French Anacharsis.

† The word *stirred*, in this well known description of Pericles, is translated literally. The poet continually uses it in his plays when speaking of those turbulent characters which naturally abounded in the free republics of Greece: and it corresponds exactly with the *agitateur* of later times.

‡ The nature of the *scolia*, or drinking-songs of the ancients, will be explained in the comedy of the Wasps. The poet here alludes to a famous *scolion* by Timoleon of Rhodes, and insinuates that this act of Pericles respecting the unfortunate Megarians was more like the result of convivial intemperance than of wise policy.

§ Another decree, brought forward by Charinus, (most probably a partizan of Pericles,) proposed, that there should be an eternal and irreconcilable hatred between the two states; that if any Megarian entered the territory of the Athenians, he should

Meantime, who found that famine press'd upon them?
They turn'd them suitors to the Spartans; begging
This Act, this strumpet Act, (for such I needs
Must call it,) might be instantly repeal'd.
We, tho' the suit was urgently repeated,
Turn'd a deaf ear. What would you have of this
But war and arms?—they came anon—"This look'd
But ill in Sparta," one of you observes,
"Nor fitted that she meddled in the business."
'Tis good: now tell me, my sagacious man
Of observation, and say what best
Had fitted her? put case that one from Sparta
Had shipp'd him for *Seriphus, and had trick'd
Its townsmen of a whelp—then to the hammer
Sent it—say, would yourselves, like quiet men,
Have swallow'd the affront and rested you
At home?—not you, believe me: that same moment,
Three hundred ships, forestalling your revenge,
Had back'd the ocean; in the town had been

be put to death; and that the Athenian generals, when they took the accustomed oath, should swear besides to make an incursion twice a year into Megaris.—*Eng. Plut.* vol. ii. p. 40.

* The poet, to convince his countrymen how sensible they would be themselves to any affront, selects an island belonging to them, which, from its poverty, was least subject to a robbery, and an article which would least be missed. It was a Seriphian who gave rise to an excellent answer of Themistocles, recorded by Plato. The islander reproached Themistocles with owing his reputation to the country where he was born, and not to his own personal merit. It is true, said the Athenian, had I been born in Seriphus, I must have died in obscurity; but *you* would never have excited attention, even if you had been born at Athens.

All pomp and circumstance of glorious war :—
The noise of soldiers tramping to and fro—
Captains and admirals in vast request—
Much sound of cashiers and arrears just paid—
Many a *Pallas scrubb'd and a new coat
Of gilt put on her—then what troops too pacing
The porch where officers dole out the corn!
What store of skins and tholes and puncheon-buy-
ers!
What stock of garlic and of olives!—mark
The nets of onions and the garlands; note
The sprats, the minstrels, and the bleeding noses.
Then too the †dock yard bless us, gracious
heaven!
How it fills presently with spars and yards,
And timber for the fashioning of oars—
What sound of pegs and pins and oars and oar
straps!
What din of pipes and boatswains—what a tribe
Of rowing men, what screams and shrill-voic'd
whistling!
Stretch I beyond the mark, or had there less
Been done! Indeed there had not; and suppose ye
"That Telephus will not e'en do the same?"
O witless, who guess otherwise!
Semi-chorus. Say you?
Why now, thou rogue—thou villain - thou, a man

* The Athenians adorned the prows of their ships with wooden images of this goddess.

† The present appearance of the Peiræus, says Mr. Douglas, now only inhabited by the monk of an spridion, forms a melancholy contrast with the bustling scene so admirably described by Aristophanes.

at hath not one small *obol in his purse
bless him—thou to turn foul mouth'd, forsooth,
d twit our little sin of †sycophancy!
pp'd as thou art and double-dy'd thyself in't.
Semi. Lacks his charge proof or justice? there, so help me,
he question lies. Marry, I hold he speaks
ure truth.
Semi. Lack proof or not, 'tis not for such
As him to deal out such reproaches, nor
Shall it be done without the taste of danger. (*Advancing in a threatening manner towards Dicæopolis.*)
Semi. (*interposing*) Back on your life—feel but this man one blow,
And earth no longer holds your heels upon it.
(*Here a short struggle between the divisions of the Chorus: the Coryphæus of the first division, being seized by his adversary in the manner of the wrestling school, implores assistance from ‡Lamachus.*)

* This coin will often come before the reader in the course of this work: it was in value about a penny.

† The word *sycophancy* is used here in the sense which it bears in the original language, and means *the act of giving information before the magistracy.* The nature and extent of this most odious practice in the *free* republic of Athens will be fully explained hereafter: there is scarcely one of the plays of Aristophanes in which the sycophant, or public informer, is not held up to the severest ridicule.

‡ Lamachus is described as a man of birth, who, even in early life, had seen much service; but a soldier of fortune, of a dissipated turn, and of no great weight either by abilities or property. He had not yet achieved those actions to which Aristophanes, in a subsequent play, pays a willing tribute of applause.

Semi. Help and aidance thou, whose eye
*Looks the lights that fire the sky;
Help and aidance thou, whose crest
Floats devoid of pause or rest!
Hero, warrior, wardsman, friend,
Lamachus, bring aid or send.
If there be, who bears command
O'er troop or regiment, out of hand
From such be joint assistance given:
I call between the earth and heav'n.

SCENE VI.

DICÆOPOLIS, CHORUS, LAMACHUS (*in full mili costume.*)

Lam. Loud martial tumult breaks upon my
Rages the fight, or is some foeman near?
Who asks for aid, or from its peaceful case
Wakes the stern terrors of my gorgon's face!
Dic. (*Affecting terror*) O Lamachus, in crest
cohorts great—
Semi. List not; 'tis he that in a flood of wo
A very torrent I may say, abuses
Our town entire.
Dic. (*to Lam.*) Extend your gracious pard
That one like me, at war with fortune, dar'd

* This is a favourite mode of expression with Aristopl As Lamachus is here said to *look* lightning, so the senate comedy of the Knights are said to *look* mustard; a m seen the Birds carries in like manner the war-dance in his face, *senator in the* Ecclesiazusæ, the hypotrimma, &c. &c.

Advance such speech and mould such idle tales.
Lam. And what their subject?
Dic. That hath quite escap'd me—
Those arms have bred a clean vertigo in me—
A boon, sir knight—a boon—remove that shield
In gorgon terrors clad.
Lam. 'Tis done. (*Laying down his shield.*)
Dic. Once more
I'm your petitioner:—upon the ground
Dispose it.
Lam. Be your will obey'd.
Dic. Still I'm
A suitor—one feather from that bushy helmet.
Lam. (*giving a feather*) Rest you content—'tis done.
Dic. Now, sir, your hand
Upon my heart, I feel a qualmishness
Come over me. That crest (in truth it hath
A searching power) hath reach'd my very bile.
Semi. Wouldst use a quill to tickle thee, and rid
Thy throat of its *incumbrance? (*Giving a quill.*)
Dic. What should hinder?
This quill, I guess, bears nurture from—
Lam. A bird.

* Some parts of this scene will remind the reader of Mr Mitford's remark on Aristophanes, that "he could write equally for the lowest and highest ranks, and could be at the same time a consummate politician and a consummate buffoon." The whole scene, revolting as it is in some of its parts, has been faithfully translated, that the reader may have a perfect conception of all the bearings of the Old Comedy. The assumed terrors of Dicæopolis are supposed by M. Brumoy to be a parody on the interview between Hector and his child in the Iliad.—Le Théâtre des Grecs, tom. v. p. 419.

Dic. Belike the mock-bird, or some coxcom
biped.
Lam. O, thou shalt howl for this.
Dic. Not so; forc
rules not
With us.
Lam. This to your chief?—and from a pauper-
A fellow of no mark or likelihood!
Dic. Rage pours a cloud of error on thy reasor
Nor pierces this disguise.
Lam. Art not a pauper?
Dic. I—am an honest man,* a citizen,
Whose dotage of ambition stretches not
Beyond the mark,—a warrior, and a true one,
Who sign'd me captain ere I serv'd as general,
Whose better sense can spurn at paltry pelf,
Nor leave a stain upon the nobler parts
Of soldiership, beguiling them of praise.
Lam. Nay, for my office I was voted in it.
Dic. (*angrily*) Marry, three cuckoos voted yo
into it.
'Tis this excites my spleen and love of peace.
It treads upon my patience, when I see
Men of grey hairs still serving in the wars,
While youngsters like yourself, whose pride shoul
hold
A lustier maintenance, shirk all the toil.
Some for three drachmas serve in distant Thrace

* Aristophanes appears to reproach Lamachus with not having gone through the steps of the service. The original expresses these sarcasms upon the ambitious and mercenary spirit of the general in a manner perfectly Aristophanic.

Such are the breed *Tisameno-Phænippi,
And such again the stock Panurg'-Hipparchidæ:
Others there are that haunt with senseless Chares:
There's a third tribe who post them in Chaonia;
Such are the race Geræto-Theodorians,
And that same crew the Diomei-Alazones.
Others again take wing for Gela, Camarina,
And †places that might win mirth's utmost laughter.

* There is generally some covert meaning in the names of Aristophanes, both persons and places; his readers' feet are always treading on spring-traps. There is much humour and more contempt expressed in those which occur at present. By coupling Tisamenos with Phænippus, the poet engrafts servitude of the lowest kind upon sensuality and incontinence; by compounding Geres with Theodorus, and settling them at Chaonia, the dramatist entails softness and effeminacy upon vices still more odious. The compound Panurg'-Hipparchidæ is an ingenious way of telling Hipparchides that he is a scoundrel, as the term Diomei Alazones reproaches a whole Athenian tribe with being mere braggarts. The Diomeian tribe did not assume a more heroic character in times posterior to Aristophanes: for it was among them that the sixty wits (γελωτοποιοι) who registered the squibs, the sarcasms, the follies and eccentric characters of Athens, held their sittings, which even the tumult of the Macedonian war did not disturb. *Athenæus*, lib. xiv. p. 614.

† The word *Gela* in the preceding line approximates to a Greek word signifying *laughter*. Aristophanes fabricates a name, *Catagela*, as answering to it. It was thought better to substitute a line instead of using the name. The most distinguished citizens of Athens, as well as the worthless persons mentioned in the text, were fond of residing abroad, because it delivered them from the worst of all tyranny, the tyranny of an Attic mob. It was for this reason, Theopompus informs us, that Iphicrates generally lived in Thrace; that Timotheus took up his residence at Lesbos, Conon in Cyprus, and Chabrias in Egypt. A curious fact, mentioned in Xenophon's Hellenics, (lib. v. c 2. s. 7.) shows that this feeling was not confined to the aristocracy of Athens.

Lam. They but obey the powers that make them
generals.
Dic. One little word. Whence comes it that you
self,
And such as you, find pay in every quarter,
While these are wont to look for it in vain
(*Pointing to the audience.*)
You there, *Marilades,—those reverend hairs
Show age and ripe experience,—say, what missit
Hath fortun'd you? or where the court has se
you,
A proud ambassador? That shaken head
Says—none. And yet in whom doth more tr
modesty
Abound, with zeal and industry, than him?
Mayhap, Dracyllus and Euphorides,
And you, my little †Holm-oak, have far'd better
You sure have serv'd as legates at the courts
Of royal Ecbatane, or at Chaonia?
Still the same answer of negation made—
Better have far'd the ‡son of Cæsyra
And Lamachus; they have made revenue
Of legs and courtly fees—and yet it was
But yesterday their debts and §club-feasts earn'

* The poet addresses these words to some of the audien
whom he was fond of mixing up with the business on the stag
† Holm oak is a name fabricated for the purpose of raisin
laugh.
‡ Megacles. The Megacleidæ were among the most illustri
families of Athens. The poetical nuptials by which our aut
has united them to the family of Strepsiades, in the comedy
the Clouds, were most probably intended to gratify the mirth
the lower citizens.
§ The convivial temper of the Greeks led them very much
indulge in entertainments of this description. They were fo
ed either by the guests sending each a particular dish, or by

ıll their intimates the same advice
se who empty urinals from windows
ont to give—" out of the way—begone!"
. If words and deeds of this bold strain may pass
ufferance—but such it is to live
mocracy.
These words will cease
you cease taking pay.
. (*eagerly*) That will be never:
ıt in Pelops' island but shall see me
now its enemy. By land and sea—
oot and horse—I'll plague and harass them.
Say you? then be it known to all of Sparta—
s we too Bœotia's folk and Megara
ı like notice, that themselves have footing
my market and may trade at will—
ımachus I do exclude him whole.

CHORUS.

ıath the better in the argument,
wins the people wholly to his purpose:
time we doff'd our upper robes, and claim'd
earing for our anapestic strain.

PARABASIS.

sirs, since the stage did your bard first engage
: it told to his honour and glory:

; one of the party to eater for the rest. In the latter case
ge was generally given for the money expended: it com-
consisted of a ring, and was termed *symbolus*: the contri-
whether in articles of food or in money, was called
ı, and the feast itself denominated *eranus*.

That with tales of his wit and his sense never yet
came he forward with flattering story;
But since it appears there are some mock your
ears,—
(and it asks not his nicer discerning
To observe how like wind an Athenian's mind
shifts and alters at every turning)—
Saying loud that his Muse dares your city abuse,
scoffs and taunts on its members much dealing;-
Your excuse, if at large we now answer the charge,
to your better form'd judgments appealing.
But first we must move for arrears of old love;—
with submission we give you to know it;—
For with whom is it fit that there rest larger debt
than with him your great teacher and poet?
His advice and his cares sav'd your too easy ears
from foreign deceit and intrusion:
Well he knew their stale tricks and a padlock dar'd
fix
on those mouths which gap'd wide for delusion.
Came there legate of yore from town inland or
shore—
made he speech or delivered oration?
In beginning or end still the phrase did atttend—
"Ye men of the* violet nation."
Soon as ever was heard the magnificent word,
praise came down in a plaudit of thunder;

* The violet was the favourite and distinguishing flower of the Athenians. Ionians in their origin, they saw in the *ion* or violet an allusion to the name of their founder. While Sparta therefore was characterized as the *Dery-stephanos* or javelin-crowned city, the Athenians took pride in being called the *io-stephanoi* or violet-crowned.

'he sound was so sweet, that each breech and its seat
for mere joy parted instant asunder.
'ext some yea-forsooth knave had a hearing to crave,—
(*mimics*) all claim be abjur'd—all pretension ;—
ut he dropp'd in smooth Greek the terms "*oily, and sleek,"
and each ear was anon all attention.
-Sleek and oily!—the phrase might but little amaze,
with anchovies if join'd, it is granted :—
ut such titles to wait on a town and a state!—
well—it gain'd what the speaker most wanted.
'or such love bold and true all your gratitude's due :—
further claims your appellant has grounded,
aying, strangers were school'd how a town should be rul'd,
on the laws of democracy founded.
'is for this, sirs, they fling, when their tribute they bring,
on our bard looks of warm recognition ;—
est of men!—him no fear from his task can deter
of honest and bold admonition.
nd so far, sirs, hath Fame tongued his boldness and name,
that when Sparta to Persia sent mission,
is ambassadors tell, how the king sifting well,
question'd deep and with learned precision.

*For this epithet, (allusive, no doubt, to the olives which grew o plentifully in Attica,) the countrymen of Aristophanes were ndebted to the great poet of their neighbours the Thebans.

And foremost ask'd he, of the twain who at sea
shew'd most prowess, commanding the ocean;—
"In which nation next teach does the bard by his speech
and his taunts stir offence and commotion.
Who," says *he, "most incline to that poet divine,
to his counsels of wisdom low bending;
In war shall that state most her fortunes make great
and her morals at home best be mending."
Hence it comes, that for peace Sparta's sons never cease
application and suit to be making;
Hence the passionate heat with which they still treat
fair Ægina in hand to be taking.
'Tis pretence, sirs, and wile:—they care nought for the isle;
but our bard's best estates there are centred,
And once in their command, be ye sure, to his hand
would an instant ejectment be tender'd.
From his Muse never fear covert taunt then or sneer;
she would spurn at the base prostitution;
he never was born to point finger of scorn
at a virtuous or wise resolution.

* This pretended attention of the "Great King" to the muse of Aristophanes, is most probably a mere jeu de théâtre. One monarch however, Dionysius of Sicily, paid the utmost court to the poet; he studied his comedies, learnt them by heart, and was stimulated by them to write himself for the prize. Menander received the same attention from the monarchs of his times. While the mean jealousy of the Athenians gave the preference to the productions of Philemon, Menander saw his merits better estimated by foreigners, and was gratified at the same time by a solemn embassy from the monarch of Macedon, and a powerful squadron from the king of Egypt, deputed to convey the thanks and compliments of those sovereigns to the great comic poet of his day.

At a much higher game she makes effort and aim;
and her toils, by the gods' help, succeeding,
This your city elate she will lift into state,
and her sons be to happiness leading;
Not by largess and trick, not by praise that makes sick,
drugg'd with falsehoods and specious caressing;
But by truths of such bearing, that Virtue, if hearing,
might give them her praise and her blessing.
Then *let Cleon at will
Work his five fingers still;
And standing aloof
At his warp and his woof,
Let him weave his web-tissues
For foul-serving issues:—
With Truth at my side
And with Honour my guide,
My soul sets upon her,
(To Athens' just honour)
A guard that shall ne'er be subdu'd:—
Thus I stand on my strength,
And I keep at arm's length
Our city's disgrace,—the poltroon and the lewd.

The CHORUS having thus manfully asserted the moral motives of their author, a division takes place, and the half chorus indulge themselves in

* A break in the verse has been made here in conformity with the original. It was usual at the conclusion of the parabasis for the poet to introduce some lines in a lighter measure, which the performer was required to pronounce ἀπνευστί, i. e. without taking breath. In technical language those lines were called a μακρόν.

an invocation: the muse to whom it is addressed was probably new to most of the poet's audience.

O, for a muse of fire,
Of true Acharnian breed;
A muse that might some strain inspire,
Brightness, tone and voice supplying,
Like sparks which, when our fish are frying,
The windy breath of bellows raise
From forth the sturdy holm-oak's blaze:
What time our cravings to supply,
Some sift the meal and some the *Thasian mixture try.
O fly to my lips, strong Acharnian muse—
And grant such a strain—'tis your wardsman that sues.

Having delivered themselves of their invocation, the Semi-chorus proceed to unite themselves with the division from which they had separated. The full Chorus assumes its proper character of old men, and with a piteous simplicity (rendered more laughable by the late invocation for strength and fire) states certain grievances under which the elderly men of the day laboured. Some allusions are most probably made here to passing events, with which we are unacquainted.

CHORUS.

Charges grave we elders have against our town and nation,
And thus prefer (who will demur) our ground of accusation:
Imprimis, we this well agree to be the height of slavery,

* Vide Suidam in voce Θασιος.

That men, whose naval fights we fought with so much zeal and bravery,
Should leave our age long war to wage with famine and with knavery.
In suits you cast us, then allow some barrister in training,
Some beardless boy, to jeer and joy and gird at our complaining:
For we're but mere nonentities—both ears and eyes are failing—
We are as pipes that long have lost all stop of sweet regaling,
Our staff and saviour, under favour, is this same* stick we're grappling,
And deity none else have we but what lies in a sapling.
Must such be seen—a mass of spleen—before those bars still pleading,
Where justice shrouds her form in clouds, the keenest ken misleading?—
The brief-fed spark knows well his mark, and, soon as we're before ye,
In haste uprises to display his powers of wit and story.
With silent glee his word-traps he lays deftly and demurely,
So featly spread, that feet which tread on swords walk more securely.
Long speech he plies—infers—denies—quips, quirps, so quick bespatter,
That in his hands our †Tithon stands a shred, a rent a tatter;

* Literally *our Neptune the Supporter is a staff.*

† The Chorus compare their friend to Tithonus, because that

Like child at nurse, he's fain to purse his lips into
a hollow;
His temper crost, his suit is lost; and damages quick
follow.
A jest, a sport he leaves the court: and friends
without advancing,
Himself all tears, and in his ears a thousand mocks
still dancing,
"I'm trounc'd,—I'm cast," he groans at last; "and
that same stock's gone off in
Court-fees and law gratuities which should have
bought my coffin."

The other division of the CHORUS then take their turn and follow in the same strain: how, say they, is it to be borne, that a man who has spent the vigour of his younger days in fighting such battles as those of Marathon, should in his latter days be oppressed with the proceedings of the law courts; that he who had been the *pursuer should now become the pursued: We should wish to know, they finish by saying, Whether Marpsias (*a noisy litigious orator of the day*) has any thing to advance in contradiction to this? As Marpsias had the discretion to hold his tongue, the CHORUS proceed in full body by the mouth of their coryphæus or leader to point these charges of oppression more particu-

long-lived person was finally turned to a grasshopper, an insect distinguished by a shrill voice in a very slender body.

* The law-terms of the Athenians admit a pun here, which it was not possible to preserve.

rly against two barristers of the times, Cephiso-
emus and Evathlus, both men of very indifferent
aracter. The person who is stated as suffering
om their insolence is Thucydides, the son of
ilesius, a man who had formerly figured as the
pponent of the great Pericles. The scholiasts
ave not recorded what particular trial it was,
hich is here so strongly alluded to: but it pro-
ably made a great noise at the period. The
horus conclude with a piece of advice to the
udience, involving in it a name, which of all
hers Athens had least reason to hear mentioned
ith respect or reverence.

Messieurs, a word—your will denies
Repose and respite to our eyes:
Be rul'd by age then, and this be
The tenor of your next decree:—
"By virtue of our sovereign power,
Enact we from this present hour;—
That pleadings all in this our state
Be held distinct and separate.
If old men ask the law's relief,
Some toothless counsel hold the brief
Our younger men can aid want none,
While fops exist and *Cleinias' son.

* The son of Cleinias was the too illustrious Alcibiades, then starting into public life, and already contaminating all that was near him. It is to be feared that Aristophanes himself shared in the general good will towards the son of Cleinias; at least no comedy has come down to us, in which he is treated with that severity which a character so pregnant with mischief richly deserved.

The same observe we, when we press
For fine or damages assess;
Let seniors judge the man in years,
And youth pass judgment on its peers."

ACT III.

THE third Act commences with a scene, for which we must make all the allowance due to comic fiction and the extravagance of the Old Comedy. Dicæopolis opens his market (making the scene of it in the space immediately before his house, and settling its boundaries with all the *precision of an Athenian): he appoints the proper officers (the †Agoranomi) to superintend it; he arms them with whips of strong leather, and proclaims free license to all Peloponnesians, Bœotians and Megarians to trade there; stipulating this one condition, that Lamachus be not allowed to become a purchaser. Those bitter pests of Athenian society, the Informers, (or men of Phasis, as Aristophanes calls them in his usual way, punning upon a town of that name, and the Greek word, which implies the act of informing,) are also forbidden entrance. A pillar moreover is to be set up on which Dicæopolis, an exact observer of forms, proposes to inscribe, after the manner of his country, the ‡terms and condi-

* Theophr. Char. 10. De Pauw. tom. ii. p. 25.

† The Agoranomi were the officers who took cognisance of all vendibles, except iron, in the public markets. They were ten or fifteen in number, and a certain tribute was paid to them by all those who brought any thing to sell in the market. They were more particularly enjoined to see that no man wronged or circumvented another in buying or selling.

‡ Pillars of this kind were erected not only in the several towns of the contracting parties, but also in the places appointed for the general meetings of the Greeks. Thus in the treaty con-

tions of his treaty with Sparta. The first person who enters the market is a man of Megara with his two daughters. This victim to the terrible decree of Pericles salutes with filial affection an object which had so long been a stranger to his eyes, as an Athenian market; swearing by the *Philian Jupiter, that the sight of it is to him like the sight of a long-regretted mother. Then turning to his daughters, "the worthless offspring of a miserable parent," he requests the attention of their stomachs, (which he seems to consider the seat of all their sensations,) putting it to their choice whether they will starve or be sold. The young ladies have not much room for hesitation; and they beg with great earnestness to be sold. The choice does not surprise the parent; but another difficulty crosses him: who would be so simple as to buy them? At length the Megarian has recourse to the following scheme, which, in allusion to the bad faith ascribed to his coun-

cluded between Athens and Lacedæmon, in the tenth year of the Peloponnesian war, one of the articles stipulated, that columns with the terms of the treaty inscribed should be erected at Olympia, at Delphi, and at the Isthmus, as well as at the Acropolis in Athens, and in the Amyclæum at Sparta. (Thuc. lib v. c. 18.) In the latter league, which the bold but artful politics of Alcibiades, (Thuc. lib. v. c. 43, 44, 45. 46.) cemented between the Argians, the Eleians, and the Athenians, it was agreed in the same manner, that the articles of the league and the oaths should be inscribed on a marble pillar; that each of the contracting parties should erect one in a place specified, in their several territories; and that a brazen pillar should be erected jointly by them all at Olympia, at the games then about to be celebrated.

* The Philian Jupiter appears to have been the god of good fellowship among the ancients; and more particularly the patron and pattern of those humble members of society, who were willing to be entertained at the expense of their richer neighbours.

trymen in their *commercial dealings, is called a Megarian device: he dresses up his daughters, with their own consent, as so many hogs; he ornaments them with hoofs and snouts, and encloses them in sacks, with an injunction to grunt discreetly, and like the hogs which were sacrificed in the Mysteries.—Things thus prepared, the father calls loudly for Dicæopolis, and tells him he has hogs to sell. "How fare you?" asks Dicæopolis. "We sit ever by the fire and deeply—†*think*," replies the Megarian. "And a very good thing too," replies Dicæopolis, missing (purposely perhaps) the pun, "if you have a piper to play by you at the same time. But what else are your countrymen about?" "They were deliberating in full council, when I came away, which was the best mode of exterminating our town—rope, fire, or water." "Either," intimates the reflecting Dicæopolis, "is effectual: they are short but certain remedies against every evil." The Megarian agrees, and Dicæopolis continues his interrogatories still at the expense of Pericles and his decree. "But how is corn?" "The gods themselves are not in more esteem with us. We

* The system of deceit, which the Megarians carried into their traffic, the schools of Euclid and Eubulides taught them also to introduce into conversational intercourse. The three syllogisms of antiquity, well known under the names of the veiled, the bald, and the Epimenides, or the liar, were originated by the latter of these two philosophers: they are explained with much vivacity in the French Anacharsis, tom. iii. p. 424.

† This is one of those pleasantries by surprise which have been mentioned before. The audience expected the Megarian to say *drink*. To enjoy at one and the same time the pleasures of a cheerful fire, good wine, and a strain of music, was thought by the Greeks the perfection of luxury: hence the answer of Dicæopolis.

bow before a grain as before a divinity: it is so scarce an article!" Salt and garlic, two other productions of Megara, were equally lost to the natives; for the Athenians, according to this person, had made themselves masters of the salt-pits, and the heads of garlic "they had turned up with little stakes, when they made their incursions into the country, like field-mice." The two conversationists then proceed to bargain for the hogs: the whole scene, by playing with the facilities of the Greek language on the natural and assumed state of the vender's daughters, is full of that equivoque which excites no other mirth but what a reader would think it necessary to apologize to his own self-respect for having indulged. It will be sufficient therefore to observe, that the little porkers grunt in very good Megarian Greek; that they devour with admirable rapidity and most obstreperous satisfaction some chick-peas and dried figs which are thrown before them, and that Dicæopolis, ravished with their congenial appetites, gives readily the price demanded for the pair; viz. a bundle of garlic, and a pound or two of salt. The bargain concludes much to the satisfaction of the father, who tells Mercury, the god of gain, in a short address, that he should be happy to dispose of his own mother and wife upon the same terms. While Dicæopolis retires for the garlic and salt, and the Megarian is in the midst of his self-congratulations, he is interrupted by that ubiquitous being in Athens, an informer, or sycophant. The Megarian calls loudly for Dicæopolis, who drives away the intruder and bids his salesman *farewell*. "Alas!" says the Me-

garian, playing on the word, "that is a term which has long been out of fashion with us." "Then I'll take the omen to myself," says Dicæopolis. The Chorus conclude the scene with the following characteristic song of congratulation. It is furnished at the expense of the informers: a race whom Aristophanes justly persecutes with the most unrelenting severity. Ctesias, Prepis, and Artemon make no second appearance after this song of triumph: the rest will often be before the reader.

Chorus.

Barter with Freedom takes her seat: wait Joy upon the union:
And health to him who hallows trade beneath their blest communion:
Scoff and taunt and biting jibe
He may cast upon the tribe
Who inform, and take a bribe.
Tho' Ctesias enter, what's to fear?
The scoundrel will but vent a tear,
And sigh, and groan, and mutter.
Uncheated he his stalls may spread, nor lose his time and labour;
Uninjur'd he his frock may doff, tho' Prepis be his neighbour.
For him o'er elbow, heel, and hand,
Cleonymus holds due command;
And though his cloak be contraband,
Hyperbolus his books will seal,
Nor threaten, warrant, and appeal,
Rejoinder and rebutter.

Room for our friend *Cratinus makes, nor crosses
on his station [paration
That essence, powder-puff, and mere tonsorial pre-
E'en Artemon, see, steals away,
The rogue who deals in mi, sol, fa;
Our ears his rapid numbers charm;
But wherefore nests beneath his arm
A guest† so foul and dirty?
Take truce with Porson, prince of rogues, take
truce with jibes and scoffing;
And mark, Lysistratus but shows his sail within the
offing:
Lysistratus, that's dipp'd in sin,
All foul without, all stain within:
‡Cholargia well her scandal knows,
Who every month a starveling goes
Days more than one and §thirty.

* The Cratinus here mentioned was not the comic poet of that name, according to Brunck. He is reproached in the text with shaving his head in the effeminate mode, (for Greek luxury had invented various modes of head dress, with appropriate names to each) called μιτιχος; and with the instrument, called μαχαιρα.

† The ancients had a coarse way of reproaching persons not *odoriferous*, by saying they kept a goat under their arm. Artemon is taunted in the text with accommodating an animal of this description. Two bons mots of Thais and Phryne, on this subject, are recorded in Athenæus; but, like most other witticisms of the Greek courtezans, they are not worth repeating. Grecian delicacy must either have been very fastidious, or great provocation given to the sense of smell by the Locrians, since history has handed down to us a whole branch of them as the Ozolian, or *stinking* Locrians.

‡ Cholargia was one of the wards of the tribe Acamantis. The great Pericles was a wardsman of Cholargia

§ Polybius, who has been accused of having too much vivacity for a historian, says in a similar way of the Bœotians, that they made more than thirty feast-days in the month.

ACT IV.

In the fourth Act a Bœotian enters with a train of pipers, who had followed him from Thebes, much to his discomfort, and whose noise excites the spleen of Dicæopolis. The worthy citizen dismisses them with a hearty curse, levelling at the same time a sarcasm upon Chæris, a flute-player, who has already been before the reader.* He then turns affectionately to the new-comer, and addressing him as one "who lived upon the small loaf named Collix," (it is a common mode of salutation in Aristophanes to address a person by the ordinary

* In this treatment of the Theban musicians, Aristophanes speaks the language of the times, and displays that professional jealousy which might naturally be expected from an aspirant to public favour in a town, where every species of reputation was so warmly contended for. Till the time of Melanippides, the dithyramble poet, (Plutarch, De Musica, tom ii. p. 1141. C. ed. Frf.) i. e. till about twenty or thirty years before the performance of the Acharnians, the greatest harmony had subsisted between the poets and the flute players; the latter submitting quietly to that subordinate rank, which the former assigned to them. As flute-music grew more into repute, the professors of it began to exalt themselves in society: a schism then gradually took place between the poets, and those whose office it was to accompany the choral songs. The comic writers took revenge, by holding up their rivals to ridicule on the stage: a contemptuous expression of Alcibiades (vide Plutarch's Life of him) completed their disgrace: flute-music fell rapidly into disrepute: a knowledge of its principles was no longer considered as a branch of liberal education, and the practice of it, like the laborious occupation of the athlete, was stigmatized as *Theban like*, and consequently unfit for a gentleman. Die Erfindung der Flöte und die Bestrafung des Marsyas. Att. Mus. B. i. H. 2.

article of his diet,) he inquires what his "little Bœotian" has brought with him. The Bœotian, in that *dialect of which the ridicule was so grateful to Athenian ears, gives a catalogue f the articles he has to dispose of. He has poultry, grasshoppers, wild-marjoram, and penny-royal; he has mats, candlewicks, ducks, jackdaws, hazle-kens, coots, couriers, and divers. "Why, you come to market driving all before you like the bird-storm."† "I bring geese, hares, foxes, moles, hedge-hogs, weasels, writing-tables, otters, Copaic‡ eels." All the sensuality of Dicæopolis is aroused by this last intimation. He calls instantly for a gridiron and

* See also a fragment of Strattis. (Ath. lib. xiv. p. 621.) One of the peculiarities of this dialect, consisting of a substitution of the letter *t* for *s*, might rather have been expected from Athenian than Bœotian sensibility. So far however did the Thebans carry their aversion, that whole odes were composed, (ᾠδὰς ἀσιγμοῖ) from which the *sigma* was carefully excluded. (Ath. lib. x. p. 448.) The flute-players, as Aristoxenus more than once affirms, (Ath. lib. xi. p. 467.) were equally hostile to a letter, whose harsh and hissing sounds so ill harmonized with musical accompaniments. The Attic tragedians, on the contrary, seem to have taken a pride in multiplying the Σαν κιβδαλον, as Pindar contemptuously calls it; and Euripides in particular carried the practice so far, that Plato, the comic writer, made it a matter of congratulation to his countrymen to have been delivered from his multiplied *sigmata*. The nicer delicacy of Pericles, who practised always before a mirror, that he might see what effect the pronunciation of each letter had upon his mouth, led him carefully to avoid this ungraceful letter; and the Athenians, taught by his example, began gradually to adopt his preference of the Doric to the Ionian mode of speech. (Ausführung, viii. Att. Mus. B. i. H. 2. s. 345.)

† The wind which blew from February 28th to March 12th was called by the Athenians the ornithian, or bird-wind. *Stillingfleet's Calendar of Flora.*

‡ The "anguilla di Bolsena" seems to have been to the Italians

bellows; he summons his whole family about him; bids them salute this delicate morsel to which they had so long been strangers; congratulates the Comic Choruses and Morychus, a well known epicure, on the return of this their favourite dainty; —for myself, concludes he, parodying a passage from Euripides,

> Witness for me, that dead or living, still
> Affection's edge shall not grow dull to thee,
> Thou best of fish, and more especially
> When drest with beet.

The Bœotian, who also indulges in a little parody by calling the eel, after a line in Æschylus, "the elder of the fifty Copaic virgins," wishes to name a price for this valued article of food; but Dicæopolis will hear of none: no, says he, this I claim as the toll of the market. They then proceed to bargain for the rest of the Bœotian's ware: the vender, in preference to money, wishes for some Athenian articles in exchange, which are not to be found in Bœotia Anchovies and earthenware are named: but to these the Bœotian objects; though of the former, that particular* sort is offered, to which, in the opinion of the great epicure Archestratus, all other anchovies were as *dung* in comparison. "Both," says he, "we have in abundance at home: I want something of which *we* have a scarcity, and *you* have plenty to spare."

what the Copaic eel was to the Greeks. Among those punished for gluttony in Dante's Purgatory, one person is pointed out,

> qui purga per digiuno
> L'anguille di Bolsena, e la vernaccia.—*Canto* 24.

The Sybarites, the great patrons of luxury, exempted those who fished for eels, from all public taxes.

* Those from the port Phalera in Attica.

"Then the thing you want is an *informer. It is but packing one up like some potter's clay, and

* It has been already observed, that what is called informer by us, was by the Greeks called sycophant. The following explanation of the term is from the pen of Mr. Mitford.

"The gross vices of the Athenian government and judicature gave birth to that evil, which, with the name of sycophancy, so peculiarly infested Athens. The term originally signified information of the clandestine exportation of figs. Apparently to gratify the idle populace of the city, at the expense of the landholders, some demagogue had procured a law, forbidding the exportation of that plentiful production of the Attic soil. The absurdity of the prohibition, however, making the information particularly invidious, the term sycophant grew into use as a general appellation for all vexatious informers. Such was the encouragement which the Athenian government and judicature afforded for these, that sycophancy became a profession," (an example of this will be seen in the comedy of the Birds,) "furnishing a livelihood for many. The sycophant courted the lower people, and was the terror and scourge of the rich. Intimation to a wealthy man that he would be denounced, as able to equip a trireme," (see the comedy of the Knights in this volume,) "or provide a dramatic entertainment, or give a supper to his ward, often sufficed to obtain money for preventing so serious an evil. But the sycophant's great engine of profit was accusation, whether true or false; though false accusation was often preferred, we are told, as generally more lucrative. The various public functions which the wealthy were not allowed to decline, magistracies, equipments of ships of war, and presidencies of choral festivals, made opportunities endless. In the expiration of office, the *euthynë* or scrutiny before the council, must be undergone. Accusation was then, in a manner, invited: and if any, however unfounded, was offered, person and property were attached, and remained so till judgment was given. The sycophant was necessarily an Athenian citizen, for no other could denounce; but the evidence of strangers and slaves was admitted and often preferred; because they might be examined by torture, which was sometimes carried to such inhuman severity, that the sufferer died under it. But however little the accusation could be supported, it would always occasion trouble and expense; and any neglect of the fastidious multitude would involve danger. Bribes were necessary to procure despatch from the officers who directed the business of the courts; an Athenian

may easily carry him off." The Bœotian is
pleased with the exchange. An informer
n animal unknown in Bœotia: he can make
y of so rare a monster; he will exhibit him
ape of rare and marvellously perverse man-
"And see," says Dicæopolis, interrupting
"here comes Nicarchus to our very hand."
Bœotian objects to his size. "He is small!
" says Dicæopolis; "but there is nothing lost
n. All is knave that is not fool." Nicarchus
diately gives tongue at sight of a Bœotian, and
a specimen of the ridiculous charges of in-
ation which were common among the litigious
nians. His first attack is upon the poultry.
y sure," says the Bœotian, "you do not make
upon birds?" He next falls upon the Bœotian
elf—he will denounce him—it is plain that he
s from an enemy's country—he has candle-
s and matches with him; and nothing was
r than to take advantage of a proper wind, fix
hted match to a beetle, convey the beetle
gh a water-pipe, and set fire to the dock-
: and then—What?—there would be a very
ant illumination. "And this is your opinion?"

would be solicited for favour, or it would pronounce con-
ation; and not by the accusation of Xenophon only, but
e confession of Lysias, the great advocate for democracy,
e assured that at Athens equally protection for iniquity
t, and justice must be bought."—*Grec. Hist.* vol. v. p. 27.
he extreme value and importance to the Athenians of their
, the great source and support of their revenue and power,
rred accusations of this kind probably not uncommon
g that suspicious and litigious people. We find Demos-
s having recourse to it in that foul series of transactions,
h made the ruin of Antiphon necessary to cover his own il-
conduct—*Demosth. de Corond.*

"I bear witness to it," says Nicarchus, using th official word. Dicæopolis immediately proceeds t tying him up. The CHORUS assist in the labour and Dicæopolis maliciously considering him as piece of earthenware, remarks what a hollo chinking noise the "fire-crack'd, god-detested vessel makes. "You have a vessel here for a purposes," continues the worthy citizen, addres ing his chapman;—"a whole porcelain manufact ry.—Would you beat up a suit at law? he is yo pounder. Are you in the dark as to who is liab to the Euthynë?* he is the candlestick to thro light upon the matter. Would you have a litt mischief? no better dish than this to serve it u Would you make your neighbours drink a litt trouble? this is the cup to mix it in." The CH RUS are in fear that so frail an article may not a rive safe at its journey's end. "If 'tis tied by th heels with the head downwards," says Dicæopoli "it will travel safe enough—" "True; and yo may throw an informer where you please,—he w stick to any thing," adds the self-corrected CH RUS. After a little more pleasantry of this kin Nicarchus, much against his will, is trussed up a laid on the shoulders of the Bœotian's slave. " is a worthless article you carry," concludes Dicæ polis; "but you may make some money of yo burthen, for an informer must be a curious show strangers."

* The *euthynë* was that investigation which all ambassador all persons in official situations, and those entrusted with th disbursement of the public money, had to pass, before certain o ficers appointed for the purpose. A reluctance to undergo th euthynë has been stated as one among other reasons, which in duced Pericles to plunge his country into the Peloponnesia war.

SCENE III.

A servant of Lamachus enters with a request that Dicæopolis will allow his master to purchase a few thrushes and Copaic eels to celebrate the Feast of Pitchers. Who may this Lamachus be, inquires Dicæopolis, affecting ignorance, and what may be the nature of him? He is, replies the servant, in the language of the tragic dramatists,

The terrible man—patient of labour—
Who bears the Gorgon on his shield, and shakes
From's bushy helm a triple crested blackness.

Dic. Then he's no purchaser; e'en tho' his shield
Should be the price. Let him unto the *salt fish—
There let him shake his triple crest at will:
If he but make disturbance here, we have
Our officers at hand. I'll in meantime,
And take my purchase with me. *(Enters the house, singing.)*

On blackbirds and on thrushes' wings
Exultingly he rode, &c.

CHORUS.

Ne'er did our city see (and sight need not
Be costive of belief) so wise a man

* Salt fish constituted the principal food of the Attic soldiers and sailors. Prodigious quantities were, for this reason, as well as to satisfy the general partiality for them in Athens, imported from the Euxine.

As this: there's nought but he may purchase him,
Such vantage hath this happy treaty brought:
What's fit for household service;—what sets off
A supper to advantage, giving edge
To sated appetite, he dares buy all.
Nay, and his spirits keep an equal footing
With his rich fortune; for observe yon *feathers,
Sure token that who haunts within those doors
Makes himself revelry with dainty fare
And wine: and all this cheer and luck to him
Came voluntary!—Now for War,—I do
Henceforth forbid him clean my house.—That was-
sailer!
That drunken, rude companion! never shall he
Chaunt strain of sweet †Harmodius at my table.

* It was usual for the vainer citizens of Athens, when they gave an entertainment, to hang up the feathers of hens or other birds before the doors, that passers-by might know what was going on within. The "ostentatious man" in Theophrastus adorns the forehead of the bull, which he has sacrificed, with garlands, and hangs it up before his door.

† The reader of history needs not to be reminded, that it was the poniards of Harmodius and his friend Aristogeiton which put an end to that government of the Peisistratidæ in Athens, to which a passionate love of liberty rather than the vices of those princes gave the name of a tyranny. It was at the grand festival of the Panathenæa, when every citizen had the privilege of bearing arms, that the deed was effected. The two friends concealed their weapons in branches of myrtle; and the gratitude of the Athenians, or rather the policy of the Alemæonids, whose interest it was to hold up the Peisistratidæ to hatred, and to elevate the revenge of a private quarrel to the dignity of tyrannicide, (see *Mit.* v. ii. p. 104.) eternalized the circumstance in songs which it was usual to sing at convivial entertainments. One of these, preserved by Athenæus, is well known to scholars: an elegant version of it is given in Bland's Anthology; but it seems as susceptible of prose translation as of verse. As mention is made of it more than once in the ensuing work, the rea-

There was no blesssing but our pleasure tasted;
When, lo! this reveller came rudely on us,—
Batt'ring—upsetting—overwhelming—slaughtering.
Yet wanted he nor invitation sweet,
Nor pleasant speech:—thus did we oft discourse him—
"Pray take a seat—spare not the bottle—friend,
We pledge you in a bumper." What did he,
A ranting, storming, unforbearing fellow?—
Breath o' my body! even fire our *props,
And rudely broach the liquor from our trees.

The CHORUS having thus addressed the god of battles, the citizen invokes a deity of a different order. If contrast be a source of humour, the present comedy is not sparing of it.

Dic. Maid, whate'er thy appellation,
TRUCE, OR RECONCILIATION,

der perhaps will not be displeased with a literal translation of this celebrated fragment.

I will carry my sword, covered with sprigs of myrtle, as did Harmodius and Aristogeiton, when they slew the tyrant, and gave to Athens an equality of laws.

Thou art not dead, O beloved Harmodius: in the Islands of the Blessed, where live Achilles the swift-footed, and the bold son of Tydeus, there too they say that you exist.

I will carry my sword, covered with leaves of myrtle, as did Harmodius and Aristogeiton, when they slew the tyrant Hipparchus at the feast of the Panathenæa.

O beloved Aristogeiton, thou art covered with glory: O Harmodius, dearest of men, thy fame is immortal: for you slew the tyrant, and you gave to Athens an equality of laws.—*Athen.* lib. xv. p. 695. fol.

* The props or sticks by which the vines were supported.

Thee, I mean, whose fitmost place is
With fair Venus and the graces,
(With them was thy earliest dwelling;—
Lovely charmer! all excelling,
Did I see thee nor discover
Gifts that might have won a lover
In that forehead opening fair,
In that boon and buxom air?
But the dull delusion's over—
Call me instant from above
Him, the winged child of love;
Him that's drawn by *painter's hand
Weaving roses in a band
He the holy priest shall be
(Worthy thy fair self and me)
To bind fast the chains, which never
May our fates and fortunes sever.—
Perchance you think my heart is cold,
And mark my hairs, and say I'm old.
Old I own me, yet kind fate
Triple blessings bid me wait,
If my lot be join'd with thine
To plant in lengthen'd ranks the vine,
To graft the fig-tree's tender shoots,
To pluck the vineyard's purpling fruits;
And olive-trees in many a row
Around our farm shall circling grow,
Fragrant oil and juice supplying
To anoint our limbs at will,
When yon †moon but lately dying
Once more begins her lamp to fill.

* The poet alludes to a celebrated picture of Zeuxis in the temple of Venus.

† The new moon. or commencement of the month, was always a *day* of festivity among the Greeks; the sacrifice offered to

SCENE IV.

A herald enters and proclaims that the Feast of *Pitchers is about to commence; each man, says the holy functionary, will empty his pitcher by sound of trumpet, and he who does it first shall receive the prize of victory—a huge leather bag or "*Ctesiphon.*"† This intimation rouses the energies of the old man; he applies vigorously to his *cuisine*, and makes preparations for celebrating the festival. The science which he displays in boiling, roasting, spitting, and unspitting, gains a short but emphatic tribute of applause from the now friendly Chorus; and the professional diction in which his science is

Hecate furnishing a plentiful repast to the poorer citizens. From the present passage and one in Theophrastus, it should seem that the meaner citizens of Athens were in the habit of anointing and shaving only once in the month.

* The Feast of Pitchers was on the second day of the festival called Anthesteria. It was so named, because every man drank out of his own pitcher, in commemoration of the following accident. Orestes, having slain his mother, fled to Athens before he had undergone the customary purification for murder. The Athenians were at the time busy in celebrating the feast of Bacchus, surnamed Lenæus, because he had the care of wine presses. Demophoon, the reigning king, received Orestes kindly, but to prevent the contamination which might adhere to the company by drinking with a polluted person, and that Orestes might not be offended by being obliged to drink alone, he ordered that every man should have a distinct vessel of wine, and drink out of his own cup. In this festival it was the custom to drink plentifully; and the *longest liver*, as Archbishop Potter terms it, was rewarded with a crown of leaves and a vessel of wine.—*Potter's Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 367.

† Ctesiphon is ridiculed as if, from his obesity, he could be a substitute for the leathern foot-ball, which constituted a part of the amusements at the Feast of Pitchers.

exhibited, seems no less to command their admiration. The preparations indeed for a feast were not to be passed over too cursorily before an audience, whose writers have handed down to us the names of *Methœcus, Numenius, Hegemon, Tyndaricus, &c. with those of Plato, Xenophon and Thucydides.

SCENE V.

Two more characters are here introduced, a countryman and a paranymph, or a person who, in the nuptials of the ancients, acted the same part by the bridegroom which the bridemaid did by the lady. The countryman has heard of the peace which Dicæopolis has established for himself, and begs a small portion of this blessed gift—"a trifle, a five years measurement will serve his purpose; he had lost his oxen—had hurt his eyes with weeping for them—would Dicæopolis touch them with the ointment of peace, that salve for every sore?" Dicæopolis protests that he is no physician, and sends him to Pittalus, a celebrated practitioner and hired servant of the public. The countryman is still importunate; "one drop—no matter if it be ever so little" Dicæopolis attends only to his cookery. The paranymph, who is come with a similar request, smooths the way by presenting a

* These persons were writers upon the art of cookery, as well as practitioners. The cook, as a dramatic character, belongs to the Middle and New Comedy of the Greeks; and the gravity with which his art is treated, though it grows tiresome by repetition, is often calculated to give considerable amusement.

*portion of the nuptial entertainment. He is the messenger of a new made husband, and wishes one drop of peace to protect him from serving in the wars. Dicæopolis is not to be persuaded. The bridemaid then comes forward and begs to speak with him aside. She comes with a petition from the new made bride. Dicæopolis inclines more graciously to her request; he calls for his allegorical "Truces," and makes a present of one of them to the petitioning bride.—"She is a woman," says he, "and 'tis not fit her sex should know the ills of war." A portion of the blessed liquor of peace is also dropped into a perfume-box for the use of the bridegroom; and as the ancients were very nice in their use of ointments, applying different† articles to different parts of the body, particular directions are given how this new unction is to be applied.

* At a Grecian entertainment every guest had the privilege of selecting a favourite dish, and sending it to his own or friend's house.

† Athenæus, lib. xv. p. 689. In that formidable catalogue of artisans, who, according to Plautus, (Aulularia, Act. iii. sc. 5) necessarily entered into the establishment of a Grecian lady of fashion, the suppliers of perfumery occupy a foremost place. The article itself bore a high price at Athens; but that did not hinder voluptuaries from using it very profusely. The following mode, adopted by a man of pleasure, almost excuses its extravagance by its ingenuity.

——————— Nor fell
His perfumes from a box of alabaster;
That were too trite a fancy, and had savour'd
O' the elder time—but ever and anon
He slipp'd four doves, whose wings were saturate
With scents all different in kind—each bird
Bearing its own appropriate sweets :—these doves,
Wheeling in circles round, let fall upon us

SCENE VI.

These petitioners are followed by two messengers: one enters with an exclamation that couples labour, battle, and the Lamachi together, and announces to that vainglorious soldier, that some Bœotian marauders had made an incursion into the country, and that the *strategi*, or commanding generals, insisted upon his taking "his crests and cohorts" immediately, to guard the passes, in spite of the inclemency of the weather. Lamachus curses the *strategi*—"more conspicuous for their numbers than their merits"—and his own fate; Dicæopolis laughs heartily at both. The second messenger addresses himself to Dicæopolis, and announces that supper is ready.

To supper, sir; and let your pitcher
And †basket bear you company: no stop—

A shower of sweet perfumery, drenching, bathing
Both clothes and furniture—and lordlings all—
I deprecate your envy, when I add,
That on myself fell floods of violet odours.

* The Athenian armies were under the command of ten general officers, one from each tribe. They were all invested with equal power, but in expeditions of concern and moment, each enjoyed the supreme command by days. Lest in controverted matters an equality of voices should retard their proceedings, an eleventh person, called the Polemarch, was sometimes joined in commission with them. The authority of the strategi seems gradually to have declined, till, about the time of Demosthenes, they did little more than preside at the public festivals. The "signori della guerra" of the Florentine Republic had precisely the same authorities as the Athenian strategi, and were the same in number.

† It has been already explained that at the Grecian entertainments the guests themselves brought with them the greatest

No tarrying: Bacchus' high priest demands
Your instant presence, and the guests are waiting.
All is prepared—the table and the couch—
With due appurtenance of clothes and cushions.
Chaplets and dainties of all kinds abound:
Here rich perfumes are seen—there cakes and cates
Of every fashion, cakes of honey, cakes
Of *sesamus, and cakes of unground corn:
What more—a troop of dancing women fair,

part of the dishes. "Du temps d'Aristophane c'étoient les convives qui apportoient la plus grande partie de mêts avec eux; et celui qui donnoit le repas ne fournissoit que, le local, les ornements et les hors-d'œuvre, *et faisoit venir des courtisanes.*"—*La Bruyère*, t. iii. p. 44.

* In the Grecian confectionary, the sesamus came most properly under the class of Choria, or those cakes which were made of milk and honey Among an innumerable quantity of *placentæ*, which were served up at Grecian tables, and which Ægimius, Hegesippus, and Chrysippus have thought it worth their while to record, may be mentioned the *Enchytus*, a receipt for making which has been handed down by Cato, and which seems to have resembled the modern omelet—the *Ames*, to which Lynceus of Samos, when comparing the dainties of Rhodes with those of Athens, proposes the Echinus as a rival, but without committing himself too decidedly on the point—the *Amphiphon*, which was offered to Diana, and round whose edges were little lighted torches, the reason for which has been given by Philochorus,—the *Creium*, which among the Argives was a present from the bride to the bridegroom; the friends of the parties were invited to partake of it, and it was set before them accompanied with honey—the *Cribanas*. (τῷ σχήματι μαστοειδής) which was used in the Spartan ladies' entertainments, and carried round, when the nuptial hymn was about to commence—the *Charisius*, so called from the peculiar pleasure which it gave to the person eating it—the *Pelanus*, which Cecrops, much wiser, says Pausanias, than Lycao, ordered to be sacrificed to the gods in the place of animals—the *Tagenites*, which, from its name, should resemble the modern pancake—the *Pyramus*, which was given in convivial parties to the person who continued longest awake, &c. &c.—*Ath.* l. xiv.

And minstrels who may chaunt us sweet Harmod
Haste, sir, I beg you, to the banquet.

This news begets a groan from Lamachus, a
Dicæopolis reproaches him with his shield a
Gorgon ornaments; then turning to his serva
bids him prepare for supper. A sort of Amœba
dialogue then follows between Lamachus and I
cæopolis, which has more humour in the origi
from proximity of sound in many of the wo
than an English translation can possibly give. T
attempt, however, deserves to be made, as it
perhaps the earliest specimen on record of a s
cies of humour, which succeeding dramatists h
been so fond of copying. The commands of I
machus are those of a man preparing for the ha
ships of a campaign: the responses of Dicæop
are those of a person making ready for a conviv
entertainment. A few lines have been omitt
which did not contribute to the effect of t
piece.

Lam. Boy, bring the sack that holds our coa
campfare. (*Speaking to a servant withi*

Dic. My *cista, boy—and mark—the trust a
care. (*Speaking in the same manner.*)

Lam. Bring pungent onions, salt, and pounc
thyme.

Dic. (*contemptuously.*) Onions I hate, and le
I deem a crime.

* Various specimens of the *cista*, which seems to have a
swered in some degree the purposes of the modern cellaret, m
be seen in the valuable publication for which artists and whol
are indebted to the pencil of Thomas Hope, Esq. *Costume
the Ancients*, vol. ii. pl. 203.

Lam. Add salt-fish, lad, in leaves well wrapp'd and dry.

Dic. Leaves* too for me, but such as serve to fry.

Lam. Two pinions from my spreading helmet bring. (*they are brought.*)

Dic. A well-fledg'd thrush for me, and ringdove's wing. (*They are brought.*)

Lam. (*admiring*) White is the ostrich, and its pen a plume.

Dic. (*admiring*) Yellow the thrush, but oh! what rich perfume!

Lam. These arms might bid your taunting jibes forbear.

Dic. These dainties, sir, those side-long oglings spare.

Lam. (*taking a crest from its case*) Fate sits and smiles upon this triple crest—
Curse on the worms who make thereof a nest!

Dic. (*holding a dish of hare*) Health sucks the odours which these lev'rets deal—
Ah, foolish I, who first made daintier meal!

Lam. (*to Dic.*) To me this language?

Dic. (*ironically*) It were much too bold:
This trusty lad and I large wager hold.
What sayst? (*to his servant.*) Shall Lamachus hold stakes, and say;—
Locust† or thrush, which eats the best to-day?

* The original is *thrium.* The thrium appears to have been an olio of different ingredients inclosed in fig-leaves and then roasted. The scholiast mentions three receipts for making a thrium.

† The Greeks sometimes eat locusts; but it was reckoned a very coarse kind of food, and is therefore properly assigned here to a person about to encounter the hardships of a campaign.

Lam. Mere insolence his speech.
Dic. The contest's done.
(*To his servant.*) He holds a locust best—your wager's won.
Lam. (*to his servant.*) Unsheath the spear for joust and tilting fit.
Dic. We too can fence—(*to his servant*) charge, home, boy, with this spit.
Lam. Bring forth the orbit of my Gorgon shield.
Dic. I with a cheese-cake's orbit take the field.
Lam. Oil on my buckler:—(*oil is poured on his shield*) what discern we here? (*Pretending to see the image of Dicæopolis.*)
A whither'd forehead and grey locks appear!
I see* a man that shuns the battle's strife,
Fixt at the bar and pleading for his life.
Dic. Some honey, boy, (*pours it on a sweet cake*) —I mark a rev'rend face: (*meaning himself*)
Soft are the lines, and all the features grace;—
Courteous and frank, peace-loving, friendly, civil—
But giving empty braggarts to the devil.
Lam. (*enraged*) My breast-plate there—the warrior's loveliest sight.
Dic. My pitcher, boy—I drink and scorn the fight.
Lam. (*breast-plate is brought*) Thus am I arm'd against the fiercest foe.
Dic. (*pitcher is brought*) No fence like this—as truest topers know.
Lam. My bed-clothes, boy—and tie my shield thereto—

* In the dispute which takes place between Teucer and Menelaus in the Ajax Flagellifer of Sophocles, the same curious species of sarcasm is used.

expense of one Antimachus, a poet and historia
the times. Besides the sins of writing bad po
and dull histories, a crime much greater in
eyes of the CHORUS attached itself, it appears, to
character; in his office of *choregus*, or leader of
CHORUS, (of which more will be said in the
ceeding play,) he had incurred displeasure by be
less sumptuous in his entertainments than pers
who served that expensive office usually w
There is a buoyancy, a mauvaise plaisanteri
something between impudence and wit, wl
often carries the Athenian poet over ground wh
an English translator almost fears to set foot.

SEMI-CHORUS.

I'm a man of few words
Nor long speeches I make;
So—at once—may the devil
Antimachus take:—
—That scurvy contriver,—
—That son of *saliva,—
Who late when he led
Our troop, sent them to bed,
Without waste to his brewing,
His meat or his meal,
Or any way doing
The thing that's genteel.—

* When the Greeks mentioned a person's name, they
quently added that of his father, to prevent mistakes; th poe
his peculiar manner, calls Antimachus the son of Psacas. Ps
in Greek signifies *dew*. and this patronymic is bestowed u
Antimachus, because in conversation his saliva was apt to ess
him, the consequences of which fell upon the bystanders.

But Vengeance may yet
Settle with him her debt.—
Some day to my wish,
On a table or dish,
There shall lie a sleeve-fish,
Hot from cauldron or pot,
Fragrant—soft—hissing hot—
Even there as it lies
Tempting hand, mouth, and eyes,
And himself all in haste
Of the banquet to taste,
While it's yet in his twitch,
There shall enter a bitch,
Who making a dip
Bears it off in her lip;
And ere men can find her,
Ten miles are behind* her.

SEMI-CHORUS.

This mode of acquittal
I grant is not bad;
But I have a little
Appendix to add.
Imprimis a fever
Be on this deceiver;
Then as night brings him back
From a ride on his hack;

* A reference to Grecian habits and inclinations will show that this was a more adequate revenge than might at first be thought. Fish constituted the principal food of the Athenians; in fact food and fish were synonymous terms among them. As religion among the Greeks was little more than a personification of the feelings and appetites, it is no wonder that among their other deities there is found a "Jupiter the Fish-eater."

As homeward he hies him
May a *cut-purse surprise him,
Who assails him and plies him
With missile and stick
Like a mere lunatic.
My hero o'erthrown
Casts about for a stone:
But his hand is at fault,
And the palm it secures,
What except pigeon's dung
Is the best of manures.
But for science no matter:—
He grasps well his batter,
Takes aim, but the dark
Throws him wide of his mark:
Orestes escapes,
And Cratinus instead
On his ledger writes—Debtor
For a wound in the head.†

With this malediction, which needs all the indulgence due to the personality and homeliness of the Old Comedy, closes the Fourth Act. There is a pleasure in looking back to what we have lost, as

* Mendicity and domestic robbery began first to appear in Athens soon after the commencement of the Peloponnesian war; both most probably induced by that fatal policy of Pericles, which led him to crowd the whole population of Attica within the walls of a confined capital.

† There is more humour in the malice with which the Chorus see their friend Antimachus through this course of disasters than at first appears. Cratinus, according to the scholiast, is not the poet, but a testy, passionate person of the same name, who was not likely to mourn an affront without visiting it pretty severely upon the person offering it. Orestes was a notorious footpad of *those days*: he is mentioned again in the comedy of the Birds.

well as to what we have gained, by the progress of society; and from this specimen, many readers will perhaps think, that Attic wit may come rather under the first than the second class.

The Fifth Act is extremely short; for the school of Aristophanes had no intricacies of plot to unravel, no niceties of character to develop; and the progress of the piece by no means implied a necessary progress in the interest. The Act is opened by a servant of Lamachus, who calls loudly at his master's door for hot water, linen rags, cere-cloth, dirty wool, and surgeons' bandages. This domestic relates, in an incoherent manner, that has something of Rabelais' style of humour in it,—how his master, in crossing a ditch, had staked himself, and dislocated his ankle—how he had further dashed his head against a stone, and broken it to pieces—how he had started the Gorgon device from his shield—how the terrible crest had been beaten upon the rock; and, finally, that Lamachus, supposing himself to be in his last agonies, had resigned his soul, in the language of the tragedians,

> Adieu, thou sun and fields of golden light;
> For the last time I drink thy radiance bright,
> And sink to sleep and everlasting night.

Having uttered these words, continues the servant, he fell into a water-pipe, rose again, came up with certain fugitives, and with his spear, bravely pushed the robbers. Lamachus then makes his appearance, supported between two of his servants, wounded, miserable, and galled with the thoughts

of the ridicule which his figure will excite in Dicæopolis. The worthy citizen (if he does not rather merit an additional syllable to his name) returns to the stage, supported by two of the dancing women, who had formed part of the High Priest's entertainment; and another short intellectual sparring takes place between the two opponents, evincing admirably the powers of the Greek language, but much more to the credit of the worthy citizen's wit than his morals:—the Greeks, however, as Gozzi observes of the Italians, were fond of seeing dramatic characters in the most "robust situations," and Aristophanes was not the man to balk their expectations. Lamachus is finally carried to the surgeon, while Dicæopolis claims the leathern bag, as having first emptied his pitcher. The notes of victory (Tenella Callinicos) are sung over him by the friendly CHORUS, and a mock procession, like those of Molière in the Malade Imaginaire and Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, seems to have concluded the piece.

THE KNIGHTS;

OR

THE DEMAGOGUES;

THE KNIGHTS;

OR

THE DEMAGOGUES.

ε Comedy of the Knights carries us two years
warder into that most interesting period of Gre-
ı history, the Peloponnesian war. In this Co-
ly, as in a glass, may be seen the effects of that
l policy, pursued by Pericles at the commence-
ıt of the war, and to which the reader's atten-
ı has already more than once been directed.
ver had corruption made more rapid progress in
ate than under the influence of that unfortunate
ısure, which had broken the simple habits of rus-
life, and converted the whole body of Athenians
ı inhabitants of a town. The professed object
this singular composition is the overthrow of
t powerful demagogue, whom the author had
fessed in his Acharnians (Act II.) that it was his
ntion at some future day "to cut into shoe-
her;" and his assistants on the occasion are the
y persons, for whose service the exploit was to
e place,—the rich proprietors, who among the

Athenians constituted the class of Horse Knights.*

For this purpose Athens is here repres a house: Demus (a personification of th Athenian people) is the master of it, Ni Demosthenes, names too familiar to the r history to need explanation, are his sla Cleon is his confidential servant and slav The levelling disposition of the Athenia not have been presented with a more a picture. If the *dramatis personæ* are few, of the piece is still more meagre: it consi ly of a series of humiliating pictures of Cl a succession of proofs to Demus, that this servant is wholly unworthy of the trust a dence reposed in him. The manners ar confined to Athens, and might almost be to belong to a people, who imagined witl dian, that his own little valley compreher whole world; and that the sun rose on on it, only to set again on the other.

Of all the comedies of Aristophanes, sca can be said to exceed the Knights in value much as a specimen of the dramatic art, torical document, giving a strong, full, an picture of the most singular people that e ed. We are here admitted literally into rior of Attica;—into the very house of th

* In the Athenian state, the Knights ranked next the highest quality and fortune. They were not a v rous body; consisting of such only as possessed estat the furnishing a horse at the rider's own expense; the rocky and barren country of Attica was by no me siderable.

al Demus; and certainly the master of the habita-
n is such as we should wish to contemplate at a
y respectful distance.

Whatever may be thought of the line of conduct
which Pericles paved the way to the possession
supreme power in Athens, and whatever differ-
ce of opinion may exist as to the motives which
rried him into the Peloponnesian war, this play
ords sufficient evidence that he alone was able
have conducted it with honour, and that none
it he could be safely entrusted with that fulness
power, which in the hands of the leading *minis-
r of Athens put at his disposal the Athenian com-
onwealth, with all its appurtenances, "its reve-
ies," as the contemporary historians describe it,
its armies, fleets, islands, the sea, friendships and
liances with kings and various potentates, and in-
uence that commanded several Grecian states,
id many barbarous nations." By the death of
is accomplished politician, which happened at a
me singularly unfortunate for his country, this
ch prize had again become a subject for compe-
tion; and the two parties, which prevailed more
r less in every Grecian city, and which his all-
ommanding talents had kept in repose, had al-
eady filled Athens with all those conflicting pas-
ons by which human nature is agitated. At the
ead of the aristocratic interest appeared Nicias,
he son of Niceratus; a man rich, amiable and ge-
erous; with considerable talents, both military

* The office which conferred this extensive power, was that of ταμίας, or the public treasurer. It was generally given for a term of five years; but if the holder of it conducted himself to the satisfaction of the people, he was generally reinvested with it.

and political, but unequal to the times an
particular people among whom he was bor
Democracy, after veering some time betw
sicles and Eucrates, the one, according t
phanes, a seller of tow, and the other a
cattle, had at last taken repose by show
whole tide of her affections upon the nois
lent and worthless Cleon. The son of
and himself bred to the trade; without
feelings; and without that regard for c
which it is the purpose of education t
Cleon possessed those corporeal power
in the eyes of a mob, often supply th
of both:—with a bulky body, a voice pot
beyond the extreme extent of *value att
such a qualification among the Greeks, wi
republican indifference to all exterior de
of person, and a face bearing on it the
vulgar intemperance, Nature herself seem
formed Cleon for a demagogue. His inter
fications were just what his exterior prom
being, as Mr. Mitford observes, of extr
impudence and little courage; as slack in

* Among the Greeks, where civil business was tra
fore large numbers, and where in war little was com
by signals, a loud voice was a very important endowm
name of Stentor has even grown into a proverb. T
which Thrasybulus of Styra rendered to Alcibiades b
ness of his voice on a very trying occasion, is record
tarch in his life of that extraordinary man. See al
l. iv. c. 141. 7. c. 117. Cleon appears to have possess
astonishing strength. Aristophanes frequently co
voice with the Cycloborus, one of those torrents whi
tated themselves with an overpowering noise from th
the neighbourhood of Athens.

as forward and noisy in the assembly, and in practice as he was corrupt in principle. ich a man should ever have stood in the ı of head of a party seems to us almost in- :; but he possessed one redeeming qualifi- n an eminent degree; and among a nation ıardoned every thing to the pleasure of in- its ears, the coarse but ready eloquence ɔ, exerted in those ways which were most ed to please an Athenian audience,—in ɔf his own integrity, and accusations of all ɔectable men of rank,—this formed a splen- ition to his character, which threw into the ll his other defects.

ıualifications such as these, the amiable ce of Nicias formed but a very weak oppo- and Demosthenes, with little powers of ora- d even in his own profession more fitted to n the suggestions of others than to devise ıg original of his own, was ill calculated to the deficiencies of his colleague. All oppo- ıerefore in the General Assembly to the low ulant Cleon seems gradually to have de- and graver men saw with grief and indigna- t the ample power, which had once been n the hands of a Miltiades, a Themistocles, ides, and a Cymon, was now concentrating he worthless and ignoble Cleon. It was in gency that a poet stepped forward to sup- ir declining cause, and to effect upon the hat had been without avail attempted in embly. That personal hatred was one of ives which led to the bold and dangerous , there can be no doubt: but that Ariste-

phanes was in the pay of Nicias's party, or that he was instigated by mercenary views, as Wieland suggests, there seems no good ground for affirming. He had evidently formed a high idea of the profession to which he had given himself: he had devoted much time and industry to the development of those extraordinary talents with which he was endowed; and the keen sensibility, with which, it is evident, amid all his apparent thoughtlessness and extravagance, he felt the triumph of success and the mortification of failure, shows that to be the first comic poet of his day was the great and ruling object of his ambition. Where a warm and ardent love of fame is felt, the meaner passions are seldom found to exist. That Aristophanes reckoned upon the assistance of the aristocratic party is evident from his own peclaration; but his best security, he knew, rested in the display of those talents which had already gained him much attention, and which, by their extraordinary mixture of elegance and coarseness, of wit and buffoonery, of apparent simplicity and real acumen, seemed peculiarly adapted to catch the tastes and fascinate the minds of his countrymen. The attack itself, the manner in which it was conducted, and the consequences which resulted from it, will all demand a few words.

Accustomed as we are in England to see the most exalted characters subjected with impunity to the lash of the pencil and the press, it may be thought that the danger of attacking a demagogue like Cleon, especially when the privileged license of the Old Comedy is considered, was by no means very appalling. An incident mentioned in the piece itself will show that this was far from being the case.

the privilege of the Old Comedy to attack
s not merely by their names, but by means of
to give an exact representation of the person
:d. It was thus that Lamachus and Euripides
:en served up to the public ridicule in the
y of the Acharnians; it was thus that Nicias
emosthenes were no doubt exhibited in the
t play; and in the same manner a faithful por-
: was afterwards given of the son of Sophro-
In drawing the character of Demus, the
had already ventured upon what few others
have dared to attempt; for though the sove-
multitude encouraged personal satire, it was
understood that their own sacred person was
:xcepted. Satire against the people collec-
says Xenophon,* the people do not allow.
he courage of Aristophanes, however, had
.o describe, the artists did not want courage
ray, nor the actors to represent; and a De-
is brought before the audience, in such cos-
ıo doubt, and with such features as the fruit-
ıd of the original creator of the character
suggest. But though the mob itself, it was
t, might thus be treated with impunity, the
the mob created a more reverential terror.
st would venture to give a representation of
s face, and no actor would expose himself to
sentment of the all-powerful demagogue by
; him off before that audience, who were at
is servant and his master. The same person
re who had delineated the character in his
was obliged himself to sustain it on the stage;

* De Rep. Athen. c. 2. s. 18.

and the lees of wine rubbed upon his face served to convey some idea of the flushed and bloated countenance which the mask-maker had not dared to represent.

The poet, in the character of Cleon, and his dramatic opponent, (through the medium of whom the ridicule was to be administered,) once face to face upon the stage, a combat of the most extraordinary kind ensued; and those who have been accustomed to hear of Athenian urbanity and politeness will recoil with astonishment, perhaps, from scenes, which were received with enthusiasm by the countrymen and fellow-citizens of Plato, Xenophon and Thucydides. Whatever were the acuteness, ingenuity and natural taste of an Athenian audience, (and that they possessed all these in a wonderful degree cannot be doubted,) we want no other evidence than this play to prove that they had yet to learn that art, at once so difficult and so sublime, as an acute* observer has termed it, by which men are rendered mutually satisfied with each other and with themselves; and that the bienséance, which leads to the belief that a man respects himself, and the politeness which leads to the belief that he respects others, were qualities either unknown or little practised among the lower Athenians. Never very scrupulous in his ideas, nor in the language in which they are clothed, Aristophanes seems to consider an attack upon Cleon as an apology for overstepping all bounds of decorum: to assail him was, in his own words, to stir up the effluvia of a tan-yard, and by the very act of rousing him the whole atmosphere be-

* De Pauw.

tainted and poisoned. Cleon appears to have in his imagination as the centre of a circle, hich all that society exhibits of the mean and liculous, all that folly contains of the weak, e imbecile, and all that vice displays of the and disgusting, was, as a matter of course, lrawn. That good humour, which, in spite pposite opinion generally entertained of him, l, I think, a conspicuous part of the character stophanes, displays itself here but rarely:— set his all upon a cast, and the danger he nning evidently sits heavy upon his mind. oxus, who are generally to his plays what the faces have been observed to be to the piece of h, a means of keeping the acrimonious feel- ithin the limits of legitimately pleasurable on, here assume a ferocity of character—the is written their parts with gall, and armed ands with a dagger. The German critics, feelings are as correct as their learning is nd, have observed the difference between ights of Aristophanes and his other plays. struggle for life and death, says Wieland; it e dramatic philippic, says Schlegel.

tacking Cleon so continually upon the point he seemed least assailable, viz. the affair at the poet has shown that deep knowledge of ple collectively, which forms the most con- le feature in his literary character. He knew e exploit performed at Pylus, however it command the acclamations of the mob at first, fact, a line of demarcation between them eir favourite. For though with a little ex- ion, (a trouble which the giddy citizens of

by the exertion of a little prudence, and by some fortunate* coincidences, Cleon completely fulfilled his engagement, and actually entered the Peiræus within twenty days after he had quitted it.

* Demosthenes had been principally deterred from attempting a landing upon the island, from the circumstance of its being very thickly wooded: his former campaigns in Ætolia having sufficiently apprised him of the use which might be made of such an advantage. An accidental fire, which happened just before the arrival of Cleon, destroyed most of the trees on the island, and removed the main obstacle to a successful attack upon the occupiers of it. Thuc. lib. iv. c. 30.

of Aristophanes to make these observations: consoling, because the impossibility of transplanting the beauties of the original diminishes the temerity of attempting to convey an idea of some of the more common passages; and mortifying, because he feels the injustice done to his author by thus presenting a succession of coarse pictures, unredeemed by that spirit and those graces of language, with which they are clothed in the original; but powerful as the English language is, it may be doubted whether the strongest hand could raise it to such a height as to meet the original of the Knights.

An event in Grecian history, to which allusion has already been made, forms so prominent a part in the ensuing comedy, that without some explanation of it, the piece itself will scarcely be intelligible: a mere outline must suffice here; the reader who wishes for more intelligence will find his curiosity amply gratified in the pages of Mr. Mitford. A squadron of the Athenians, at the instigation, and under the direction of Demosthenes, had constructed a small fort at Pylus, on the Messenian coast, with a view of securing a point of attack upon the territories of their opponents, the Lacedæmonians. The latter naturally became alarmed, and made speedy preparations for dispossessing their antagonists of this advantageous post. Many contests took place between the contending parties to effect their different purposes. The peculiar nature of the harbour at Pylus, and the island of Sphacteria, which faced it, seemed, at length, to put a few hundreds of the Spartans, who had been landed on the island, into the power of their ene-

and it requires but little acquaintance with
story, organization, and peculiar institutions
t singular people, to know that the loss of a
undred Spartans was equivalent to the loss of
le army. Alarmed at an event which was
to bring disgrace on many of their principal
e, the heads of their government made in-
vertures to the Athenians for peace. Their
were rejected by the general assembly, at
tigation of Cleon: but when the prospect of
s which had been held out at Pylus began to
less flattering aspect, the Athenians became
d in their turn for their own fort, and the
hich supported it; and it seemed doubtful
er the party of Spartans, which a sanguine
ation had put into their hands, might not yet
them. The sequel of the story will be best
l in the words of the historian, to whom re-
s has already been made. "Public indigna-
as rising fast against Cleon, as the evil coun-
of the commonwealth, and author of the evils
apprehended. He found it necessary, for
ng popular clamour and disgust, to exert
f in the assembly, and in a very extraordi-
ain of circumstances that followed, his im-
e and his fortune (if, in the want of another,
y use that term) wonderfully favoured him.
gan by boldly insisting 'that the circum-
of their fleet and army at Pylus were not
rue as they were reported;' this assertion
forward the officers who brought the intelli-
they desired 'that if they were thought
hy of belief, proper persons might be sent
nine into the state of things.' The assem-

bly assented to this request, and Cleon hims
named among those to be commissioned
purpose. Pressed by this proposal, which
aware would not answer his end, and anxio
how to throw the weight of the busines
others, he seems, in the moment, to have
guard. 'It were idle waste of time,' he s
send commissioners to inquire, when they
rather send generals to execute. If those
rected the military affairs of the commo
were men, it would be easy, with the forc
they could at all times command, to sub
little band of Spartans in Sphacteria; wer
that station he would engage to effect it
unenterprising Nicias, at this time comma
chief, being thus called upon, in his anxiet
viate crimination, miserably betrayed the
of his high office. 'As far as depended up
he said, 'Cleon might take what force he
and make the attempt.' Cleon immediately
ed the offer, thinking it not seriously ma
Nicias persisting, Cleon would have retract
ing 'Nicias, not he, was general of the re
Nicias, however, observing that his prop
not displeased the assembly, declared solen
fore the assembly that, for the business o
he waved his right to command. The mo
Cleon appeared still anxious to withdraw, t
the people, as the historian observes, in t
temper of mobs, insisted that he should n
words good, with clamour requiring that
should resign the command, and that Cleo
take it. Thus appointed general, Cleon,
alarmed with the danger, was elated with

travagant honour; and in the next Assembly held on the business, he resumed his arrogant manner: 'He did not fear the Lacedæmonians, he said, and for the expedition to Pylus, he would desire no Athenian forces: he would only take the Lemnian and Imbrian heavy-armed, at that time in Attica, with the middle-armed of Œnus and four hundred bowmen of the allies; and with that small addition to the armament then at Pylus, he would, within twenty days, either bring the Lacedæmonians in Sphacteria prisoners to Athens, or put them to the sword upon the spot.' Amid the many very serious considerations involved with the business, this pompous boast excited a general laugh in the Assembly: yet even the graver men, says the historian, were upon the whole pleased with the event, upon considering that of two good things one must result; either an important advantage must be gained over the Lacedæmonians, or, what they rather expected, they should be finally delivered from the importunity of Cleon. It soon however appeared, that though for a man, like Cleon, unversed in military command, the undertaking was rash, and the bragging promise abundantly ridiculous, yet the business was not so desperate as it was in the moment generally imagined; and in fact the folly of the Athenian people, in committing such a trust to such a man, far exceeded that of the man himself, whose impudence seldom carried him beyond the control of his cunning."—vol. iii. pp. 250—253. Those who wish to pursue the story will find their curiosity amply gratified by the pages of the historian, from whom the preceding account is taken. It will be sufficient to observe here, that

two slaves begin to consider that they h
to quit this mansion, the scene of so mu
to them. Neither, however, ventures t
in direct terms, the proposal of so
scheme. The timid character of Nici
perly discriminated here, as well as tl
blunt soldier Demosthenes, who was n
for executing the plans of others than de
of his own. A proposal, which requirec
certain equivoque in the expression, doe
without a blow at Euripides, whose dang
timents the poet delighted to expose. I
who wishes to cover his own want of con
clothing his diction in that tragedian's '
clever" manner; but Demosthenes will r
it: "if you love me, if you have any re
bowels of compassion, spare me the m
of a *potherb." But though averse to a
with the great tragedian, Demosther
urgent upon his fellow-slave to exert his
and enable them to chant the song of d
(*apocinum*) from their servitude. Nici
falls upon a method for expressing a wo
seems to cost the parties as much difficu
avowal as the confession which is so
wrung from Phædra in the beautiful t
Hippolytus. The colder inflexions of ou
will not allow us to show the facility and
with which Demosthenes is made final
into the criminal word: and the purity o
ners fortunately forbids all explanation

* This blow at the parentage of Euripides has b
explained.

tion, by which the dialogue was made more piquant to the dissolute and worthless audience. The word thus ingeniously compounded, implied a resolution to desert their old master and take refuge with another; and desertion, uncountenanced as yet by the example of the unprincipled Alcibiades, was held in strong and merited abhorrence. While the general therefore admits the gratefulness of the proposal, he suggests that their skins may suffer, if they venture to put it into execution. Nicias then, consistently with those religious feelings which made part of his character, proposes that they should betake themselves as suppliants to the statue of some god. "Statue!" says the rough soldier, "and of some god! why, prithee man, dost thou believe that there are such beings as gods?" "I do," replies Nicias. "Your reasons?" "The sufferings I bear, and the little justice with which they are put upon me." The general, no logician, yields implicitly to this argument, and has no other resource to offer but that of laying their case before the spectators: Nicias assents, but, with his usual distrust, begs the audience to give some token first whether the subject was agreeable. A clapping of hands most probably expressed the approbation of the audience, and the task of the narrative falls upon Demosthenes—probably in compliment to the actor who performed the part,—it paints 'the sovereign people' with admirable force and humour.

With reverence to your worships, 'tis our fate
To have a testy, cross-grain'd, bilious, sour

Old fellow for our master; one much giv'n
To a *bean-diet; somewhat hard of hearing:
Demus his name, sirs, of the parish †Pnyx here.
Some three weeks back or so, this lord of ours
Brought home a lusty slave from Paphlagonia,
Fresh from the tan-yard, tight and yare, and with
As nimble fingers and as foul a mouth
As ever yet paid tribute to the gallows.
This tanner-Paphlagonian (for the fellow
Wanted not penetration) bow'd and scrap'd,
And fawn'd and wagg'd his ears and tail, dog-fashion;
And thus soon slipp'd into the old man's graces.
Occasional douceurs of leather-parings,
With speeches to this tune, made all his own.
"Good sir, the court is up,—you've judg'd one cause,
'Tis time to take the bath; allow me, sir,—
This cake is excellent—pray sup this broth—
This soup will not offend you, tho' cropfull—
You love an obolus; pray take these ‡three—

* In giving their suffrages, the Athenian dicasts or judges, made use of sea-shells, or pebbles, or *beans*. The latter was the more common and the more modern practice. Hence the allusion in the text.

† Of the Pnyx, that scene of so many historical recollections, some account has already been given in the preceding play. As the General Assemblies were usually held on the Pnyx hill, it is very properly made the parish of the allegorical Demus. The fondness of the Athenians for these adjuncts, derived from their tribe or ward, has also been noticed in the Acharnians; a curious proof of its known efficacy upon them occurs in the funeral oration ascribed to Demosthenes, as delivered after the fatal battle of Cheronea. The speech, where so many topics were to be avoided, and so many to be touched with a delicate hand, artfully concludes with a catalogue of the wars of Attica, and a separate panegyric upon the heroes, the supposed founders of them.

‡ Every person who attended the courts of law, or the General Assembly, received three obols for his labour.

Honour me, sir, with your commands for supper."
Sad times meanwhile for us! with prying looks,
Round comes my man of hides, and if he finds us
Cooking a little something for our master,
Incontinently lays his paw upon it,
And modestly in his own name presents it!
It was but t'other day these hands had mixt
A Spartan pudding for him; there—at *Pylus:
Slily and craftily the knave stole on me,
Ravish'd the feast and to my master bore it.
Then none but he, forsooth, must wait at table:
(We dare not come in sight) but there he stands
All supper-time, and with a leathern fly-flap
Whisks off the †advocates; anon the knave

* It has been explained very largely in the preface to this play, what this allusion tends to

† The advocates, or public orators, performed so important a part in the commonwealth of Athens, that the reader cannot have some account of them submitted to him too soon. They were ten in number, and were elected by lots, to plead public causes in the Senate and the General Assembly. Indeed the principal business of those two meetings, though it was free to every member to deliver his sentiments in them, was conducted by the public orators. For every cause in which they were retained, they received a *drachm* (7*d*. or 8*d*.) out of the public exchequer. They generally made trial of their powers first in the courts of justice: when practice had confirmed their talents, they entered upon a nobler career that of enlightening the senate and guiding the people. This was a task of peculiar delicacy and the highest importance. No man, therefore, was admitted to the office of a public orator under the age of forty years; nor then till after a strict examination, in which the points most insisted on were —valour in war, piety to parents, prudence in the management of affairs, frugality and temperance. There were two or three laws by which any malversation in this most important office was guarded against. Corruption and venality, in spite of these provisions, prevailed among these men; and their cunning and their eloquence enabled them to evade the punishments they

Chants out his *oracles, and, when he sees
The old man plung'd in mysteries to the ears,
And scar'd from his few senses, marks his time,
And enters on his tricks. False accusations
Now come in troops; and at their heels the whip.
Meanwhile the rascal shuffles in among us,
And begs of one,—browbeats another,—cheats
A third, and frightens all. "My honest friends,
These cords cut deep, you'll find it—I say nothing—
Judge you between your purses and your backs;
I could, perhaps"—We take the gentle hint,
And give him all: if not, the old man's foot
Plays such a tune upon our hinder parts,
That flogging is a jest to't, a mere flea-bite—
Wherefore, (*turning to Nicias*) befits it that we
think what course
To take, or where to look for help.

Nic. No course
So good as that I just advanced you:—flight—
Immediate flight.

Dem. Marry, but how avoid
The Paphlagonian? he hath ubiquity
As 'twere about him: one leg rests on Pylus,
The other takes firm footing in the' Assembly:
With either hand the varlet grasps Ætolia!
And for his mind—it hath fit habitation

amply deserved; one of them, named Aristophon, could boast that no less than seventy-five accusations had been brought against him, and that he had triumphantly repelled all of them.

* Oracular responses and predictions, always abounding in Greece, seem to have been circulated in unusual numbers towards the commencement of the Peloponnesian war. Thucydides, lib. ii. c. 8. The oracles in the text are the versified oracles (χρησμοι:) the prose oracles were called λογια.

In* Clopidæ:—how shun a man so various?

Mc. 'Twere better then to give our cares the slip,
And end our sorrows and our lives at once:
One only thought remains, to die as most
Befits brave men.

Dem. How best may that be done?

Mc. Nought better than a draught of bullock's blood:
It was the dose that gave† Themistocles
A grave: who dies like him must needs die bravely.

Dem. (*contemptuously*) A draught of bullock's blood!—a draught of pure
And genuine‡ wine might serve the turn much better.
Nought genders thoughts so brilliant as a flask.

Mc. A flask! thy soul is ever in thy cups:
What thoughts can habit in a toper's brain?

Dem. Hurkye, thou trifling, bubbling water-drinker,
Who darest speak treason thus against good liquor!

* In this colossal picture, Aristophanes follows his usual method of punning upon actual or fabricated names of places. The province Ætolia is selected because derived from a Greek word, which signifies *to beg*; and Clopidæ, in like manner, because it was at once an Attic borough, and implied the act of *stealing*.

† The poet follows a popular tradition, current in Athens, in ascribing the death of Themistocles to a draught of bullock's blood.

‡ At the Greek festivals a large cup, called the cup of Good Genius, and full of *unmixed* wine, was carried round the tables, which all the guests were accustomed to *taste*. For the origin of the custom, see Athen. lib. xv. p. 678. Demosthenes, an experienced drinker, was no friend to that dilution of wine which the custom was intended to commemorate.

Resolve me—speak—What stirs the *wit most
nimbly?
What makes the purse feel heaviest, or gives
Most life to bus'ness?—wine! What masters all
Disputes? a merry cup! What gives the spirits
Their briskest flow?—good liquor! What most
sets
The soul afloat in love and friendly benefits?
A mantling bowl!—hand me a pitcher then:
Quick, quick, nay quick! I'll bathe my very mind
And soul therein, and then see who can hit
Upon a trim device.

Nic. A-lack a-day!
What will that drunkenness of thine engender!
(*Goes in doors.*)

Dem. Much good, believe me: quick, and bring
the wine then.
I'll lay me down,—let but the generous fumes
Once mount into my head, and they will gender
Such dainty little schemes—such tit-bit thoughts—
Such trim devices!—

* The poet, it is to be believed, speaks his own sentiments here, as well as those of Demosthenes. Aristophanes is said, like Æschylus, to have composed many of his plays under the influence of wine. In Plato's celebrated banquet (which is any thing but a feast of sages) the wine circulates very freely; and Aristophanes and, I blush to say it, Socrates, are left drinking together till day-light. The reader will perhaps smile to see Tasso bringing forward the same teacher of wisdom as an excuse for a little intemperance. See Black's life of that unfortunate poet, vol. ii. p. 21.

SCENE II.

DEMOSTHENES. NICIAS *returning with Wine.*

Nic. Sing we jubilate;
I have purloin'd the wine and 'scap'd observance.
Dem. How fares the Paphlagonian, lad? deliver me.
Nic. The rogue hath made of confiscation-sales
A sorry meal, and fill'd his skin with liquor.
Now stretch'd at full upon a heap of hides
The sorcerer sleeps sound.
Dem. Then pour me out
A cup of wine—no stint—a bumper, look ye,
And let the echo smack her lips in unison.
Nic. (*pours out wine.*) Now make libation to the Better Genius—
If the name of *Pramnian suit him more—to him
Be made the off'ring.
Dem. To the Better Genius!
(*Drinks, and seems to meditate.*)
A happy inspiration comes across me.
Thine be the credit of this bright invention! (*Looking at his pitcher with an affectation of devotion.*)

* Pramnian wine was not in great repute among the Greeks: it was neither luscious nor thick, two qualities which the ancients seem to have very much regarded in wine. We have the testimony of Aristophanes (Ath. lib. i. p. 30.) that harsh poets and rough wine, like the Pramnian, were equally repugnant to the tastes of the Athenians. The poet, with dramatic propriety, has given it to the slaves in the text.

Quick, (*to Nicias*) quick; and while the Paphlagonian sleeps,
Bring forth those *oracles he hoards within.
Nic. Is this the scheme the Better Genius prompts?
I fear me much that your divinity
Will lose his name, and only cross your ends. (*Enters the house.*)
Dem. Meantime I put this pitcher to my mouth,
That I may wet my drought-parch'd mind, and hit
Upon some neat device. (*Drinks.*)
Nic. (*returning.*) The rogue sleeps soundly,
Or I had not come off so clean: here is

* The Athenian taste for oracles and predictions is best learnt by a perusal of Herodotus. Those ascribed to the Sybil, Musæus, and other inspired persons of the fabulous and heroic times, seem to have been in great request. A still more particular credit was ascribed to those which bore on them the name of Bacis, a Boeotian, who was supposed to have received the gift of prophecy from the Nymphs, whose temple stood in the older times on Mount Cithæron. There appear to have been individuals or families at Athens, who, possessing large collections of oracles ascribed to this Bacis, thought themselves masters of a great treasure, and thus became the prey of more cunning persons, who pretended to decipher these mysteries, which were enveloped in strange and enigmatical characters. That Cleon was not without belief in predictions of this kind seems reasonable to conclude from this and the following scene: and it is the more likely as neither in extraction, education, nor modes of thinking, was he at all elevated above the lowest of the people. Wieland, Die Demagogen des Aristofanes, s. 13. The prophecies of Bacis are not to be confounded, says M. de Pauw, tom. ii. p. 206. with those contained in the mysterious volume called the Testament, over which such a veil of impenetrable secresy was thrown that no part of it has transpired to gratify the curiosity of modern times. Dinarchus (the only author among the ancients who mentions this prophetic book) accuses Demosthenes of having failed in respect to this mysterious volume, on which, according to him, the fate of Athens was suspended.

The oracle. 'Tis that he prizes most;
Hoarding with care, as if 'twere somewhat sacred.
Dem. Thou art a clever fellow; reach it here—
My eyes must take account of this; and, friend,
Put speed into your hand and fill a cup.
I'll see what stuff these oracles are made of.
(*Reads.*) Anan! some liquor, quick.
Nic. 'Tis here. How runs
The oracle?
Dem. (*drinks and reads.*) More liquor.
Nic. Call you that
The wording on't?
Dem. (*reading.*) O *Bacis!
Nic. Why, what now?
Dem. (*reading.*) Wine, wine, more wine.
Nic. (*pouring out wine.*) This Bacis was no flincher.
Dem. (*reading.*) So, so: thou varlet of a Paphlagonian!
'Twas this bred such distrust in thee, and taught
To hoard these prophecies.
Nic. Say you?
Dem. I say
Here is a prophecy, which tells the time
And manner of this fellow's death.
Nic. Out with it.
Dem. (*reading.*) The words are clear enough: first says my oracle—

* It is after recording an oracle of Bacis, that Herodotus makes his well known declaration, that he should never afterwards dare to question the authority of oracles himself, nor submit to such doubts in others. Urania, c. 77.

There shall arise within our state a *lint-seller,
And to his hands the state shall be committed.

Nic. One seller note we:—good—proceed,—what follows?

Dem. (*reading.*) Him shall a sheep-seller succeed.

Nic. A brace
Of sellers! good—What shall befall this worthy?

Dem. (*reading.*) 'Tis fixt that he bear sway till one arise
More wicked than himself—that moment seals him:
Then comes the Paphlagonian,—the hide-seller,—
The man of claws, whose voice outroars †Cyclobo-rus.

Nic. The man of sheep then falls beneath the lord
Of hides!

Dem. Even so: thus runs the oracle.

Nic. Another and another still succeeds,
And all are *sellers!*—sure the race must be
Extinct!—

Dem. One yet is left, whose craft may stir
Your wonder.

Nic. What his name?

* The whole of the dialogue here is a bitter satire upon the deterioration of the Athenian democracy since the death of Pericles; whose successors in administration had been a lint-seller, Eucrates, a sheep-seller, Lysicles, and a leather seller, Cleon. It almost unnecessary to add, that the language of satire is not to onstrued too literally; and that the same extension, perhaps, is to be allowed here as in the language applied by Juvenal to the father of Demosthenes, who, instead of being a mere blacksmith, was the proprietor of a large establishment for the manufacture of swords, carried on by a numerous body of those unfortunate slaves, who abounded so much in every Grecian state.

† A river of Attica.

Dem. Wouldst learn?
Nic. Aye, marry.
Dem. I give it to thee then:—(*with emphasis*) the man that ruins
The Paphlagonian is—a *sausage-seller.
Nic. You jest. A sausage-seller!—'tis a craft
Indeed! and where may such a man be found?
Dem. The task remains with us to search him out.
Nic. Why yonder see, he moves into the forum.
(*Sausage-vender is seen at a distance.*)
The hand of Providence is sure in this!
Dem. Hither, thou happiest of sausage-sellers!—
I give you hail!—this way, dearest of men!—
Mount up, thou saviour of our town and us
Thy humble servants.

SCENE III.

SAUSAGE-VENDER, DEMOSTHENES, NICIAS.

Saus. Prithee now, what wouldst thou
With me?
Dem. This way, this way: list, friend, and learn,
The happy and the blessed man you are.
Nic. First rid him of his chopping-block: th pour

* The satire here is coarse, but bitter: the whole turn of the comedy, as will easily be seen, is to put Cleon in the most contemptible light possible.

Into his ears how runs the oracle,
And what the blessed fortune that awaits him—
I'll turn an eye upon the Paphlagonian
Within. (*Enters the house.*)
Dem. (*to the sausage-vender.*) First please to lay those implements
Upon the ground—then do all courtesies
And acts of adoration to the gods
And mother Earth.*
Saus. Anan!
Dem. Happiest of men!
What wealth awaits thee! thou to-day art nothing;
Yet shall to-morrow see the top of all,
And blessed Athens own thee her prime minister!
Saus. (*coldly.*) Good man, I fain would wash me these intestines:
Why should you put a hindrance in my way,
And make a flout at me?
Dem. (*contemptuously.*) Intestines, say you?
Simplest of men!—your eyes this way awhile—
Seest thou yon companies of men? (*Points to the audience.*)
Saus. I do:
What then?
Dem. Of all these thou shalt be the lord
And sovereign—the pnyx, the ports, the forum,—
Not one but waits thy ruling nod. The senate
Thy feet shall trample on: the generals
Shall fall like chips before thee: lord of stocks

* There appears to have been a piece of superstition among the lower orders at Athens, which consisted in kissing the spot of ground on which they stood, when any piece of good luck happened to them.

And sovereign of dungeons, thou shalt lock,
And bind—nay, further, (*lowering his voice*) in the
Hall shalt have—
A *well-spread bed,—nor want companion in it.
Saus. All this for me?
Dem. Aye, and much more, be-
lieve me—
But mount thy block, good friend, and cast thy eyes
On yonder †isles—dost see them?
Saus. Yes.
Dem. Nay, but
The marts, the merchantmen—
Saus. I mark them all.
Dem. O thou art Fortune's very favourite!
The child of happiness!—your right eye, sir,
On Caria,—your left upon ‡Chalcedon.—
Saus. And call you this the top of happiness—
To have my eyes distorted?—cry your mercy.

* A pleasantry by surprise, directed to the coarser appetites of the person in the text. It was usual with the Athenians to grant those citizens, whose services, talents, or virtues, had ennobled their country, an honourable provision for life in the Prytaneum, or hall of public entertainments. The poet appears to be providing a similar daily banquet for his sausage dealer, but by a single word he changes the sense expected, and expresses, what I have been obliged to substitute a whole line for, and miss the play of words besides. These difficulties occur in almost every ten lines of Aristophanes.

† Almost all the islands in the Ægean sea, as well as the numerous Grecian cities of Asia Minor, of the Hellespont and of Thrace, were tributary subjects of the Athenian people: they were not allowed, says Mr. Mitford, to possess ships of war, but were dependent upon Athens for protection, and liable to every kind and degree of control from that imperial state.

‡ Caria and Chalcedon were the northern and southern extremities of real or asserted Athenian dominion on the western side of ancient Asia.

Dem. Nay, you mistake—a whisper in your ear—
All these are so much money in your purse—
For thou wilt be—or there's no faith, be sure,
In oracles—a most prodigious man!
Saus. Go to, you canting varlet, am not I
A sausage-vender?—how shall greatness then
Sit on a man of my profession?
Dem. Tut!—
It is the very source of greatness:—answer:—
Art not a knave?—art not o' the forum?*—hast not
A front of brass?—can Fortune set her seal
Of greatness with more certainty upon thee?
Saus. I cannot find in me that worthiness
And seal of future power you vaunt so mightily.
Dem. Anan! why sure thou hast some squeamishness
Of honesty about thee! All's not right,
I fear:—answer, art fair?—art honest—art
A gentleman?†—how say'st?
Saus. (*coldly.*) Not I, by G—d!
I am, as all my fathers were—a blackguard.
Dem. Then thou art blest:—Fortune hath stamp'd and mark'd thee
For state-affairs.
Saus. Nay, I want skill in music:‡

* The agora or forum was the resort of all the idle and profligate in Athens. When Theophrastus describes a vicious character, the agora is sure to be the scene in which some part of it is laid.

† The word used in the text is that which, in the Socratic school, signifies the utmost perfection of which our nature is capable.

‡ A knowledge of music formed one of the elementary branches of Athenian education. It was necessary for the younger people of both sexes, that they might be able to bear a part in

And am the sorriest dabster e'en at letters.*

Dem. Better you wanted that small skill you boast—

the choruses and the hymns which accompanied their many religious solemnities; it was required of men, who held the higher offices of the state, to enable them to give their suffrages with propriety at those contests, which were perpetually submitted to their decision at the theatres and the music-rooms. We must not however confine the term music to the precise meaning which it bears at present. It had a close relation to grammar, and was made to bear upon all the niceties of that wonderful language, "so simple in its analogy," says Mr. Mitford, "of such complex art in its composition and inflection, of such clearness, force, and elegance in its contexture, and of such singular sweetness, variety, harmony, and majesty in its sound." How nicely susceptible the Attic ear was, and how minutely the lowest persons entered into the intricacies of its composition, may be inferred from the well known story, related by Cicero, of Theophrastus and the herb-woman.

* In the Athenian course of instruction the γραμματιστης (or grammarian) immediately preceded the κιθαρστης (or music-master.) Both preceptors cultivated the imagination, almost exclusively at the expense of the understanding; and to this vicious system of education may be traced much of the wild extravagance and fickle enthusiasm which so strongly marked the Athenian character. Instead of those plain treatises on the nature, extent, and situation of the soil on which we live, and those works on morality, which teach us how to live, the first book which the grammarian invariably put into the hands of his pupil, was the works of Homer. The whole of these (see Plato's Banquet) were not unfrequently committed to memory; and the mischiefs which resulted from thus reading in infancy, what ought to have been the study of riper years, were so many, (see the Repub. l. 2. 3.) that Plato, notwithstanding his own evident predilection for the great father of poetry, concludes with banishing him from his infant state. From the criticisms, commentaries, explanations and interpolations, of Homer by the grammarians, the pupil was committed to the teacher of music; till it was gradually discovered that a long application to music unfits the mind for the acquisition of the sublimer sciences; that as sounds and airs are retained, ideas are apt to slip from the me-

'Tis all that makes 'gainst thy sufficiencies:
Music and letters!—tut! we want no gifts
Like these in men who rule us—morals, quotha?—
A dolt—a knave,—these are the stuff we make
Our statesmen of—but come—throw not away
The blessing gracious heav'n has put upon thee
By virtue of these oracles.

Saus. First let me hear
The wording of them.

Dem. Nay, you'll find no want
Of wisdom in them, nor variety
In the conceit—observe— (*Reads.*)

(ORACLE.)*

When the monster, half-tanner, half-eagle, shall take
To his mouth, crooked-beak'd, the dull blood-sucking snake:

mory, and that the play of the understanding becomes less in proportion as the fingers become more active. De Pauw, tom. ii. p. 128. From the works of Æschines, or the person who wrote in his name, it appears therefore that harp music, as well as flute music, (vide the Acharnians) fell gradually into disuse: but the grammarians (who stood nearly in the same relations of rivalry and opposition to the philosophers as the comic writers) did not so easily part with their predilection for poetry; and the exclusive system of the two illustrious grammarians, Aristophanes of Byzantium, and Aristarchus of Alexandria, may almost be traced in the great public schools of England to this day, where the dramatists, the lyric and epic poet, almost entirely supersede the philosopher, and not unfrequently the historian and the orator of antiquity.

* Oracles were commonly delivered in verse, or at least committed to measure as soon as they had passed the prophetic lips of the priestess. M. de Pauw, remarking upon those delivered at Delphi, has very justly observed that no where did the god of harmony receive such cruel affronts as in his own sanctuary; where the task of versifying the predictions delivered by the god was committed to persons who sinned not only against poetry, but the commonest rules of metrical composition.

Then if rightly prophetic the future I trace,
Paphlagonia and *pickle shall sink in disgrace.
The venders of sausages' star shall arise,
And Glory come down with a crown from the skies:—
Unfading their fame, as their sacrifice great,
Who leave a good trade to take care of the state.

Saus. And how points this to me?
Dem. I will resolve you.
The tanner-eagle is the Paphlagonian.
Saus. But he is call'd crook-beak'd.—
Dem. With reason good.
What else his hands but beak and claws and talons?
Saus. But then the serpent—how expound you that?
Dem. Nay, 'tis the clearest of similitudes:
What is a serpent but a lengthy thing?
And what your sausage but the same?—again—
Your sausage is a blood-sucker;—so is
Your snake—and snake, so runs the prophecy,
Shall beat the tanner-eagle;—take he heed
Meantime that no false speeches cozen him.
Saus. The light is broke upon me, and I see
A call from heav'n in this;—I marvel most
How I shall do to rule the populace.
Dem. Nought easier: model you upon your trade.
Deal with the people as with sausages—

* Most probably the liquid used in tanning.

Twist, implicate, embroil;—nothing will hurt,
So you but make your court to Demus—cheating
And soothing him with terms of kitchen science.
All other public talents are your own;
Your voice is strong, your liver white, and you are
O' the forum—say, could Diffidence ask more
To claim the reins of state?—the Pythian god,
The oracles are in your favour;—clap then
A chaplet on your head; drop instant prayer
Unto Coalemus,* and bear your manhood
Entire against him.

Sausa. But what aidance may I
Expect? The wealthier fear, the meaner folk
Pay the most crouching rev'rence to him.

Dem. Nay, nay,
The Knights will be your friends; there are among them
Some twice five hundred, who detest him: citizens
Of breeding and of mark, be sure, will side
With you, and such spectators here as boast
Right-minded notions—what's more to the purpose,
Thou'lt lack no aid which heav'n and I can give.
But see thou show no fear: none needs: the face
You'll see is not the Paphlagonian's,
Nor bears its nice impress: for our artificers

* This demigod (the Genius of Stupidity) is most probably a deity of the author's own creation. Another ideal being, called Cobalos, to whom the sausage-vender also appeals more than once in this play, possessed a more substantial place in the Attic legends, according to Wieland. That learned writer considers the Cobalos of Aristophanes as nearly allied to Shakspeare's Puck, and still more to the Kobolde of his own countrymen.

Took fright, and would not give a semblance of it—
It matters not:—an audience like this
Needs no such aidance to their nice discernment.

SCENE VI.

NICIAS, DEMOSTHENES, CLEON, SAUSAGE-VENDER CHORUS.

Nic. He comes, he comes, the cursed Paphlagonian!

Cleon, whose entrance has been thus artfully delayed, at length makes his appearance: he begins immediately with the common popular cry of Athens, that a conspiracy is on foot, and that the democracy is in danger: he remarks the cup from which Demosthenes had made his libation:—it was a cup from Chalcis,* and *consequently* proved most clearly that the two slaves were stirring up the Chalcidians to a revolt: death of course was to be

* The revolt among the Chalcidians (not those of Eubœa, as the learned Casaubon inadvertently observes, but of Thrace) actually broke out about this time; and the serious consequences, with which it was attended, could little have been foreseen by the poet, or, with all his audacity, he would hardly have ventured to joke upon the subject. The Athenians lost by this revolt one of those valuable dependencies, (Amphipolis,) from whose wealth their republic chiefly derived its power, but posterity has gained by it one of the most incomparable histories, which any age or country ever produced.

the punishment of such an atrocity. At the sig of his terrible antagonist, the sausage-vender's co rage forsakes him, and he endeavours to make h escape: he is brought back, however, to the char by Demosthenes, who makes a powerful appeal the Knights. "Now, gentlemen of the horse, the time to give your assistance." Two of the are summoned by name—"Simon*—Panætius— the right wing! forward." The Knights are ol dient to the summons. Demosthenes turns umphantly to the sausage-vender, and bids h mark the dust which announced the approach this new body of auxiliaries. The attack of Knights, who are thus artfully interwoven into business of the piece, commences in a burst of d ble trochaics, the common metre for expressi strong emotion on the Greek stage. It is obse able that the name of the object of their att never escapes their lips.

CHORUS.

Stripes and torment, whips and scourges, for t
toll-collecting knave!
Knighthood wounded, troops confounded, chasti
ment and vengeance crave.
Taxes sinking, tributes shrinking, mark his ap
tite for plunder;
At his craw and rav'ning maw dykes and whi
pools fail for wonder!

* It was a person of this name, whom Xenophon followed his Treatise on Horsemanship.

lanation and evasion—covert art and close deceit—
ıdful funning, force and cunning, who with him in these compete?
can cheat and eke repeat twenty times his felon feat,
before you blessed sun has quench'd his lamp of glowing heat.
ın to him—pursue him—strike, shiver, and hew him;
ıfound him and pound him, and storm all around him—

And keep wary eye,
Looking round, far and nigh,
Or with the same ease
As the knave Eucrates,*
Through the chaff and the bran
Made a way, will this man
Discover some plan,
Corner, hole, crack, or cranny, your eyes to trepan,
And escape as he can.

Confounded by an attack, which commences so orously, Cleon calls loudly on the members of Heliæa (the high court of judicature) for help.

lges, jurymen, or pleaders, you whose soul is in your fee;
ı that in a three-piec'd obol, father, mother, brother see;

* Eucrates appears to have speculated in flour as well as in t. In his office of public treasurer, he disappeared with a ge sum of the public money. In Athens, where every thing s made a subject of pleasantry, the escape of Eucrates passed :o a *bon-mot*.

You, whose food I'm still providing, straining v
through right and wrong—
Mark and see—conspiracy drives and buffets
along!
CHO. 'Tis with reason—'tis in season—'tis as
yourself have done:
Thou fang, thou claw—thou gulph, thou n
yielding partage fair to none.
Where's the officer at audit but has felt your
ed gripe?
Squeez'd and tried with nice discernment, whe
yet the wretch be ripe.
Like the men our figs who gather, you are al
to discern,
Which is green and which is ripe, and whi
just upon the turn.
Is there one well-purs'd among us, lamb-lik
*heart and life,
Link'd and wedded to retirement, hating bus'
hating strife?
Soon your greedy eye's upon him—when his
is least at home,—
Room and place—from farthest Thrace,† at
bidding he must come.

* How difficult it was for the most quiet and cautious pers
live undisturbed in Athens, is most clearly evinced by
naïve confessions, which the licensed garrulity of old age,
the consciousness of an upright and well-spent life, allowed
crates to make in his later speeches. See particularly the
tion de Permutatione, and that called the Panathenaic.

† Some of the most valuable colonies of Athens lay in
Chersonesus of Thrace, and consequently many of the ri
citizens made it their occasional residence.

Foot and hand are straight upon him—neck and shoulder* in your grip,
To the ground anon he's thrown, and you smite †him on the hip.

Cleon (*fawning.*) Ill from you comes this irruption, you for whom my cares provide,
To reward old deeds of valour, stone and monumental pride.
'Twas my purpose to deliver words and speech to that intent—
And for such my good intentions must I be thus tempest-rent?

CHO. Fawning braggart, proud deceiver, yielding like a pliant thong!
We are not old men to cozen and to gull with lying tongue.
Fraud or force—assault or parry—at all points will we pursue thee:
And the course which first exalted, knave, that same shall now undo thee.

Cleon. (*to the audience.*) Town and weal—I make appeal—back and breast these monsters feel.

CHO. Have we wrung a clamour from thee, pest and ruin of our town?

Saus. Clamour as he will, I'll raise a voice that shall his clamour drown.

* Some terms of the palæstra are here introduced, the exact meaning of which does not appear to be thoroughly understood. The learned reader is referred to Scaliger's note on the passage in Kuster's edition of Aristophanes.

† Literally, *you swallow him up, like the loaf* collabus.

CHO. To outreach this knave in speech
great and glorious feat—
But to pass in face and brass—that were tr
all complete.
Then might fly to earth and sky notes of
pæan'd high!

Cleon (*to the audience.*) Allegation—affirm
I am here prepar'd to make
That this man, (*pointing to the Sausage-ve*
shipp'd spars and *timber and—sausag
Sparta's sake.

Saus. Head and oath, I stake them both,
free before this presence say,
That the Hall a guest most hungry sees in
man (*pointing to Cleon*) ev'ry day:
He walks in with belly empty and with full
goes away.

Dem. Add to this, on my witness, that in co
close disguise,
Of fish and flesh and bread most fragrant-
makes there unlawful prize:
Pericles, in all his grandeur, ne'er was gifte
such guise.

Cleon (*loudly.*) Fate had mark'd you wi
eye:
Yet awhile and both must die.

Saus. (*louder.*)
Pitch your voice, knave, as you will:
I'll that voice out-clamour still.

* Certain forbidden articles of exportation and some
of cookery are confounded together in the original, by
those plays of words, which it is impossible to preser
translation.

'leon (*crescendo.*)
When I soar, the ocean's roar
Fails for very wonder.
'nus. In my throat I've but one note,
And that note is—thunder. (*Speaking very loud.*)
'leon. I have test your parts to try:
Look at me, nor wink your eye.
'nus. Be your challenge on your head: (*Looks without winking.*)
(*Scornfully*) Where suppose ye I was bred?
'leon. I can steal, and, matchless grace!
Own it with unblushing face,
You dare not thus pursue it.
'nus. Empty boasting, void as air
I can steal, and then outswear
The man who saw me do it.
'leon. (*mortified.*)
Small applause your feats demand;
The art 'tis known
Is not your own;
You're but a knave at second hand.
But to the hall, anon, I go,
Incontinent our chairmen know,
You've intestines here which owe
A tythe to Jove and heaven.
'no. Wretch! without a parallel—
Son of thunder—child of hell,—
Creature of one mighty sense,
Concentrated impudence!—
From earth's centre to the sea,
Nature stinks of that and thee.
It stalks at the bar,
It lurks at the tolls;

In the' Assembly, black war
And defiance it rolls.
It speaks to our ears
In an accent of thunder;
It climbs to the spheres
And rives heav'n asunder.
Athens deafens at the sound in her ears still d
ming;
While seated high,
You keep an eye
Upon the tolls, like those who spy
If tunny-fish be coming.

Cleon. It scapes me not, whose hands this pl
have *patch'd* for my undoing.

Saus. Thanks for the word—'tis well preferr
and asks a short pursuing,—
To stuff intestines is my trade, as yours the a
shoeing.
By the same sign, a scurvy hide your skill
lately trying;
The bumpkins heard, and out of hand were al
shoes applying.
Solid and good the leather seem'd, yet scarce
Sol in ocean,
But two large fists had found within full pow
locomotion.

Dem. Myself can best this truth attest—I
me in his leather;
My burg just reach'd, the skin so stretch'd I s
my point could weather.
My townsmen sneer'd—my neighbours jee
'twas ask'd thro' all the quarter—
Came you in boots, sir, or a boat—by land, s
by water?

HO. From the first unto the last,
Never was this man surpast
In the lawyers shield and pass,—
Front of iron, face of brass!
This it is, wherewith he bilks
Wealthy foreigners, and milks
Sojourners both all and one.
Mark *Hippodamus's son! (*Pointing to him among the audience.*)
At his sight he feels undone,
And his tears in torrents run!
But my eyes—transport-fraught—
Have at length vision caught
Of a man in tongue-war
His superior by far:
One that leaves him behind
In each trick of the mind,
Quirks, and heart-diving wiles,
And the craft of false smiles,
Covert art and pretence,
And bold plain impudence:—
For his very emanations
Are a common thief's sensations.

But thou (*turning to Sausage-vender,*) whose breeding and whose feeding were in those schools and masters,
From whence proceed all those who breed our present state-disasters,—
Unfold thy speech—direct and teach in eloquent oration
That they are naught who'd have us taught a virtuous education.
Saus. Then at a word must first be heard my rival's estimation.

* Hippodamus was a celebrated architect. See Meursius de Piræo, c. 2.

Cleon (*eagerly.*) I claim precedence in
speech—nor you my right deny, sir.
Saus. Your reason,—plea?—mere knav
(*proudly*) marry, and what am I, sir?
I stake my fame, and this way claim a right to
speaking.
CHO. (*gravely.*) Ther eason's good, well u
stood;—if more the foe be seeking,
Be it replied—that you're a knave and not of
creation,
But known and tried—on either side—throug
your generation.
Cleon (*to Saus.*) Dost still oppose?
Saus. 'Fore friends and foes.
Cleon. My soul is in commotic
By Earth!—
Saus. By Air!—
Cleon. I vow!
Saus. I swear!
Cleon. By Jupiter!—
Saus. By Ocean!—
Cleon. O I shall choke—
Saus. You shall not choke—myself am
prevention.
CHO. (*to Saus.*) Forbear, forbear, my f
nor mar so useful an intention!
Cleon. (*to Saus.*) Discuss—propound your ca
your ground for these your words nefa
Saus. My pow'rs of speech—my art to re
phrase season'd high and various—
Cleon. (*contemptuously.*) Your pow'rs of spee
ill fare the cause beneath your hands
falling—

:ter'd and rent, 'twill soon present a sample of your calling.
: same disease will fortune you—that meets our eyes not rarely :—
ır—mark—reply, and own that I discuss the matter fairly.
ne petty suit 'gainst strangers gain'd—anon you're set a-crowing;
: mighty feat becomes forthwith a birth that's ever growing.
day, by night, on foot, on horse, when riding or when walking—
ır life a mere soliloquy—still of this feat you're talking.*
u fall to drinking water next—on generous wine you trample,
hile friends are sore--worn o'er and o'er with specimen and sample.
ıd this attain'd, you think you've gain'd the palm of oratory—
ıav'n help thee, silly one, you've yet to learn another story.
w. And what is your own beverage, its mode? its preparation?

* The extreme disposition of the Athenians to garrulity is ted with admirable humour by Theophrastus; vide Char. 3. Isocrates, who did not spare his countrymen, rallies them on the same topic. Our passion, says he, for talking is in- ble: we are ever indeed commending moderation and fitness eason, and if our ordinary language might be believed, they qualities which surpass all others; but the moment we imagine ave any thing to offer ourselves, all moderation is at an end; thing has still been left unsaid, some little addition is yet to ode, and fitness of season might also be thought to be syno- ous with unlimited duration. De Permuta. v. ii. p. 411.

That you alone have found the art to tongue-ti
the nation?

Cleon (*fiercely.*) And who dares bandy words
me, or meet me in oration?—

'Tis but to eat some tunny-fish and sup a str
potation,

And I am he that dares set free my tongue in l
reviling,

'Gainst all our chiefs in Pylus' fort long charge
crmes compiling.

Saus. (*fiercely*) At speech or feat, at word or n
mark here your fit opponent—

Let ribs of beef this frame-work line—let t
form part component:

Let me but sup the broth clean up, and—no a
tions making—

The advocates I'll throttle all, and Nicias se
quaking.*

CHO. (*with gravity, to Saus.*) Your speech
ran as it began, nor ask'd the end aspersi

* The excessive timidity of Nicias is satirized by many of
comic writers of his time. Plutarch, in his Life of Nicias, has q
ed some strong passages from Telecleides, Eupolis, and Phr
chus, to this effect; but his own observations are still stron
and mark in an extraordinary manner the fears to which per
of property were subjected in a democracy like Athens He
cias) was so afraid of informers, says Plutarch, that he w
neither venture to eat nor converse with any of the citizens,
would be visit, or be visited, or, in a word, enter into any an
ments of this kind. When he was Archon, he used to sta
court till night, being always the first that came, and the
that went away. When no public business called him f
home, it was no easy matter to get access to him, for he l
himself close within doors; and when any came to speak
him, he had some particular friend ready, who went to the g
desiring Nicias might be excused, because he was then taken
with some important affairs relating to the state.

But to sup broth, nor ask your friends,—may gender some aversion.

A translator may easily feel doubtful in what light this scene will appear to an English reader. If he should think there is fire and vigour in it, he may be assured that that vigour does not diminish; if he considers it more coarse than humorous, no promise can be held out that the dialogue becomes more refined; on the contrary, it immediately assumes a character of threat and recrimination which the most fastidious taste might object to without being thought over-delicate. The Greeks, however, allowed a wider range to their humour than we do: and the exertions of the Sausage-vender, so far from offending the moral CHORUS, are rewarded by the applauses of those friends in the shape of the following reflexions—"Fire is not the most burning thing in nature: and, shameless as the words are, which we hear continually in our city, it seems there are words of still more frontless impudence,—courage, thou illustrious vender of sausages!—what you have done already is by no means despicable—but persevere—you have your enemy already by the waist, throw him once to the ground, and you'll find him a very bankrupt in courage."

Saus. Nor am myself unschool'd what man I have
To' encounter with—coward he is at heart,
And only wears a show of bravery
When his false sickle reaps another's harvest.
Reaping where others sow'd, his ears he harvests;
And having dried them, looks him out a purchaser.

This of course alludes to the affair of Pylus, and the money which Cleon hoped to make of the prisoners who had there fallen into his hands. Cleon affects an utter indifference to all these charges. "I am perfectly safe," says he, "while the senate exists, and while Demus remains in a sedentary state, and more like an image* than a living person. A consciousness of self-security, however, does not abate a warm feeling of resentment against his adversary. "I hate you," says, he, turning to the persecuting sausage-vender, "from the bottom of my heart; and if ever this feeling cease, may I become one of Cratinus's pillows,† or be taught to sing a part in a tragedy of Morsimus." This attack rouses the acrimony of the CHORUS, who return the assault in the following manner.

CHORUS.

Matchless this knave!—at ear and eye,
Mouth, touch, and taste—he's bribery.
On beds of fragrant flowers he sips
Corruption at his very lips.

* Suidas derives the verb, by which the representative of the Athenian people is characterized, from Macco, a woman who to the misfortune of dumbness added intolerable stupidity. Wieland supposes that the scene opened in this part and discovered Demus sitting as described in the text.

† Cratinus and Morsimus were two dramatic rivals of Aristophanes. The objection which Cleon professes to being one of the pillows of the former, relates to a little piece of private history, from which the audience were led to infer, that intemperance had produced certain infirmities in the old bard, and that the fleeces, or whatever else supported him at table, were frequently sufferers by its effects.

Some day shall end his guilty reign;
The same foul means that work'd his gain
Shall make him render it again.
Then will I sing, and sportive say,
"A cup, a cup, to bless this day!
A cup, a cup, I'll bathe in wine—"
See Julius' aged *son incline—
One generous joy he dares to steal
And keep his eyes awhile from—meal.
He rends the welkin with applause,
And chants full Pæans in so just a cause.

The new statesman, however, was quite equal to his own defence; and to convince his friends, that their interference was unnecessary, he records some childish traits of himself: many were the cheats, says he, I put upon the cooks. Look, boys, yonder, I was wont to say; the spring's at hand, for yonder is the swallow.† They gap'd and gaz'd,

* The person here satirized, according to the Scholiast, supplied the Prytaneum or Public Hall with bread, and kept a vigilant eye that he was not defrauded in his dealings. Casaubon is unwilling to let him off so cheaply, and adds to his offences, that he had turned a great dearth of corn in Athens to his private advantage.

† The swallow, as the harbinger of spring, was a favourite bird among the Greeks: his first appearance made a holiday for the Greek boys, and a song has been preserved in Athenæus, (lib. viii. p. 360.) by which the little mendicants used to levy contributions on the good-nature of their fellow-citizens.

The swallow, the swallow has burst on the sight,
He brings us gay seasons of vernal delight;
His back it is sable, his belly is white,
Can your pantry nought spare,
That his palate may please,
A fig—or a pear—
Or a slice of rich cheese?

while I, meantime, made booty. In general, tinues he, these tricks of mine escap'd observa and what if any one took note? it was but hi the prize awhile, and making solemn oath t knew nothing of the theft, and all was well. dexterity was observed by one of our public tors, and it cannot be, said the gentleman, w prophetic air, but this boy will one day have ch of the public purse. The storm of language takes another direction, and is carried on al entirely in nautical terms. Cleon declares th opponent has robbed the Athenians of ma talent. To add to the pleasantry of laying su

Mark, he bars all delay:
At a word, my friend, say,
Is it yes,—is it nay?
Do we go?—do we stay?
One gift and we're gone:
Refuse, and anon
On your gate and your door
All our fury we pour.
Or our strength shall be tried
On your sweet little bride;
From her seat we will tear her:
From her home we will bear her:
She is light, and will ask
But small hands to the task.—
Let your bounty then lift
A small aid to our mirth;
And whatever the gift,
Let its size speak its worth.
The swallow, the swallow
Upon you doth wait:
An almsman and suppliant
He stands at your gate:
Set open, set open
Your gate and your door;
Neither giants nor grey-beards,—
We your bounty implore.

ırge upon a man who possessed nothing but his ife and his chopping-block, Cleon confirms ; accusation by an oath, which the Greeks :koned the most solemn of all;—he swears by : mysterious name of Ceres. The CHORUS affect ne terror at this accusation: let go your rope, ' they to their friend, and drive before the wind; s the wind Cæsias (a violent stormy wind) and ws up *calumnies*. Cleon follows his blow with erting that the sausage-vender, to his certain owledge, had received ten talents from Potidæa. Vill you take one of them," says his rival, "and ld your tongue about the matter?" That he l most gladly, says the CHORUS: see, the wind is ng down already. Cleon continues his threats.

Cleon. Four charges have I 'gainst you, and in each
sess the damage at a *hundred talents.
Saus. I've twenty 'gainst yourself, and twice five hundred;
e twenty are for absence and desertion—
e thousand note your shameless peculations.
Cleon. Your birth derives from those, whose hands profan'd—
st execrable they!—the goddess' temple.†

' In trials at Athens, the plaintiff stated not only the offence nmitted, but the punishment and extent of punishment which thought due to it.

† An occurrence in Grecian history is here alluded to, which ppened about a century before the performance of this play. me partizans of Cylon, who had aspired to the sovereignty of hens, had been taken from the altars of Minerva, and under e direction of Megacles, the archon, put to death. For this rilege, the whole family of the Megacleidæ, with all their de-

Saus. Your grandsire rank'd among the
lites—
Cleon. Of whom?
Saus. Of Hippias' consort, fai
Byrsinë.*

If the reader should think that the abuse
pair has reached its climax, he has yet to lea
perseverance and extent of Grecian invective
two rivals compass half the circle of G
science for terms of reproach, before the
clude;—the builder's art, the powers of t
and the hammer, the glue-pot, the carp
yard, the art of running and casting met
crafts of the founder, the brazier, the cheesem
and the currier, all furnish terms, which
their sarcasms more poignant, and alternate
the tide of victory. The storm is indeed k
so loudly and incessantly, that Cleon is
throw himself upon the senate, and challen
rival to meet him at that awful bar. His ant
professes his readiness to do so: the CHORU
sidering him as one of the combatants wh
going to exhibit in the wrestling-school, an

scendants, were declared to be for ever execrable. Th
tans, at the commencement of the Peloponnesian war, a
ed to make use of this occurrence against Pericles,
the mother's side was descended from Megacles. Th
i. c. 126. 127. Plut. Life of Pericles.

* The wife of Hippias was named Myrrhinë: the po
ges the name into Byrsinë, in order to raise a laugh at th
trade and occupation of Cleon. The English reader w
times entertain no very exalted idea of Grecian wit; an
one passage among many others, where a translator of
phanes must feel himself upon very unsteady ground.

ıdy with the fat of his own sausages, that he may slip from his adversary's calumnies;" they ed him like a fighting cock with pungent garlic; ey remind him (in allusion to the combats of the me bird) to peck at his adversary,—to tread him ıwn,—to gnaw his crest,—and swallow his gills; d they finally recommend him to the protection that divinity, which, in modern times, would, ıder the same mythology, have presided over the ılais Royal of Paris, and the Piazza di Marco of ɛnice.

May the spirit that's in me direct thee;
And Jove of the Market protect thee;
May the pride of my blessing erect thee
To efforts and enterprise glorious;
And when next you're descried,
May it be in the pride
Of conquest and valour victorious. [*Exit Sausage vender.*
To a much harder task (*turning to the audience*)
I am bent, while I ask
A hearing from those,
Who in verse and in prose
For their tact and their skill are notorious.

PARABASIS.*

Were it one of that †old school, learned sirs, who
long the rule
and the tone to our drama have given,
Who his lessons and his verse having ‡taught us to
rehearse,
would before this high presence have driven;
'Tis great chance that his request, however warmly
prest,
might have met with no easy compliance:—
But indulgent we have heard the petitions of a
bard
of new mettle and noblest appliance.

* When a writer at Athens had completed a dramatic work, he generally put it into the hands of one of those wealthy persons who either voluntarily undertook, or by compulsion of the law were enjoined, to defray the expenses of the choral and theatrical exhibitions. This was called χορον διδοναι. Aristophanes explains why he had been backward in complying with this established custom. The parabasis itself displays a feeling of ingratitude in the Athenians, which excites as much indignation, as the courage with which it is here exposed, demands applause.

† The more immediate precursors of Aristophanes on the comic stage were Chionides, Magnes, and Deinolochus. Nothing of their works has come down to us but the titles of some of them.

‡ From the quality of their writing materials, the Greeks had not the convenience of copying their compositions with facility: the parts therefore of a drama were studied from the repeated delivery of the poet, and the Chorus exercised in the same manner. This was called teaching a piece. In tragedy, (and most probably in comedy,) not merely the poetry, but the musical accompaniment, the scenical decoration and representation, were all the creation of the poet. The player was a mere tool, and his excellence consisted in the accuracy with which he filled up his part, and by no means in arbitrary bravura, or an ostentatious display of skill.—*Schlegel.*

.nd well may he command aid and service at our hand;
for his hatreds and ours closely blending
ıto one concurring point leap, and hand and heart and joint
to the same noble object are tending.
'e no shade nor shelter seeks;—what he thinks he boldly speaks;—
neither skirmish nor conflict declining,
'e marches all elate 'gainst that Typhon of the state,
storm and hurricane and tempest combining.
Marvel much we hear has grown, and inquiries through the town
of the poet have been most unsparing,
With submission be it known that these words are not our own,
but his own proper speech and declaring,)
'hy his dramas hitherto came not forward as was due,
their own proper Choregus* obtaining;
'ake us with you, sirs, awhile and a moment's easy toil
will in brief be the reason explaining.

* The office of Choregus, or Chorus-master, was both honourable and expensive. Each of the ten tribes furnished one annually, and his business was to defray the expenses of the scenical representations and those of the solemn festivals. If the tribe were too poor to provide a choregus, the expense fell upon the state. Sometimes the charge was divided between two persons; sometimes the choregus of one tribe was allowed to conduct the Chorus of another tribe. The choregus was by law to be at least forty years of age: upon him rested the choice of the persons composing the Chorus; and they were generally taken from the youth of the tribe to which he belonged. A good flute-player, to modulate their voices, and a skilful dancing-mas-

'Twas no folly bred, we say, this distrust and cc
delay,
but a sense of the' extreme application
And the toil which he who woos in our town t
Comic Muse
must encounter in such his vocation.
Suitors many (and brisk sparks,) as our poet
remarks,
pay her court and profoundest attention;
But of all that love and burn, very few meet d
return:—
this observance first bred apprehension.

ter to regulate their steps and gestures, would naturally l among the chief objects of his research. Some months befo the approach of the festivals, the Chorus and actors began to l practised in their performance: the choregus frequently mai taining them during the whole of that time in his own house, th they might never be out of his view. At the festivals and pom ous processions he appeared at their head, adorned with a g crown and a magnificent robe. But it was in the theatre th the chief contention took place between the rival chore Judges were solemnly established, and a prize was adjudged the Chorus which had done most honour to the republic. Nothi could exceed the enthusiasm with which this victory was soug and received. The prize was generally a tripod; and the viet rious tribe most commonly consecrated it in the street, whic from that custom, was called the street of tripods. To the tripods were attached notices of the tribe which had gained t victory—of the archon who presided at the festival—of the ci zen, who, under the name of choregus, had furnished the e penses of the company—of the poet who composed the verses of the master who exercised the Chorus, and the musician wl directed the songs by the sound of his flute. The conquerors the Persians, says the Abbé Barthelemi, thought it an addition their celebrity to have appeared at the head of the Chorus; a on one tripod it might be seen inscribed "The tribe Antioch gained this prize: Aristeides was the chorus-master: Archestr tus composed the piece." On another, "Themistocles was t choregus: the tragedy was written by Phrynicus: Adimant was the archon." Le Jeune Anach. tom. ii. cc. 12. 24.

'hen your tempers quick—severe—ever changing
with the year—
to this thought added fears more appalling,
nd a sense of those disasters which, through you, their fickle masters,
old age on your poets sees falling.
'ould it 'scape observing sight what was Magnes' wretched plight,
when his hairs and his temples were hoary;
'et who battled with more zeal or more trophies left to tell
of his former achievements and glory?
le came piping,* dancing, tapping,—fig-gnatting and wing-clapping, –
frog-besmear'd and with Lydian grimaces:
'et he too had his date, nor could wit nor merit great
preserve him, unchang'd, in your graces.
'outh pass'd brilliantly and bright;—when his head was old and white,
strange reverse and hard fortune confronted;
'hat boots taste or tact forsooth, if they've lost their nicest truth,
or a wit where the edge has grown blunted!
'ho Cratinus may forget or the storm of whim and wit
which shook theatres under his guiding?
'hen Panegyric's song pour'd her flood of praise along,
who but he on the top wave was riding?

* The poet alludes in his peculiar manner to the titles of some of the dramatic works of Magnes.

Foe nor rival might him meet; plane* and oak ta'en by the feet
did him instant and humble prostration;
For his step was as the tread of a flood that leaves its bed,
and his march it was rude desolation.
Who but he the foremost guest then on gala-day and feast?
What strain fell from harp or musicians,
But "Doro,† Doro, sweet, nymph with fig-beslipper'd feet"—
or—"Ye verse-smiths and bard-mechanicians."
Thus in glory was he seen, while his years as yet were green;
but now that his dotage is on him,
God help him! for no eye, of all those who pass him by,
throws a look of compassion upon him.

* There is some allusion here, most probably, to a passage in one of the plays of Cratinus, all of which have unfortunately perished. The praise bestowed upon the old bard, who was living at the time of the exhibition of the Knights, is a little equivocal throughout, and at last ends in a direct reference to his intemperance. Cratinus lived to convince his youthful rival, that his powers were not so much exhausted as he has here described them to be. A play presented by Cratinus in the following year, and formed to meet the allusions here made to his convivial habits, gained the prize against the most elaborate of all the compositions of Aristophanes, the far-famed Clouds.

† Two celebrated songs of Cratinus began in this manner. The first appears to have been a satire upon the corruption of the magistrates; and those who have attended to the note upon sycophancy, in the comedy of the Acharnians, will be at no loss to understand the epithet which is here joined with the imaginary nymph, who stands for the personification of corruption. The latter song appears to have been aimed at some of the poet's contemporaries, who wrote more from mechanical rules, than the fervour of a poetical spirit.

Tis a couch, but with the loss of its garnish and its gloss;—
'tis a harp that hath lost all its cunning,—
Tis a pipe where deftest hand may the stops no more command,
nor on it divisions be running.
Connas-like, he's chaplet-crown'd, and he paces round and round
in a circle which never is ended;—
In his head a chaplet hangs, but the curses and the pangs
of a drought on his lips are suspended.
If ever yet on bard waited, page-like, high Reward:
former exploits and just reputation,
By an emphasis of right, sure had earn'd this noble wight
in the Hall a most constant—potation;†
And in theatres high station;‡ there a mark for Admiration
to anchor her aspect and face on,
In his honour he should sit, nor serve triflers in the pit
as an object their rude jests to pass on.

* Connas was a flute-player, and is not to be confounded with Connus, the preceptor of Socrates in harp music. Vid. Plat. in Euthydemo, et Menexeno. From a fragment of Cratinus, Connas appears to have made himself a little conspicuous by constantly wearing a chaplet on his head.

† A pleasantry by surprise. The poet should have said *dinner*: the change is made, in allusion to the intemperance of Cratinus. In general this species of wit, in which Aristophanes indulges very largely, has more humour in the original than a translation can give; because there the words are nearly similar in sound.

‡ There were distinct seats in the theatre; but the most commodious and honourable places were those near the images of the gods, which were *placed on the stage*.—*Casaubon*.

I spare myself the toil to record the buffets v
the affronts and the contumelies hateful,
Which on *Crates frequent fell, yet I dare you
to tell,
where was caterer more pleasing or grat
Who knew better how to lay soup piquant an
tremets,
dainty patties and little side-dishes?
Where with all your bards a Muse cook'd mo
licate ragouts
or hash'd sentiment so to your wishes?
Princely cost nor revenue ask'd his banquet
true;
yet he is the only stage-master,
Through all changes and all chances, who und
ed still advances,
alike master of success and disaster.

* Crates was first an actor, and afterwards a writer of th
Comedy: he performed the principal characters in Cra
plays, and was the great rival of Aristophanes' favourite
Callistratus and Philonides. He is said to have been the fir
introduced a drunken character on the Athenian stage.
following fragment on Old Age, translated by the learned a
of the Observer, is almost all that remains of the wo
Crates.

These shrivell'd sinews and this bending frame
The workmanship of Time's strong hand proclaim
Skill'd to reverse whate'er the gods create,
And make that crooked which they fashion straigh
Hard choice for men to die—or else to be
That tott'ring, wretched, wrinkled thing you see!
Age then we all prefer; for age we pray,
And travel on to life's last ling'ring day;
Then sinking slowly down from worse to worse,
Find heav'n's extorted boon our greatest curse.

irs, ye need no more to hear—ye know whence
the hue of fear
o'er our bard's cheek of enterprise stealing,
nd why like wiser men, who look forward in their
ken,
in proverbs he's wont to be dealing;
aying—better first explore what the powers of
scull and oar,
ere the helm and the rudder you're trying;
t the *prow next take your turn, there the mys-
teries to learn
of the scud and the winds that are flying.
his mastery attain'd, time it is a skiff were gain'd,
and your †pilotage put to the trial:—
hus with caution and due heed step by step would
he proceed
in a course that should challenge denial.

* The πρωρεὺς, says Archbishop Potter, was next under the master: to his care was committed the tackling of the ship, and he rowers had their places assigned by him. He also assisted he master at consultations. *Grec. Ant.* v. ii. p. 146.

† The pilot, says the same learned writer, held a much higher ank in the Greek navy than in ours. He had the care of the hip and government of the seamen, and sat at the stern to steer; ll things were managed according to his direction: it was there. ore necessary that he should have obtained an exact knowledge f the art of navigation, which consisted chiefly in three things: . In the right management of the rudder, sails, and all the en. ines used in navigation: 2. In the knowledge of the winds and elestial bodies, their motions and influences: 3. In the know. edge of commodious harbours, rocks, quicksands, and other oc. urrences on the sea.—*Idem.* p. 144. A still more important part f his duty, the direction of the *diëkplus*, which so often decided he naval engagements of the ancients, has been omitted by the earned archbishop.

Nor let it breed offence, if for such befitting sens
and so modest a carriage and bearing,
We ask some mark of state on its author here t
wait;—
guard of honour,* procession, or chairing:—
With a shout of such cheering
As Bacchus is hearing,
When vats overflowing
Set Mirth all a-crowing,
And Joy and Wine meet
Hand in hand in each street.
So his purpose attained
And the victory gain'd,
Your bard shall depart
With a rapture-touch'd heart,
While Triumph shall throw
O'er his cheeks such a glow,
That Pleasure might trace
Her own self in his face.

SEMI-CHORUS.

CHORAL HYMN.

Lord of the Waters! king of might,
Whose eyes and ears take stern delight
From neighing steeds and stormy fight
And gally swift pursuing;

* The ancient guard of honour differed much from a mode
one, being composed of ships, and not of soldiers. According
Casaubon, the complement was eleven ships, or a man of w
with eleven oars on each side.

From starting car and chariot gay,
And contests on that festive day,
When Athens' sprightly youth display
Their pride and their—undoing;*

Lord of the dolphins and the spear—
†Geræstian—Sunian—or more dear,
If Cronus' name salute thy ear,
And ‡Phormion's gallant daring;

O come amongst us in thy power,
Great Neptune; in her trying hour
Athens knows none so swift to shower
Aids of immortal bearing.

FULL CHORUS.

Praise and homage let us pay
To the men of elder day:
They alone of this our earth
Ne'er impeach'd their noble birth:
Plants of an eternal spring,
Born for endless blossoming.§

* The poet ridicules the young men of fashion, who ruined emselves by running chariots at the public games.
† Epithets of Neptune, derived from Gerræstus, a port in Eu-ea, and Sunium, the famous promontory in Attica.
‡ For the achievements of this able and active officer, see Thu-dides, lib. ii.
§ Literally, *worthy to be described on the peplus.* The *peplus* as that superb veil displayed in the magnificent festival of the mathenæa. The first artists in Athens furnished the designs r this splendid piece of embroidery, and the young ladies, most stinguished for their skill, executed the needle work. Various bjects were represented on it, but the combat of the gods and e giants always formed one. In the corners of this magnificent

Foot or horse—by land or sea
Still they reach'd at victory;
Raising high by generous toil
The splendour of their native soil.
When they saw their foemen bold,
They their numbers never told;
Ready swords and valour high
Were a help-mate ever nigh.
If upon the arm they fell;
'Twas but a *brush, and all was well;
Rising quick they dealt a wound,
As they had never touch'd the ground.
Never then did general,
Tho' ambitious of the †Hall,
Pay the tribute of his knee,
To ‡Cleænctus that he
Might his commons get cost-free.
Rank§ and banquet now men ask,
Or they spurn the soldier's task.
Not so we, sirs; we'll still wear
Athens' wrongs upon our spear;
And the best blood in our breast
Free shall flow at her behest.—

embroidery were sometimes bepictured the heroes and gre men of Athens; and the most aspiring of her citizens consider this distinction as the summit of all human honours.

* An allusion to the customs of the palæstra or wrestling-scho

† The Prytaneum.

‡ Cleænetus was the author of a law which limited the adm sions to the Prytaneum. All persons, therefore, who were as bitious of this honourable distinction, took care to pay the court previously to him.

§ Precedence at religious ceremonies and the public spectacl is the species of rank more particularly intimated here.

Nor for this our patriot flame
Other payment will we claim,
Than when Peace resumes her sway
(Nor far distant be that day!)
None shall taunt reproachful throw,
That our locks* too trimly flow,
Nor malignly mark, if we
With the †bath and brush make free.

Choral Hymn.

O thou, whom Patroness we call
Of this the holiest land of all,
That circling seas admire;
The land where Power delights to dwell,
And War his mightiest feats can tell,
And Poesy to sweetest swell
Attunes her voice and lyre;

Come blue-ey'd maid, and with thee bring
The Goddess of the eagle wing;
To help our bold endeavour:
Long have our armies own'd thy aid,
O victory, immortal maid;
Now other deeds befits thee tell,
A bolder foe remains to quell;
Give aid then now or never.

*There was a law provided against soldiers observing too much foppery in the arrangement of their hair.

† The Greeks, as well as the Romans, indulged very freely in the luxury of the bath; but it was considered a mark of effeminacy to visit the bath too often; and I believe there was an express law against the Knights thus offending.

CHORUS.

To* chargers and steeds mettle-proof tune the string:
I speak from self-knowledge in what I now sing—
In fight and in skirmish and battle array,
Their aid has been with us full many a day.
But their feats and achievements by land I shall pass;
The marvel† and show and the bravery was,
When in naval array and equipt like a crew
Of tars thorough-bred, to the transports they flew.
Their cabins with‡ garlic and onions were stor'd;
Their cans (cheaply bought) were laid duly on board.
They grasp'd their green oars, and like boatmen did ply,
And "§Hippapæ, Ryppapæ, boys!" was the cry;

* The learned Casaubon imagines that the poet here satirizes the knights for the immoderate attention they paid to their steeds. It was more probably intended as a compliment to the Knights for a service which will be presently mentioned; and ingeniously paid through that medium, which every Knight holds most dear. Babieca, Frontino and Bayardo are almost as dear to the readers of romance as Rodrigo, Ruggiero or Rinaldo.

† The first instance mentioned by Thucydides of Athenian cavalry being transported by sea, occurs in the second year of the Peloponnesian war. Thucyd. t. ii. c. 56.

‡ The construction of the ancient ships of war rendered it absolutely impossible to carry much provisions on board; and the crews therefore were generally debarked for the purpose both of refreshment and sleep. The reader of Thucydides is often surprised by unexpected events, resulting from the necessities to which this want of accommodation exposed the Grecian fleets. See, among other instances, l. viii. c. 95.

§ *Hippapæ!* a humorous alteration for the common exhortatory word among Greek sailors, *Ryppapæ*.

"Bear a hand, my brave* Koppa,—Samphor, lad, pull away,
(The command came enforc'd twixt a shout and a neigh,)
Do your work, or we never shall compass the land."—
The very word brought them to Corinth's proud† strand.
They landed;—and who had young blood in their veins
With their hoofs beat a bed up: but the clothes ask'd more pains.
Their food was young pungers; and he who was cast
By good luck on a crab, held a princely repast.
The best grass was but dull to't—and hence the bon-mot,
(Whether true, sirs, or false, best ‡Theorus can show,)
Of a crab on the spot,—'By the lord of the ocean,
I speak to my soul's inward pain and commotion,

* Horses were thus called, who were marked on the thigh with the letter K. Those marked with an S were called Samphors.

† The poet alludes to an expedition recently conducted (Thucyd. t. iv. c. 44,) under Nicias against Corinth, in which the exertions of the Knights were particularly conspicuous. The praise is bestowed upon the horses; but the audience readily applied the panegyric.

‡ Two persons are attacked in the following lines, Carcinus and Theorus. Carcinus in Greek signifies a crab, and it appears that he was in the habit of passing much of his time in Corinth, for the sake of the gaieties and guilty pleasures of that luxurious and splendid town. Theorus and Carcinus had both some way or other incurred the displeasure of the Knight.

Of these horses and horsemen I well r
plain;
They compass the land and they fathom
And escape from their full omnipresenc

ACT II.

SCENE I.

SAUSAGE-SELLER, CHORUS.

: anxiety of the CHORUS is relieved at the end
s Intermede by the re-entrance of the Sau-
eller; and the *name which he assumes to
lf, is sufficient at once to convince them that
:ertions in the †Senate have been crowned
complete success. A shout of acclamation
from that friendly body at this welcome in-
:nce: they declare, in strong language, how
ous they are to hear a more particular account
exertions: they are not sure but they would
take a long journey to enjoy the narration.
iew favourite does not try their resolution
s point, but proceeds immediately to gratify
wishes.

allusion to the common termination of Athenian names,
'bulus, Neobulus, Critobulus, &c. he tells them that he has
ed a Nicobolus (*victor in the senate*) to them.
succinct account of this branch of the Athenian polity
ot perhaps be unacceptable to the reader. The Athenian
consisted of five hundred members: i. e. fifty from each
ten tribes. It was elected every year, and each member's
l character underwent a strict examination, before he was
ed into this dignified body. To fill up vacancies and deaths,
:ibe furnished a subsidiary body of fifty members. The
'ear was divided into ten parts; and thus each tribe had in
ie office of presiding in the Senate. The tribe, to whose

And trust me, friends, the tale will pay the hearing—
Straight as he went from hence, I clapt all sail
And followed close behind. Within I found him
Launching his bolts and thunder-driving words,
Denouncing all the Knights, as traitors, vile
Conspirators—jags, crags and masses huge
Of stone were nothing to the monstrous words
His foaming mouth heav'd up. All these to hear
Did the grave Council seriously incline;
They love a tale of scandal to their hearts,
And his had been as quick in birth as golden-herb,

turn it fell in succession, was called for the time the Prytanes; and during that period, they were excused from all other public duties. In this work the word Prytanes has been generally rendered by the word Chairmen. To avoid confusion, every Prytaneia (or company of Prytanes) was divided into five weeks of days, by which means the fifty Prytanes were subdivided into five Decuriæ; each Decuria having charge of the government for a week. During this period of office, they assumed the name of *Proedri*: out of these one was elected by lot to *preside* over the rest, in each of the seven days: so that of the ten *Proedri*, three were necessarily excluded from presiding. The *President* of the *Proedri* was called *Epistates*. To his custody were committed the public seal, and the keys of the Citadel and the public Exchequer. It was an important trust, and therefore no man was permitted by the law to hold it more than one day, nor to be elected into it a second time. As character and not fortune constituted the right of becoming a member of the Senate, it will be seen that the poorest man in Athens had the chance of holding the sovereign power one day at least in the year. The Senate held its sittings every day, those only excepted which were appropriated to the public festivals. All acts of this body, whether approved by the Ecclesia (i. e. the General Assembly) or not, were binding for the year they were in office. The especial duty of the Senate was to correct and modify such decrees as were to be submitted to the General Assembly, whose ratification alone passed them into permanent acts of he legislature. Hence the bon-mot of Anacharsis the Scythian: the laws of Athens are discussed by sages, and put into execution by fools.

Mustard was in their faces, and their brows
With frowns were furrow'd up. I saw the storm,
Mark'd how his words had sunk upon them, taking
Their very senses prisoners:—and, oh!
In knavery's name, thought I,—by all the fools
And scrubs and rogues and scoundrels in the town,
By that same forum, where my early youth,
Received its first instruction, let me gather
True courage now: be oil upon my tongue,
And shameless Impudence direct my speech.
Just as these thoughts pass'd over me, I heard
A sound of thunder pealing on my right—
I mark'd the omen,—grateful, kiss'd the ground—
And pushing briskly thro' the *lattice-work—
Rais'd my voice to its highest pitch, and thus
Began upon them—"Messieurs of the Senate,
I bring good news, and hope your favour for it.
Anchovies, such as, since the war began,
Ne'er cross'd my eyes for cheapness, do this day
Adorn our markets"—at the words a calm
Came over ev'ry face, and all was hush'd—
A †crown was voted me upon the spot.
Then I (the thought was of the moment's birth)
Making a mighty secret of it, bade them
Put pots and pans in instant requisition,
And then—one obol loads you with anchovies,
Said I: anon most violent applause,
And clapping hands ensued; and every face

* To keep the crowds from thronging in, the places of public meeting were surrounded with a rope, and serjeants appointed to keep the doors.

† A crown or chaplet was a reward usually conferred upon such persons as, by the annunciation of good news, gained the momentary affections of the Athenians.

Grew unto mine, gaping in idiot vacancy.
My Paphlagonian discern'd the humour
O' the time; and seeing how the members all
Were tickled most with words, thus utter'd him
"Sirs—Gentlemen—'tis my good will and pleasu
That for this kindly news we sacrifice
One hundred* oxen to our patron-goddess."
Straight the tide turn'd: each head within the
nate
Nodded assent and warm good-will to Cleon:
"What! shall a little bull-flesh gain the day?"
Thought I within me: then aloud, and shooting
Beyond his mark:—"I double, sirs, this vote,—
Nay more, sirs, should to-morrow's sun see spra
One hundred to the penny sold, I move
That we make offering of a thousand goats
Unto Diana."—Ev'ry head was rais'd;
And all turn'd eyes incontinent on me.
This was a blow he ne'er recover'd: straight
He fell to mutt'ring fooleries and words
Of no account—the chairman and the officers
Were now upon him.—All meantime was uproa
In the' Assembly—Nought talk'd of but anchovi
How far'd our statesman? he with suppliant ton
Begg'd a few moments pause.—"Rest ye, sirs, r
ye

* When the Athenian people were to be cajoled, a feast or
erifice (and they were nearly synonimous terms, for a small p
tion only of the victim was offered to the gods) was the sur
and most effectual mode. It was thus that the abandoned Cl
res maintained himself in office; who from his share of the pl
der made from the temple of Delphi, once feasted the wh
people of Athens. (Ath. l. xii. p. 533.) It is curious that t
only interpolations made by the thirty tyrants in the MS. laws
Solon, were directed in the same way to the gratification of Ath
nian appetite. (Oratio Lysiæ contra Nichomachum.)

le—I have a tale will pay the hearing—
ald is arriv'd from Sparta, claiming
idience—he brings terms of peace, and craves
leave to utter them before ye." "Peace!"
l all, (their voices one) "is this a time
lk of peace?—out, dotard! What, the rogues
heard the price anchovies bear!—marry
ieeds, sir, ask not peace.—War, war, for us—
chairmen, break the assembly up." 'Twas
done,
their bidding, straight—who might oppose
clamour?—then, what haste and expedition
very side! one moment clears the rails!
meantime steal privately away
buy me all the leeks and coriander
market—these I straight make largess of,
gratis give as sauce to dress their fish.
may recount the praises infinite
groom-like courtesies this bounty gain'd me!
ort you see a man, that for one pennyworth
riander vile has purchas'd him
atire senate—not a man among them
at my behest and does me rev'rence.*

vill readily be imagined that this speech elicits
of applause from the delighted CHORUS.

bsurd as some parts of the above narration may appear to
glish reader, it can hardly be called a caricature of the
meetings in Athens. Every person, conversant with the
s and historians of that singular republic, has occasionally
rith instances of ridiculous conduct, which hardly fall below
is here represented: he has seen the most frivolous circum-
s swelled into importance, and the most important trifled
n her noisy and crowded assemblies.

CHORUS.

Well, my son, hast thou begun, and well hast thou
completed;
Rich bliss and gain wilt thou attain, thy mighty task
completed.

He thy rival, shall admire,
Chok'd with passion, pale with ire,
Thy audacity and fire:
He shall own, abash'd, in thee
Power and peerless mastery
In all crafts and tricks that be.
At all points art thou equipt,
Eye and tongue with treach'ry tipt,
Soul and body, both are dipt
In deceit and knavery.

Forward, son of mine, undaunted—complete thy
bold beginning:
No aid from me shall be delay'd—which may the
prize be winning.

SCENE II.

CHORUS, SAUSAGE-VENDER, CLEON.

The Paphlagonian returns to the stage at the conclusion of this address of the CHORUS. He enters "pushing a maimed wave before him," and with an air as if he could "drink up" his victorious opponent. His thundering aspect and his menacing words are equally lost upon the Sausage-vender, who, in his own language, "is delighted

with his opponent's threats—laughs at his *smoke-beasting*—and makes the fittest answer to his menaces by singing the *mothon*,* and crying cuckow in a circle." Another scene of altercation now takes place between these intellectual gladiators; and the reader, who has already had a specimen of Athenian invective, will not perhaps be eager to enter into the details of this second war of words. Some of their strokes however must not be omitted. The Sausage-vender remarks upon his adversary's passion, and asks him if he will have a purse to eat, and so allay his wrath. Cleon, after a volley of abuse, threatens to bring him before Demus: that is, in other words, the people.—"There," says he, "you will be sure to be worsted—you will find no credit there, while I can play upon him as I please." "You seem to consider this Demus as your own property." "Yes, for I know the morsels which he likes to feed upon." "True, and like children's nurses, you grudge the food you give him—you champ, and champ; and for *one* morsel that you give the child, eat *three* yourself." Cleon now calls loudly for Demus, the representative of the people; and that dignified person makes his appearance: a growl, and an instant charge of †theft upon the parties present,

* The mothon was one of the songs which, among the Greeks, were accompanied by a dance. Ath. xiv. 618.

† The article charged as being stolen is the Eiresione. This was an olive branch wrapped in wool. At the festivals Pyanepsia and Thargelia the Athenian boys used to carry branches of this kind in procession, and then suspend them over the doors of the house. The custom of covering the fronts of the houses with branches, on festival days, prevails still in Catholic countries.

express at once his grandeur, his resenti
his suspicious temper. The two candid
their several claims to his favour. "I am
of Demus," says Cleon, "and am as muc
to him as a lover to his mistress." "
rival in his affections," says the Saus
"Yes, my dear Demus; I have loved you
time, and it would give me the greates
to be of service to you: all honest me
my sentiments; but this man keeps us
prevents our showing you proofs of o
ment." He proceeds to state very candi
mus that he resembled very much those
beauties, who dismiss such suitors from th
men of probity and honour, and dispos
favours and affections to the lowest of n
to lamplighters, tanners and curriers.* Cl
his strong place; he presently, therefore,
that Demus shall call a General Assembly
it should be there decided who had mo
sions to his favour. His adversary has no
provided the Assembly be not held in t

* Isocrates, whose honest virtue and genuine patri
him in the same rank among the rhetoricians as the
phroniscus held among the philosophers, addresse
same language to the General Assembly. "When y
sulting on your own private affairs, you seek out th
whose superior wisdom enables them best to direc
when the affairs of the state are under deliberation, a
sons meet with distrust and jealousy, and your praises
ed for the most worthless of those who mount the b
the drunken are considered as better disposed to the
the sober, the irrational than the wise; and the feede
public revenue are more valued than those who execu
rious offices of the state at their own charges." Is
v. i. p. 329. See also Xenophon de Rep. Ath. c. 1. se.

'he old gentleman," says he, "is a man of ex-
ent sense, while he abides at home; but the
nent he goes to that cursed place, he is as much
is wit's ends as the man who wishes to dry his figs
he sun, and has not a stalk to fasten them by."
ıis was the Athenian mode of drying figs.) But
nus will hear of no other place. "PNYX is my
: and proper seat. I hold my sittings no where
." "Then I am a ruined man," says the Sau-
ɜ-vender.

'he CHORUS, as well as the Sausage-vender, knew
the gist of the contest must lie in this trial of
ngth before the General Assembly: they pre-
ɜ their friend accordingly for the arduous con-
.

CHORUS.

Hawser and cable both let free,
We drive before a raging sea.
Mark you plant within your eye
High resolve and bravery.
Words gigantic must be falling,
Overwhelming and appalling;
Such as may the foe constrain
In indissoluble chain.
'Tis a many-colour'd man;
Apt in fancy,—quick in plan;
Making way, where others see
Stern impossibility.

full then, impetuous and bright in your daring,
ar your decks, and for battle and blood be pre-
paring;

Let your *dolphins rise high, while the enemy's nearing,
Or make a full dash, while his vessel is wearing.

The scene now changes to the †PYNX, and the pleadings begin with the author's characteristic humour; Cleon taking the lead.

* Dolphins were vast weights, which might be hoisted and dropped on any vessel passing near, and with such violence as to sink it.

† As Demus in the following scene is supposed to typify the Ecclesia or General Assembly, it may not be amiss to give a short account of that important branch of the Athenian constitution, in which the democracy or real power of the state resided. The Ecclesia consisted of all such as were freemen of Athens, of what quality soever, and generally met to the number of five or six thousand members. These assemblies were either stated or extraordinary. The stated assemblies were those held at four regular times during the thirty-five days that each Prytancia or company of Prytanes successively presided in the Senate. Each of these four days had its peculiar duties, and regular public business to transact. Before the gratuity of three obols was allowed to each member for his attendance, it was sometimes necessary to use a little force to compel the attendance of the citizens. The extraordinary Assemblies were such as were summoned by the Generals or the Polemarch, in the case of some sudden and unexpected war. The magistrates who had the care of these assemblies were the *Prytanes*, the *Proedri*, and the *Epistatæ*. The *Prytanes* sometimes called the people together, and always before the meeting set up a programma in some place of general concourse, in which were contained the matters that were to form the subject of consideration at the ensuing Assembly. The *Proedri*, as their name imports, held the first places in the Assemblies. Their business was to propose to the people the subjects which they were to deliberate and determine upon in the meeting; at the end of which their offices expired. It was provided by law, that in every Assembly, one of the Tribes should be appointed by lots to hold the office of Proedri, to preside at the Suggestum, (or place from which the speeches were delivered,) and defend the commonwealth, by preventing the orators and others from propounding any thing in-

SCENE III.

CLEON, SAUSAGE-SELLER, DEMUS, CHORUS.

Cleon. (*anapæstics.*) With our lady divine, the towns saviour and mine,
my prayers make, as meet, their beginning:
—(*a pause of affected devotion*)
disguise none I wear, while to Demus I swear
such love as from none he is winning,

onsistent with the received laws, or destructive of the peace nd welfare of the city. The *Epistates*, or *President* of the ssembly, was chosen by lot out of the Proedri; the chief art of his office seems to have consisted in granting the people berty to give their voices, which they were not permitted to o till he had given the signal. The Assemblies were held t the Agora, or market-place, in the theatre of Bacchus, or t the Pnyx. They began with expiatory rites, with prayers o the gods for the prosperity of Athens, and with bitter imrecations upon such as should counsel any thing in that Assembly to the prejudice of Athens. (See the Comedy of the emale Parliament, where all the proceedings are parodied ith much humour.) When these ceremonies were concluded, he crier, by command of the *Proedri*, repeated the *probuleuma*, r decree of the senate, upon which the Assembly was to deliberate; he then demanded in a loud voice, "which of the men bove fifty years of age will make an oration?" The elders aving delivered their opinions, the crier made a second proamation, "It is allowed to every Athenian, in conformity with isting laws, to deliver his sentiments." It was the privilege erefore of every Athenian citizen to give his opinion on public fairs at pleasure, but the task was more commonly left to the ublic orators, of whom some account has already been given.

(Lysicles* I except, and a clause too is left
for the fair† Salabacha and Cynna,)
May the ‡Hall without tasking my labour, or askin
equivalent, find me a dinner.
If time my love draw to a close, may the saw
take in vengeance my body's dimension;
May I wither and pine, till I symbol the line,
which without any breadth is extension.
Saus. To love—fair and true—I can make m
claim too;
and if ever its chain should less bind me;
May I mince into meat, so minute that who eat,
must have eyes keen as Attic to find me.
Further, sirs, may the knife make a push at m
life,
and for cheese may the §salad receive me,
To my own flesh-hook hung, may men force m
along,
and nought but the ¶church-yard relieve me

* Who Lysicles was has been explained already.

† Salabacha and Cynna were two famous courtezans of th day. Persons of their description were not unfrequently intr duced on the Grecian stage; and if the letters of Alci hron (h whomsoever written) may be considered as a correct picture Athenian manners, authors frequently took this method of r venging the private affronts, which they might happen to ha received from them. Epist. Alciphronis. v. i. Epist. 29.

‡ The nature of the establishment called the Prytaneum, Hall of public banquets, has been explained already.

§ The composition of an Athenian salad will be explained the comedy of Peace.

¶ In the original *Ceramicus.* Duo Athenis fuerunt loci h nomine, alter celebris propter sepulchra bene meritorum de r publicâ; alter propter habitationem meretricum. Beckii Cor ment.

Cleon. (*to Demus*) For service and zeal I to facts,
sir, appeal :—
say of all that e'er sway'd this proud city,
Who had ever more skill your snug coffer to fill,
undisturb'd by respectance or pity?
For one and for two I've the rope and the screw,
to a third I make soft supplication;
And I spurn at all ties, and all laws I despise,
so that Demus find gratification.
Naus. More smoke this and dust! Demus take it
on trust,
that my service and zeal can run faster:
I am he that can steal at the mouth a man's meal,
And set it before my own master.
Other proofs than of love in this knave's grate and
stove,
noble lord, may your eyes be discerning:
There the coal and the *fuel that should warm
your own own gruel,
to your slaves ease and comfort are burning.
Nay, since Marathon's day, when thy sword (*to Demus*) pav'd the way
to Persia's disgrace and declension,
That bountiful mint in which †bards without stint
fashion words of six-footed dimension)

* Lucian, who had always his eye upon Aristophanes, taunts the rhetoricians in the same way that his master does the poets. See that admirable piece of humour, the Rhetorum Praeceptor, Luc. v. vii. p. 236. Bipont. edit. The Athenians being at once metallurgists and navigators, the consumption of wood was necessarily great, and the article itself consequently very dear.

† Not only bards, however, and orators swore by the battles of Marathon and Salamis, but the very cooks embellished their diction by the same appeal. Vid. Athen. l. ix. p. 380. The battles of Marathon and Salamis have been attended with conse-

Like a stone or a stock, has not sat on a *rock,
cold, comfortless, bare and derided :—
While this chief of the land never yet to your han
a cushion or seat hath provided ?
But take this (*giving a cushion*) to the ease of you
hams and your knees :
for since Salamis' proud day of story,
With a fleet ruin-hurl'd, they took rank in th
world,
and should seat them in comfort and glory.
Dem. What vision art thou ! let me read on th
brow,
what lineage and kindred have won thee !
Thou wast born for my weal, and the impress an
seal
of Harmodius are surely upon thee.
Cleon (*mortified.*) O feat easy done ! and is D
mus thus won
by diminutive gifts and oblations ?
Saus. Small my baits I allow, but in size the
outgo
your own little douceurs and donations.
Cleon. (*fiercely.*) Small or great be my bait, ne'
my boast I abate,
but for proof head and shoulders I offer,

quences of too much importance to society, to admit of thei being made a subject even of momentary pleasantry; but it ma be permitted to remark, that they are not without their merit t the classical reader in furnishing some variety to those topics o Athenian eulogy,—the battle with the Amazons—the war for th recovery of the dead bodies at Thebes—and the services to th Heracleidæ, which so perpetually recur in the Attic writers. Se among other pieces of antiquity the Funeral orations of Lysia and Plato, and the speech of Isocrates, called the panegyrica.

* An allusion to the stones, with which the Pynx, the usul place of meeting for the general Assembly, was crowded.

'hat in act and in will to Demus here still
a love unexampled I proffer.
Saus. (*dactylics.*) You proffer love indeed! you
that have seen him bleed,
buffing and roughing it years twice four;
tub-and-cask *tenant,—vulture-lodg'd—sixth-
floor man;
batter'd and tatter'd, and bruis'd and sore!
'here was he pent and shent with a most vile in-
tent,
his milk and honey sweet from him to squeeze;
ity none e'er he won, tho' the smoke pinch'd his
eyes,
and his sweet wine it was drawn to the lees.
'hen Archeptolemus lately brought †PEACE to us;
who but you (*to Cleon*) scatter'd and scar'd the
virgin,
'hile your foot rudely plac'd, where Honour's
soul is cas'd,
spurn'd at all such as acceptance were urging?
Cleon. (*fawning.*) And, my good sir, the cause?—
Marry that Demus' laws
Greece universal might obey:
racles here have I, and they in verity
bear that this lord of our's must hold sway,

* The poet in the strongest manner paints the miserable accommodation, provided for the numbers of country people, whom the policy of Pericles had obliged to take up their residence in the capital. The preceding line applies to the number of years which the Peloponnesian war had now lasted.

† Thuc. l. iv. cc. 17—22.

Judging in *Arcady, and for his salary,
earning him easily a five-obol coin.
Let him but wait his fate; and in mean ti
state,
food and support shall be care of mine.
Saus. (*contemptuously*) Arcady, fee, and
look'd not your thoughts that way:
donative, gift and bribe, these were yo
War is your hood-wink wherein Demus'
sink,
'till to your hand he crouch trembli
tame.
But let him once again unto his field and pl
peace, in thy arms, sweetest maiden, be
Let him but play the guest with olives newl
and hold a tête-à-tête with green corn;
Straight he will learn and know, who 't
work'd him woe,
that his own bribery might have sway:
Then from his rustic home, like salvage m
come,
turning up †sea-shells along his way.
(*To Cleon.*) You well advis'd of this, no
moment miss
wild dreams and oracles ever to proffe
Cleon. (*interrupting*) This to me?—and fro
—O matchless villany!
calumnies thus 'gainst a statesman to o

* Arcadia, as the central province of Peloponnesus, is
for the whole of that peninsula. Cleon's oracles there
mised all that was most agreeable to Athenian imaginat
tended dominion, judicial employment, and extraordina

† An allusion to the shells, which were used in the
justice.

Who blessings rich and great, on this our town and state,
ever is careful to heap and to pour;
Noble Themistocles, Ceres can witness it,
in his prosperity never heap'd more.
Saus. Hear him, ye starry spheres! earth and sea lend your ears!
he to compare with our patriot of yore,
Who found our city trim, full to the lip and brim,
yet made her liquor-cup run all o'er!
When she had din'd and supp'd, his bounty serv'd her up,
as a dessert, the *Peiræus rare;
New fish still dealing her, without curtailing her,
O matchless caterer! her old bill of fare.
But 'neath your rule our town totters and tumbles down,
dwarf'd and curtail'd in her members fair;
With wall's she's over-run, with prophecies undone;
yet with Themistocles dare you compare!
He, sooth, his country fled—while you on †cates are fed,
on rich conserves, and on cakes of the best!
Cleon. Demus I make appeal—must I this tempest feel,
Thus for my love to you harass'd and prest?

* The policy of Themistocles, in securing the famous harbour of Peiræus by long walls, is too well known to need a further explanation.

† The placentæ Achilleiæ, mentioned in the text as the chief article of Cleon's diet were made of a particular sort of barley, which, according to Lucian, had the singular virtue of augmenting the faculty of intuition and the subtility of the optic organs.

But the reign of favouritism is beginning to be at an end. The light is let in upon Demus, and conscious that he has been cheated long enough, he desires Cleon to forbear his railleries. The Sausage-vender follows up his incipient triumph.

Saus. Mark him, Demus, mark and see
Triple dye of knavery!
When your senses wander wide;—
Lost in ignorance and pride,—
This the man on whom to fix
Half a score of dirty tricks.
All that form'd your daintiest treat
And your banquet's sav'riest meat—
Petty plunder—sweet douceur,—
Compromise and bargain sure—
Symbol of mere deglutition,
He sucks all at competition—
Fibre, tendril, root and branch,
Nought escapes his grinders staunch:
But with either hand a scoop,
All is gone at one fell swoop.

The boisterous answers, which Cleon makes to these and some similar charges, are ridiculed by two powerful Greek words, which compare them to "beating the sea, and making a flouncing noise with the broad part of an oar:" while the attack awaken the poetical powers and congratulations of the friendly CHORUS.

CHO. Star of salvation, through the night to darkling man appearing,
Now blessed be that fruitful tongue and port of mighty daring.

rsue thy course, and thou, perforce, o'er Greece
and this our nation,
lt hold high state and shine elate in most ex-
alted station.
:hree-fork'd sceptre in thy hand, large wealth
wilt thou be making,
nding and blending all at will—confounding,—
stirring,—shaking.
ır rival noos'd—beware he's loos'd—keep stur-
dy grasp and tension:
all task I ask from bulk like thine and sides of
such dimension.

:leon however had been too long in office, and
:w too well the sweets of power, to be dispos-
ıed very easily: and one source of security par-
ılarly remained to him:—let affairs come to the
rst, he can "stop the mouths" of his most vio-
t enemies, while one of those shields remained,
ch he had taken from the enemy at Pylus. But
ingenuity of his rival finds a topic of accusa-
ı and complaint against him even on that subject,
ch in his own imagination formed his most bril-
t achievement. In the pride of conquest, Cleon
hung up the shields of the captured Spartans
trophy in the temple of the gods. The laws
ıthens required, that all offerings of this nature
uld first be mutilated or dispossessed of what-
r could afterwards make them serviceable for
fane uses. In neglect of this ordinance, Cleon
suspended his shields, without previously dis-
sessing them of their handles. The Sausage-
der therefore does not merely use the language
metaphor, when hearing his rival talk of these

shields, he bids him stop, and tells him he h
handle against himself." He draws perhaps
his own ingenuity, when he endeavours to per
Demus, that this omission was not a mere
forgetfulness in Cleon, but that it proceeded
a settled and premeditated purpose, that in ca
found his master "roaring and looking the ostr
at him," he might have a resource wherewitl
arm all the tanners, cheesemongers, and ve
of honey in the town, and then seize upo
granaries." The imagination of Demus is
sently occupied with this narration, and he ex
in an accent of terror and dismay at the d
which were practised upon him. Cleon e
vours to reassure him—and particularly b
his talent in keeping down cabals, and of his
ness at giving tongue when a conspiracy is o
"Like enough," says his persevering rival:
spiracy is to you, what troubled water is to
who fish for eels. When the lake is still, th
bour goes for nothing; when the mud is
stirred, they take eels in plenty. It is the
case between our city and yourself. But tel
he continues, "you deal in leather, and you p
a great affection for Demus: did you ever, i
plenitude of your love, make him your debt
a pair of shoes?" "That I'll be sworn he did
says the old gentleman. The Sausage-vende
lows up his blow by instantly presenting a
Demus is all gratitude—he declares that hi
the republic, and his toes never had so sinc
friend. These kind affections are still furth
proved by the present of one of those mantles
had double sleeves hanging down from the s

der-blade. "Themistocles himself," says Demus, in a transport of gratitude, "never struck upon a brighter thought than this: his fortifications in the Peiræus were a brilliant invention; but this far surpasses it!" Cleon reproaches his adversary with his servile flattery: "I have but borrowed your own manners," replies his opponent: "I am like our Athenians, having drunk freely at an entertainment, and finding it necessary to retire for a moment, use their neighbours' *slippers instead of their own." Cleon now finds it necessary to open his purse-strings, and he makes a present of a robe —but the old gentleman's nose grows delicate, and he complains bitterly of a smell of leather. The rival courtier improves the hint "Do you remember sir, when †silphium-spice was sold so cheap?" "I do," says Demus. "It was all this man's doing; he thought the low price would tempt you to a purchase: then, says he, when my masters sit in the Courts of Justice, they will poison each other with their own effluvia." More humour of this kind follows, till Cleon, vexed at his adversary's success, who sounds indeed the very bass-string of humility to gain the ascendancy over Demus, threatens him with some of those vexatious

* It appears to have been a custom among the Greeks, to leave their slippers in an antichamber when they went to an entertainment.

† The silphium, or herb Benjamin, was much used by the ancients in medicine. It was brought chiefly from the country of Cyrene, and was held in such high veneration, that a leaf of it was suspended in the Temple of Apollo. Cleon, it appears, had provided that this valuable herb should be brought in great quantities to Athens; and for this he deserved commendation. It was the poet's purpose however to put an unfavourable, or at least a ridiculous construction on all his actions.

proceedings, which, by the peculiar nature of the Attic constitution, a man, high in office, could so easily employ to harass those who had incurred his displeasure.

For this, friend, it shall be thyfate
To fit a *vessel for the state;
And still the more to drain thy purse,
A leaky skiff shall be thy curse.
With all the never-ending cares
Of pitching, tarring and repairs,—
Crazy in bottom, front and tail,—
A tott'ring mast—a rotten sail.
Cho. (*to Cleon.*) Abate your threats—restrain your ire;
There's too much wood upon the fire.
Forbear, great man of words: no more:
For see your vessel's boiling o'er.
Cleon. With tribute, tax and fine oppress'd,
You'll find this quarrel, friend, no jest.
This moment I my journey hold
To have you with the rich enroll'd.
Saus. (*solemnly*) All threat I forbear,
Or the menaced might rue it:
But I have a prayer,
And the gods see me through it.—
(*speaking rapidly*) May a pan of sleeve fish,
Hot as fancy could wish,
Before you take station
Some day, when oration

* For the Athenian fleet, the state furnished only the ship and the crew; all the other expenses fell upon the rich citizens, who, when appointed to this office, took the name of Trierarcs.

In Miletus' aid
You're preparing to hold;—
The price of your labour
A talent of *gold.
The fish quite in prime,
And your appetite loose,
Yet wishing in time
To be down at the House;
While your lips are preparing
The feast to begin,
With a summons appearing,
Steps a messenger in;
You resolv'd to decline
Neither wages nor feast,
To your mouth straight consign
Half a score at the least—
Your throat it takes umbrage
At so much stor'd within it;
You choke—give a gasp,—
And are gone in a minute.

'his imprecation, for which the Sausage-vender ears to have summoned all his powers, is much he taste of the CHORUS: and that moral body ar by Jupiter, by Apollo, and by Ceres, a triple ı which the last invocation rendered most con- atory, that the Sausage-vender had spoken no- g but what had their commendation. Demus self is roused, and breaks out into an eulogium;

*Fees and benevolencies of this kind were frequently given to public orators at Athens by foreign states, in order to keep ı in their interest. We learn through Æschines (Oratio de onâ) that a yearly sum of sixty pounds was to be received lemosthenes from the Amphicians, as a compensation for upport of their cause at Athens.

but panegyric was unusual to him, and even his praise is coupled with a sarcasm.

Demus. I have observed this man: he wears a show
Of honesty, more than I ever saw
In those who go for many to the *penny.
In sooth I love the man—for you, fine Paphlagonian,
Who hold such large professions of your love,
Know that you've anger'd me beyond all suff'rance,
And are dismiss'd:—I ask your †ring of office.
(*Cleon gives his ring.*)
(*To Saus.*) To you and to your care I do commend it.
Cleon. One word at parting—I have left your service—
Who follows me, believe, will prove a ‡knave
Still greater than myself.
Dem. (*to Cleon.*) Why how now, rogue!
This is no ring of mine—it tallies not
With my device, or much my eyes deceive me.
Saus. Allow me, sir—what might be your impression?

* Demus alludes to the obol, the usual compensation for services among the Athenians.

† This ring may be considered as equivalent to our Great Seal. The direction of public affairs was chiefly entrusted to the confidential person who held it; the Archons, the ostensible magistrates of Athens, possessing very little actual power. The engravers of seals, who must have formed a considerable body in Athens, were forbidden by law, to keep an impression of any seal which they had cut, in their shops, to prevent the frauds which might arise from counterfeiting the seals of private individuals.

‡ This was a dreary prospect for the Athenians, and a keen sarcasm on her public men.

lem. A roasted thrium with thick *fat inclosed.
aus. (*looking at the ring.*) I see no thrium.
lem. What the impression then?
aus. A wide-mouth'd gull—high seated on a rock,
ct to make a speech.
lem. Me miserable!
aus. What ails you, sir?
lem. Away with it—it is
seal of mine—Cleonymus may own it,
his property. Take this, (*giving another ring to Saus.*) and be
rewith invested with supreme command
l sov'reignty o'er this my house and treasury.
leon. One word—upon my knees—I have some oracles—
te your ear partner to them, ere you pass
ir last resolve.
laus. I too have oracles,
at claim a hearing.
leon. (*to Demus, showing him an oracle*) Sir, 'tis worded here,
ime shall come, when crown'd with blooming roses
nus shall sway the universal world.
laus. 'Tis worded, sir, in mine, that, deck'd in purple,—
rown upon his head, and charioted
olden car,—Demus—in all the pomp
l circumstance of mighty majesty—

The nature of the *thrium* has been explained in the Acharnes. The Greek word Demus, with a variation of accent, signed "*obesity*," as well as "*the people*." The allusion is evident.

Shall hold pursuit—of Thracian *Smycythes—
And her fair lord.

Cleon. Produce your oracles.

Saus. I wait no second bidding.

Dem. (*to Cleon.*) Let the same
Be done by you—

Cleon. Your bidding is obeyed
I go.—(*hurrying off*)

Saus. I vanish.—

A short intermede relieves the time, while t
two disputants are absent fetching their orac
It is scarcely susceptible of translation; the reade
indulgence is desired for the following attempt
In the education of Athenian youth, the science
music formed a prominent part; and the Gre
music, it has been already observed, was intimat
connected with the principles of grammar. T
CHORUS allege it to have been a complaint of Cleo
tutor on the harp, that his pupil could apply h
self to nothing but the *Doric* measure in music:
double powers of the language thus enabling th
to raise a smile at Cleon's bribery and love of p
sents.

* The humour of this passage, such as it is, must be sacrifi
to the explanation. When a married woman was cited to app
before a magistrate at Athens, her husband was also summo
in this form, τὴν δεῖνα καὶ τὸν κύριον, i. e. *such a woman*
her lord; because wives, being under the government of th
husbands, were not permitted to appear in any courts with
them. Hence the allusion.—Smycythes was a king of Thra
the poet, falling in with that particular law-term in the text,
which a summons was issued, contrives to raise a laugh at the
feminacy of Smycythes, as if he had been the lady, instead of
gentleman;—a mistake which the feminine termination of
name favoured.

CHORUS.

That day of all shall break most grateful
To this and future generations;
When death shall take our chief most hateful,
And Cleon end his usurpations.
Yet in the *Deigma many a day,
I hear our crabbed elders say,
With face where age and verjuice play
And wrestle;

That Cleon state and grandeur losing,
Our town two weapons were misusing,
Of use for gath'ring and for bruising,
To wit, a scoop and pestle.

That hands like Cleon's richly gifted,
To compass any depths should fail,
Is what with wonder most uplifted
I hear, and scarce believe the tale.

* The Deigma was situated in the Peiræus, and answered to the modern 'Change. Here were to be seen strangers, arriving from all the nations situated on the shores of the Mediterranean and the Euxine seas; and as if to prove that the arts more particularly flourish under the patronage of commerce, no part of Athens was more crowded with pictures and statues. None of the Athenians, according to Aristotle, were so distinguished for their urbanity and politeness as the inhabitants of the Peiræus; it is there accordingly that Plato has laid the scene of some of his most beautiful dialogues. It was among the merchants, the bankers, and the ship masters at the Peiræus, that the great orator Demosthenes acquired his extensive knowledge of maritime usury, naval contracts, and those remarkable subtleties which the Greeks displayed in their commercial transactions. De Pauw, t. 2b. 208. ii. 20.

And yet his schoolmates still admire,
What sounds broke from his infant lyre,
And still they tell how stung with ire,
And rage plethoric,

The master-lutist spurn'd his fee,
And chid his pupil bitterly,
" Avaunt that harp! whose only key
Is tuned to the Doric."

The Third Act is much calculated to try the unclassical reader's patience; a few omissions have been made in it, that the task might be rendered as light as possible.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

CLEON, SAUSAGE-SELLER, DEMUS, CHORUS.

Cleon (*to Demus.*) You see, sir, what I *bear, yet forms not this
he whole.
Saus. (*to Demus.*) I am a thraw—a dissolution—
y back runs oceans, with the weight of pressure;
:t sum not these the half.
Dem. What may you bear?
Cleon. Predictions—oracles.
Dem. What all?
Cleon. Now you
lmire—and yet a chest possest entire
left behind!
Saus. I have a †garret stor'd
ith them, and eke two dwelling-chambers whole.
Dem. And who has worded these?
Cleon. Mine come from Bacis.
Dem. (*to Saus.*) And your's?

' The two candidates for the favour of Demus enter, labour-
; under a weight of oracles.
· The Modern Greeks, (says Athenæus, lib. ii. p. 57.) used
ἀγκωα in the same sense that the earlier Greeks used ὠα:
ich signified the upper part of the house, and also an egg.
archus says, that the story of the beautiful Helen having been
n from an egg was derived from her having occupied an apart-
nt thus situated.

Saus. From Glanis, sir, his elder brothe
Dem. And what may they relate to?
Cleon. They relate
To Athens and to Pylus—to yourself—
To me—to ev'ry thing.
Dem. (*to Saus.*) And yours?
Saus. Mine tell
Of Athens' blooming town, and paltry lentils;—
Of Lacedæmon and of dainty mackarel;—
They speak of men, who play the subtle trickste
As they mete corn at Market.—They relate
To you and me—(*to Cleon*) for thee, knave, han
thyself.
Dem. Now mould them for my ears, and see yo
read
That first, which prophesies my after-glory,
How I shall lift me in the clouds *an eagle!
My love is link'd most strangely to that prophecy
Cleon. It shall be done, sir,—list.
(*Reads*) "Predictions are come from Apollo's bles
shrine:
Let the son of †Erectheus their import divine.
A dog is about him, that's mighty to bark;
His wit is from heaven, his tooth from a shark.
Pay and gift he'll provide, if well guarded hi
days;—
But ravens croak hoarsely, and daws clamour raise.
Dem. This lies beyond my reach: I marve
much

* Aristophanes mentions this old oracle, so gratifying to Athe nian pride and love of dominion, in two or three of his come dies.

† Erectheus is most probably known to the reader, as an an cient king of Athens.

y dogs and jack-daws couple with Erectheus.
leon. The dog, sir, points to me; who else keeps watch
l barks? Apollo bids that you preserve
r dog.
aus. Build not the faith of oracles
him: he knows them, mighty sir, dog-fashion;
l bites them like a cur, that gnaws the post
s tied to: I have here a prophecy
t speaks (and its words bear the stamp of truth)
pecting this same dog.
lem. Out with it straight:
look me out a trusty stone mean time,
t this dog-oracle should give a gripe.
us. (*reads*) "Erectheus' great son, let thy thoughts musing dwell
the slave-dealing dog, that fit tenant for Hell.
fawns as you sup; but your eye once away,
darts on your bread, and your fish is his prey.
: *kitchen and pantry at night see his tricks,
l a plate, or an island, is gone, where he licks."
lem. Success to Glanis: trust me, he speaks most
o the purpose.
leon. Dearest Demus—hear
in, then judge between us:
ads.) "In Athens the sacred, a cry's heard for help:
oman's in labour;—a lion her whelp.

By the kitchen is meant the Prytaneum: in the following occurs one of those pleasantries by surprise, which so often it us in Aristophanes.

For warfare he's born, and will fight by the great
With the ants and the gnats, and the vermin of state.
On Gratitude rests it this guard to environ
With a wall of stout wood, and a turret of iron.

Dem. Dost reach him? (*turning to the Sausage-seller.*)

Saus. Sir, not I.

Cleon. And yet the God
Speaks clear. I am the lion, and I claim
Protection.

Dem. Good: his words sure stand with reason:
Who else may plead *a lion's tooth and claws!

Saus. Aye, but he sinks the iron wall and wood,
Where Phœbus wills that you hold guard of him;
And thus he falsifies the exposition.

Dem. And how do you expound it!

Saus. By the wood
And iron wall I understand the pillory:—
The oracle enjoins, he take his place there.

Dem. And I subscribe me to its pleasure—

Cleon. Nay,
Not so: the envious crows are croaking round me;
(*Fawningly.*) Let your hawk win your love; think who †bound and who bore
The young Spartan ravens in chains to your shore.

* There is a play of words in the original, calculated to raise an innocent laugh at one Antileo. I have given a substitute for it.

† The prisoners made at Pylus were not only brought in chains to Athens, but a decree of the people ordained, (Thuc. l. iv. c. 41.) that they should be kept in chains, till some arrangement was made between the two contending states: with a further provision that if the Peloponnesians in the the interim invaded attica, the prisoners should immediately be put to death.

ſaus. The man was in his cups, when he achieved
e feat—and what so wondrous in the deed?
e weakest sex can bear a burthen, be it
ce lifted to *their head. (*To Demus.*) But, sir, I have
prophecy will please your royal ear:
ıas our fleet for object.
Dem. I'm all attention.
ghs.) Would it might pay our crews their due arrears!
ſaus. (*reads.*) "A riddle, a riddle's the theme of my story—
s a dog in the stern; 'tis a ‡fox a priori;
knowledge is various, its foot swift and sure,
d its gripe, aim'd in secret, leaves nothing secure."—
ıt comprehend?
Dem. No further, friend, than this:
ıt your fox-dog must mean Philostratus:

The poet insinuates, that Cleon owed his success at Pylus to previous arrangements of Demosthenes. The scholiast en- into a long explanation of the passage.

An old oracle respecting Pylus has been omitted. It is in- ıced only for the purpose of making two puns on *propylæon*, ıre court, and *pyelus*, a bathing vessel.

By the fox-dog, says Casaubon, is meant Cleon, as uniting ıimself the worst qualities of both those animals. The sar- m (with a passing blow upon one Philostratus, a brothel- per) is directed (where, at the outset, it might little be ex- ted by the modern reader) against that particular species of ıel, which the Athenians employed in collecting tribute from islanders! This part of Athenian polity will require more lee than the light raillery, which Aristophanes has ventured ıass upon it: the practice indeed was in his time only com- ıencing.

None couples the two species sure but he.

Saus. You're vicious in your guess. The o
cle

Enjoins you grant no *tribute-gath'ring ships,
Nor heed the Paphlagonian's suit for them.

* The tribute-gathering business, as Mr. Mitford calls it, is o
of the most disgusting pictures, among the many which Att
nian history presents to us. The words of Phocion, when se
upon this odious employment, are too well known to need me
tioning; but Phocion in this, as in other matters, stood sing
among his countrymen. The commander of the tribute-gath
ing fleet, says the English historian of Greece, made his o
terms with all the numerous maritime states of the shores of t
Ægean. Paying him as he required, they were to have prot
tion for their commerce: not so paying, they would be open
depredation from pirates, especially the greatest of pirates, t
commander of the Athenian fleet. The peculation was reduc
to a system. Every man in the fleet, according to his rank, h
regularly his share. The treasury profited little: but every i
dividual seaman being interested in the corruption, and the fle
being a large part of the commonwealth, not only to bring a
to punishment was seldom possible, but the peculator, throu
the interest he acquired by allowing a share in the peculatio
was generally safer than the honest commander, who would da
to deny to those under him the wages of corruption. Hist.
Greece, v. vii. 376. A valuable passage from the speech of D
mosthenes de Chers. translated by the same author, admirab
confirms this statement. "In this dilemma of the republi
says the orator, "I must speak openly: and at all risk for t
consequences, I will assure you, that no naval commander ev
sails from your harbours, but he receives presents. They co
from the Chians, the Erythræans, all the commercial states lik
to be within reach of your fleets: I mean however the Asia
only. If he has but one or two ships under his orders, he h
something: if his force is greater, he has more in proporti
The pretence of these presents is good will to the commande
under that title they are offered. But those states you may
sure, none of them give this money for nothing: they pay f
the safety of their commerce; that their ships may be, not plu
dered, but protected." v. viii. 327. The infamous Chares, t
unworthy associate of Demosthenes, was supposed to have rais

Dem. Why calls the oracle a vessel fox-dog?
Saus. With reason good: a ship is swift, and what
Is swifter than a dog?
Dem. Why join the names
Of fox and dog?
Saus. To part them were to separate
The ships and those they carry in them—sir—
Our soldiers are the foxes, witness many
A town whose grapes have feasted them.
Dem. The oracle
Is right—but, friend—money runs short, and foxes
Abound—how satisfy them all?
Saus. Rest that
With me: a three days pay shall be allowed them.
(*Reads.*) But another prediction awaits my lord's ear;
'Tis Phœbus that warns—"of *Cyllene beware."
Dem. Cyllene, Cyllene, (*to Saus.*) how this understand?
Saus. Cyllene is lameness, and means a maim'd hand.
To Cleon's apply it;—as with bruise or with maim—
Still 'tis bent with—"Your honour, drop gift in the same."

in the course of his various commands, no less than 1500 talents, near 300,000*l.* which he distributed among his favourite officers and supporting orators.

*Cyllene was a city of Arcadia: a Greek word of similar sound signifies a lamed hand. The poet is preparing a blow at Cleon's corruption and love of bribes: the blow is also made to fall upon Diopeithes, whose hand appears to have been maimed in some discreditable exploit.

Cleon. You are wrong; when maim'd hands su
the point in dispute,
Diopeithes knows best how to settle the suit.
But enough—I've an oracle yet to declare,
It comes from the clouds and is borne on the air.
(*To Demus*) Like an eagle, it tells, you shall sprea
your wide wings,
A lord over monarchs, a king over kings.
Saus. (*eagerly.*) I've the same; while a claus
supplemental extends
Your reign to the Red Sea, and earth's *farthe
ends;
With a seat on the bench in remote Ecbatane,
And a banquet of sweets, while the suits are i
train.
Cleon. I have seen me a vision; I've dream'd m
a dream:
It's author was Pallas, and Demus its theme:
The cup †arytæna blaz'd wide in her hand,
And plenty and riches fell wide o'er the land.
Saus. I too have my visions and dreams of th
night:
Our Lady and ‡owl stood confest to my sight:

* An allusion has already been made to a singular oath, whic was taken by the young men of Athens, before they went upo an expedition. It was taken in the temple of Agraulos, and im plied, that they would consider wheat and barley, and vines an olives to be the limits of Attica; by which, says Plutarch, the were taught to claim a title to all lands that were manured an fruitful. *Life of Alcibiades.*

† The *arytæna* was a sort of cup or vessel used to draw wate with.

‡ A gentleman who can bring the most profound erudition t the aid of his researches, has re-marked that the owl was very pro perly made the symbol of Minerva, (the pure emanation of th divine mind,) as it is a bird which seems to surpass all other crea

ı the cup *aryballus choice blessings she threw,
im (*turning to Cleon*) fell tan-pickle, and nec-
tar on you (*to Demus*).

the reader has been content to follow me
ıgh these oracles and predictions, he will pro-
y come to the same conclusion with Demus;
of the two prophets, Glanis is much the wiser
One only resource now remained for Cleon.
nation which ranked cookery among the liberal
and whose mythical fables sent Hercules to
elief of Prometheus (the emblem of afflicted
ınity, according to W. Schlegel) in a wine cup,
other appetites to be gratified besides a love of
er and dominion; and Cleon determines to ap-
from his master's hopes and fears to the hum-

in acuteness and refinement of organic perception; its eye
calculated to discern objects which, to all others, are en-
ed in darkness; its ear to hear sounds distinctly, when no
can perceive them at all; and its nostrils to discriminate
ia with such nicety, that it has been deemed prophetic from
vering the putridity of death, even in the first stages of dis-
R. P. Knight's Inquiry into the Symbolical Language of
ent Art and Mythology.

he aryballus was a vessel shaped like a purse, broad at bot-
ınd narrow at top. On the names and properties of Greek
of every description, the reader may consult the eleventh
of Athenæus. That those beautiful specimens of art, which
xcite the utmost admiration, should have been highly prized
people, whose niceness of organic perception best enabled
to appreciate their merits, forms no subject of wonder:
smile is excited, when we find that one man (Pytheas of
ılia) carried his admiration of them so far, as to leave an
ph for his tomb behind him, (vid. Athen. l. xi. p. 465.) in
ı it was considered less a point that posterity should be made
ainted with his goodness and his temperance, (virtues which
ears really belonged to him,) than that he died possessed of
vases of every description than any of his predecessors.

bler gratifications of his palate. The first attack made through the medium of barley, and the off of providing him daily sustenance—but the ba mention of barley is offensive to Demus—he h been deceived enough already on that point b Cleon and *Thuphanes. An offer of prepar wheat does not propitiate him more. The Saussag vender is both more delicate and profuse: the ba quet which he proposes to lay before his master, to consist of little puddings well baked, and broil fish; and his life, as this aspirant to favour declar shall be nothing but a scene of mastication. Th imagination of Demus begins to open to the flatte ing prospect.

Dem. About it straight then, and—observe—
Who caters best and offers me most presents,
To him I give the state and all it's harness.

Cleon (*running.*) Sayst thou? I'm on my legs, a start this instant.

Saus. (*running faster.*) I've left already long space behind me.

* Thuphanes, according to the scholiast, was a secretary Cleon; what particular transaction is here alluded to, the sch liast does not mention.

SCENE II.

CHORUS, DEMUS.

10. Honour, power and high estate,
Demus, mighty *lord, hast thou!
To thy sceptre small and great
In obeisance lowly bow!—
Yet you're easy to his hand whoever cringes;
Ev'ry fool you gape upon,
Ev'ry speech your ear hath won,
While your wits move off and on
Their hinges.

em. (*surlily*). Hinges in their teeth, who deem
That Demus is an easy fool;
If he yawn and if he dream,
If he tipple, 'tis by rule;
*Tis his way to keep in pay one knave to ease him;—
Him he keeps for guide and gull,
But when once the spunge is full,
To himself the knave he'll pull,
And squeeze him.

110. I can feel, and I commend
This your wisdom's sign and seal;

In the original the term is tyrant; and very justly: the true nus of Athens united in himself all the powers of governt, legislative, executive, financial and judicial, which as Montesquieu observes, constitutes the very essence of tyranny. See Areiopagitic Oration of Isocrates. v. i. p. 288.

If it own a proper end,
If with public men you deal,
As with scape-goat and the land's devoted sin
ner;
If you lodge them in the *Pnyx,
Then when fit occasion pricks,
On the fattest there you fix
For a dinner.

Dem. Hear and own, that I have known
To circumvent when prest;
Eyes I close and seem to doze,
But 'tis dog-sleep at the best;
While the varlets fondly cram I'm heedful
For the learned in the law
Know with *camus I can draw,
As with probe from throat or maw,
What's needful.

With this dialogue ends the third act.

* This alludes to a custom practised among the ancients fo
averting famine, plague, or any epidemic disorder. A man an
woman were entertained at the public expense, who might serv
upon occasion as expiatory victims, each for his own sex. Th
ceremony was to march them round the streets to the sound c
instruments, to give them a few stripes with rods, and then mak
them leave the city. Sometimes the unfortunate pair were burn
and their ashes thrown into the sea.

† The *camus* was a little funnel, through which the dicas
cast into the urns the beans, which were to decide upon the a
quittal or condemnation of prisoners.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

CLEON, SAUSAGE-VENDER, DEMUS, CHORUS.

Cleon (*to Saus.*) Off, knave! and feast the *crows.
Saus. On your own head
All the ill wish!
Cleon. Demus, I wait a week
With hands prepar'd to show'r my gifts upon you.
Saus. And I a month—a year—a century—
Time out of mind, mind, mind.
Dem. And I wait here
Expecting your large promises, and venting
Curses on both (*mimics*) before creation—ation—ation.
Saus. (*to Demus.*) Know'st what to do?
Dem. Your wisdom can advise me.
Saus. Start him and me, observe, as from the barriers:
We'll run a race as 'twere, who most can give you.
Dem. 'Tis well advised: one—two—three—away!
Saus. We're gone.
Dem. Run quick.
Cleon. I dare him to outstrip me:
[*Exeunt Cleon and Saus.*

* The crows appear to have been in great disfavour with the Athenians; they had the fee simple of all that society wished to keep from itself.

Dem. (*solus.*) I must be dainty nice indeed, if such
A pair of lovers do not satisfy me!

Such was the humour of the Old Comedy: it must be confest that we have improved largely both in our notions of wit and humour. The rival candidates now commence their contest of presents —they consist chiefly of culinary articles, and that everlasting dish, the affair at Pylus, is again served up to the worthy Demus, whom the poet seems resolved to satiate with the only exploit which Cleon ever accomplished. There is so much play of words in this short scene, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to render it satisfactory to the English reader. Aristophanes, like the French Piron, is sometimes a mere machine for throwing out puns, squibs, sarcasms, pleasantries, and play of words. He is a fire-work discharging the most brilliant scintillations on all sides, but their effect is lost, if analysed or contemplated too curiously. The Sausage-vender has the advantage of his rival for some time in his presents, till Cleon awakens his fears by talking of a dish of hare, which he has exclusively to present. His rival, disconcerted at first, has recourse to a stratagem. "Some ambassadors come this way to me, *and their purses seem well filled.*" "Where are they?" exclaims Cleon eagerly, and turns about. The hare-flesh was immediately in the hands of his rival, who presents the boasted dainty in his own name to Demus, and *he* of course casts the old affair of Pylus in the disappointed Cleon's teeth.

While the Sausage-vender piously refers the

gestion of this little theft to Minerva, and mo-
tly takes the execution only to himself, Cleon
:nts the surprise very warmly. "I had all the
ger of catching the hare," says he, referring to
predecessor Demosthenes. "And I had all the
ıble of dressing it," says his rival. "Fools,"
ı Demus, in the true spirit of Athenian and de-
:ratical selfishness, "I care not who caught it,
who dressed it; all I regard is the hand which
ves it up to table." A conscious feeling of infe-
ity now comes over Cleon, and one of those
verful words which the Greek language only
plies, expresses his fears, that the race is against
, and that he shall be *distanced* in impudence.
rival proposes a new test of affection. "Let
chests," says he, "be searched. It will then
proved who loves Demus most;" or, in the
sage-vender's own words, "who is the better
ı towards Demus and his stomach." This is
ordingly done. That of the new candidate for
ver is found empty. "He had given dear little
nus every thing." In Cleon's is found abun-
ce of all good things; and a tempting cheese-
e particularly excites Demus's surprise. "The
ue!" says this representative of the sovereign
ltitude, "to conceal such a prodigious cheese-
e as this, and to cut me off but a mere morsel of
and that, too," subjoins the complainant,
nging his *dialect, for a reason which the learn-
reader will appreciate, "after I had made him

The change is made from the Attic to the *Doric* dialect;
a hearty laugh no doubt accompanied this sudden and sig-
cant allusion to the demagogue's corruption and love of
vents.

a present of a chaplet, and added many other
ceurs besides!" Cleon in vain pleads that he
for the good of the country. He is ordered t
down his *chaplet, and invest his antagonist
it. Nay, says he, still struggling for the reter
of office,

Cleon. I have an oracle,—it came from Phœl
And tells to whom Fate wills I yields the mas
Saus. Declare the name—my life upon't-
god
Refers to me.†
Cleon. Presumptuous!—you!—low scoun
To the proof:—where were you school'd, and
the teacher
That first imbued your infant mind with k
ledge?
Saus. The kitchen and the scullery gav
breeding;
And teacher I had none save blows and cuffs.
Cleon (*aside.*) My mind misgives me: what
deliver'd!
But pass we on: (*aloud*) say further wha
‡wrestling master
Instructed you?
Saus. To steal—to look the injur

* Cleon, according to the scholiast, had received a chapl
full assembly from the people; with the privilege perhaps a
ed of wearing it on all occasions.

† Brumoy observes, that the *anagnosis*, by which Cleon'
cessor in office is pointed out, is a parody on the well k
scene in the Oedipus Tyrannus, where the incestuous par
is so skilfully brought to light.

‡ The παιδοτριβης, or wrestling master, succeeded the
μαστιγας and κιθαριστας.

Straight in the face, and then forswear the theft.
Cleon (*aside.*) Angels* and ministers of grace protect me!
(*Aloud*) Unclasp what art or trade your manhood practis'd.
Saus. I dealt in sausages.
Cleon. Aught more?
Saus. I found
The bagnios employment.
Cleon (*aside.*) I'm undone.
One only hope remains. (*aloud*) Resolve me—practis'd you
Within the market place, or at the †gates?
Saus. Nay, at the gates, among the men who deal
In salted fish.
Cleon. All is accomplish'd.
It is the will of heav'n:—hear me within:—
A long farewell to all my former greatness!
Adieu,‡ fair chaplet! 'gainst my will I quit thee,
And give thy matchless sweets to other hands!—
There may be knaves more fortunate than I,
But never shall the world see thief more rascally.
Saus. (*devoutly*) Thine be the triumph, Jove§ Ellanian!

* Cleon parodies the Bellerophon of Euripides.

† The lowest tradesmen only practised at the gates of the town; every answer is made to show the utter baseness of Cleon's rival, and thus to place himself in the most ignominious light.

‡ Parodied from the description of the dying Alcestes taking leave of her bridal bed.

§ Jupiter was worshipped at Ægina under this title upon the following occasion. A great drought prevailed in that island, which had nearly brought the people to ruin. By the united

SCENE II.

AGORACRITUS, CHORUS, DEMUS.

CHO. Joy
And gratulation to our friend; bear he
In mem'ry's tablet, 'tis to us he owes
These proofs of manhood. (*to Agor.*) Worthy sir—
I have
A small request—the place which Phanus holds—
I am your suitor for the same, and fain
Would sign your writs.
Dem. And I have my request—
How runs your name?
Agor. They call me *Agoracritus—
And justly; for my livelihood and bread,
I' the forum have been earn'd by litigation.
Dem. To Agoracritus I now commit me:
And with myself I give unto his charge
This Paphlagonian here.
Agor. And bravely will I
Maintain thee, Demus—your own lips shall testify,

prayers of the Pan-Hellenes (or universal Greeks) to Jupiter, this affliction was removed. It was while making excavations in Ægina, in order to ascertain the proportions of the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, that the pieces of sculpture were dug up, which have so much exercised the ingenuity of the learned.

* Enough already has been said of the Athenian Agora, to give some idea of what this name is meant to convey.

That you have never seen a better nor
A wiser man in this our town*—Cechenian.

SEMI-CHORUS.†

Where shall praise and commendation
Make their lasting habitation,
But with them, whose steeds though spent
Still are on their topmost bent?—
In beginning and in ending,
Muse, then let thy high commending
With our noble Horsemen rest.
Take no part,
From mere gaiety of heart,

* The audience expected the speaker to say Athenian. The word *Cechenian* means *stupid, gaping*—easy to be cheated; and applies more particularly to that love of news which distinguished the Athenians in the time of Demosthenes and St. Paul, and which still forms a prominent feature in the character of the modern Athenians.

† The Intermede, which now relieves the action of the play,—revolting enough in some of its parts, but curious in all,—shows what a most inquisitorial power the Old Comedy exercised over public and private life in Athens. What the courtesy indeed of modern manners either drops altogether, or mentions only as a misfortune, is by the Greek stage, which was directed entirely to the amelioration or perfection of men gathered into a community, stigmatized almost as an offence. Accordingly the poverty of Lysistratus and Thaumantis, made contemptible indeed by other accessories, forms a prelude to the *public menulon* and ridicule of crimes which the dramatist brands indeed with the most deserved infamy, but which, for the honour of human nature, will not bear the most distant allusion. The lighter raillery upon the wretched Cleonymus, who is now served up to the public as a parasite, and upon the worthless Hyperbolus, as the author of an obnoxious state measure, can hardly fail to excite a smile.

'Gainst Lysistratus the supple;
Nor the smart
Of satire with Thaumantis couple.
'Tis a wretch beyond a jest.
With famine and leanness his meals he has made,
And when Delphi he seeks in the course of his trade,
And with sighs and with tears the god's favour would win,
His strength tops the quiver, but fails at the chin.

FULL CHORUS.

Guilty men to taunt with satire is no subject for reproof:
Sober men the deed will honour;—what if Envy stand aloof?
A wretch exists,—were common knowledge more familiar with his name,
I without an inuendo loudly would pronounce the same.
But obscurity protects him, and Satire, much desiring other,
Finds no shaft to pierce and wound him, but through his exalted brother.
Arignotus—(when I name him, none his merit needs to learn,
Who is master of his gamut, or can black from white discern)
Shames his fortunes by a brother, pair'd with him in nought but blood,
Who takes pleasure in his vices as a swine that's wash'd, in mud.

Were he, sirs, a simple scoundrel, as a cut-purse
from the street,
A suborner, or informer, or a bully or a cheat;
Had he turned his mind to filching, or to flattery
or praise,
Or had practis'd oldest vices in the newest kind of
ways;
Verse of mine had never touched him, nor perhaps
his name been known,
But the wretch to old pollutions adds inventions of
his own.

In the flow of solemn verse
Here then I pronounce a curse,
And I damn to endless fame
Ariphrades, that thing of shame,
And his deed without a name;—
If there be who counter run
To this honest malison,
Fellowship with them I'll none;
I abjure them and resign;
Nor shall juice of generous wine
Ever flow in friendly cup
For our common lips to sup.

SEMI-CHORUS.

On my bed and in my play,
—Much by night, and more by day,—
To myself I talk and say,
What profession, art, or trade,
Earns Cleonymius his bread?
Rumour says, that once within
A rich man's cupboard, press or bin,

Pray'r nor tear, nor menace stout,
Can entice the glutton out.
Though from his knees the suppliant ris
Attest the earth—adjure the skies,
And beg with deprecating cries
"King—Emperor—Lord—come forth
pray,
And grant our board one holiday."

FULL CHORUS.

Our ships in congress met of late
For councils grave and sage debate.
A frigate well advanced in years
Rose first and told her secret fears.
"Sad tidings, ladies, these I hear ;—
Things go but ill in town, I fear.
A hundred of us—such the tale—
Must instant to *Chalcedon sail :
May fiery vengeance blast the brute,
Hyperbolus†—who urg'd the suit

* The possession of Chalcedon and Byzantium was of th most importance to Athens. Both were great objects, for r nue and for commerce; for commerce especially in two prin articles of the Attic market, corn and slaves.

The promontory on which the ancient Chalcedon stood, i cording to Pococke, a very fine situation, being a gentle r ground from the sea, with which it is almost bounded on t sides; and having further on the east side of it a small ri which falls into the little bay to the south, that seems to l been the port of the Chalcedonians. Chalcedon, therefore, this writer, would be esteemed a most delightful situati Constantinople, which is still more advantageously situ were not so near it.

† Hyperbolus was a man of much the same turbulent ch ter as Cleon: he was the friend of that ignorant and overbe demagogue when living, and the successor to his influ

And carried it!"—The lady spoke,
And terror seiz'd the maids of oak.—
"'Twas past endurance"—"faith and troth."—
Some fainted—others dropp'd an oath.
Uprose a sloop, whose maiden breast
No hand of man had yet compress,
And, "Ladies," with a sneer cried she,
"Such scurvy captains board not me.
Sooner shall age these timbers eat,
And give the worms a lasting treat.
You, ladies, as you please—but I
This chief of visage sour defy—
And Spitfire holds me company.
Our hearts are strong;—our cause is good;—
He'll find us, girls, true pitch and wood.—
For Athens—sure her wits are fled;
Nor knows she what fits barks well-bred.

among the lowest of the people. A few years after this comedy was written, Hyperbolus endeavoured to create a variance between Nicias and Alcibiades, and to exercise upon the latter the well-known punishment of ostracism. "His influence," says the English Historian of Greece, (vol. iv. p. 28.) "was such, that it was evidently in his power to decide whether Alcibiades or Nicias should be banished. But he had a politician to encounter such as Cleon never met with. Alcibiades communicated with Nicias; an assembly of the people was held; both collected their strength; and Hyberbolus was named as a person, by his weight, influence and seditious designs, dangerous to the commonwealth. The people were surprised; for no man of his mean condition was ever before proposed as a subject for the ostracism. But the Athenian people loved a joke; and this appeared a good one: they would honour him by ranking him with Miltiades Aristeides, Themistocles and Cymon. To this whim of a thoughtless multitude was added all the weight of interest of Alcibiades and Nicias, and the banishment of Hyperbolus was decided." The Athenians thought the punishment of ostracism (which some writer, I think, has called a tax upon virtue) so much disgraced by a man like Hyperbolus having been subjected to it, that they afterwards abolished it.

I move then, till the storm be past,
By *Theseus' fane we anchor fast,
Or stretch us for that chapel fair
Where the Eumenides hear prayer.
Never, so help me Jove, shall he,
To mock the town, take charge of me;
But rather, when the wind sets fair,
Feast with his bones the fowls of air,
Launching the boats, wherein convey'd
Such wealth and stores of cash he made
By †candle-wicks and chandler's trade.

* The temples of Theseus and the Eumenides were pla
refuge for runaway slaves.

† Hyperbolus is laughed at elsewhere as a link-maker.
far the poet's satire upon a man's occupation is to be exte
has been already explained.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

AGORACRITUS, CHORUS.

Agor. A truce to the speech that ill omens would teach,
reign words of all blest acceptation;
Affidavits may cease and the courts* all in peace
slumber quiet without molestation.
Such weak joys are no more—to new blessings we soar,
and oh! for this blest transformation,
So prosp'rous and new, ring the theatre through
loud pæans of high gratulation.
CHO. (*to Agor.*) Thou star wondrous bright, shedding radiance and light,
to our islands and town beneficial.
Say, what news dost thou note that our streets wide must float
in †perfume and rites sacrificial?

* We shall have occasion to consider the judicial policy of Athens in the following comedy of the Wasps: in what light it was considered by themselves may be seen by the concluding clause against those who violated the Amphictyonic oath, and which the framers of that oath appear to have considered as all that was horrible: May they never perform a pure sacrifice to Apollo, Diana and Minerva the provident: *may they be alike unsuccessful in war and lawsuits*, and may their posterity be extirpated from the face of the earth.

† It was the custom, at Athens, on any good news to offer sacrifices to the gods, whose images were placed in the streets.

Agor. Demus, sirs, by my power, is again see
to tower
in the vigour of youth and stern beauty;
So hard have I toil'd, vapour'd, seeth'd and pa
boil'd,
and so well has my caldron done duty.
CHO. And where does he dwell, open furth
and tell,
thou man of devices victorious?
Agor. He dwells in the town of the violet-crow
in Athens the ancient and glorious.
CHO. His bearing and port deign me next
report,
what dress and costume say have won him?
Let me hear, sir, and learn, that my eyes me
may turn
views of love and devotion upon him.
Agor. In the garb of past years richly rob'd
appears;
in those fashions and forms all his pride is,
When he din'd in high state as Miltiades' mate,
And supp'd with the wise Aristeides.
But full view you may take—for hark! the do
creak,
new *visions of glory forth sending;
Now clap hands and throw out all your soul i
shout
to the honour of Athens ascending.
She appears in her praise as the ancient of days
the theme and the top of high wonder;

* W. Schlegel thinks that the scene was here changed, an
view of the magnificent Propylæa substituted in place of
humble dwelling of the allegorical Demus.

Demus' fitmost abode, hymn'd in song and in ode,
and echoed in peals of deep thunder.
Cho. O, far-envied town, in whose chaplet and crown
the violets never are blighted,
Athens famous and great, show thy king in his state,
and let Greece own her monarch delighted!
Agor. Splendour-deck'd, and in oils and in essences trick'd,
see he comes and claims deep veneration!
He deigns in his hair the *cicada to wear,
breathing truce, love, and conciliation.

SCENE II.

Demus, Chorus, Agoracritus.

Cho. Hail, hail to our lord, honour'd, lov'd and ador'd,
through Greece his all-hallow'd dominion!
Transported we bring to the feet of our king
this triumph of public opinion.

* The Athenians prided themselves in the idea of being sprung from the earth; and as an emblem of this imaginary generation they had a custom of wearing golden cicadæ (generally translated *grasshoppers*) in their hair. The Arcadians, who boasted that they existed before the moon, advanced their pretence in the same way by wearing moons in their shoes. Plato, whom nothing fanciful in the mythical tales of his countrymen escaped, has prosecuted their claim to antiquity at some length in his amusing little dialogue, called Critias.—See also his Republic, lib. iii. p. 443. Edit. Marc. Ficini.

To the pleasure and fame of our town and it
name
thou hast order'd, decreed and enacted,
Thou hast acted and done, as achievements lon
won
at Marathon's high field exacted.
Dem. Come hither, Agoracritus—my gratitude
Is tied to thee—such marvellous amendment
Hath this thy boiling wrought.
Agor. O could your eye
Reverted trace your former state, and actions!—
These have not come within your scope of know
ledge;—
Had they—the gratitude would e'en come short,
That rank'd me next the mark of high divinity.
Dem. And what might be this former state? un
buckle thee
And paint my former self unto me.
Agor. Sir,
Your bidding shall be done. This was your na
ture:
Did one in the Assembly speak you thus,
(*mimics*) "Demus, I am your friend—Demus, 'ti
you
Alone command my love—Demus there's none
But I takes counsel for you"—needed only
A speech and tricksy flourishing like this,
And straight your horns were in the air for pride
And joy unbounded.
Dem. Say, how far'd meantime
The trickster?
Agor. He had gained his end and march'd
Away; what should detain him to your uses?
Dem. And did they fool my senses thus?

Agor. Your ears
Meantime went as it were on springs, sir, closing
And opening at will, like some umbrella.
Dem. O that my riper years should see themselves
From wisdom thus divorced! I mourn my folly.
Agor. Put case,—a brace of orators arose,
And one thus utter'd him—"'Tis fit we mann'd
A fleet"—the other, "Sirs, the judges must not
Curtail them of their fee"—how went the issue?
Mark! the ship-advocate is quash'd anon—
Look to the fee-commender—he hath gain'd
His cause, and gone about his business presently—
(*to Dem.*) Well may you shift your ground and hang your ears.
Dem. My cheeks indeed pay shame for such offence
And guilt of former days.
Agor. With you it rests not;
Nor shall you do yourself that wrong to think it:
Their's was the shame, that play'd upon your easiness.
But now put case in after day—good Demus—
Some scoundrel from the bar should thus address you.
"This culprit must be trounced—I'll have that cause
Nonsuited—let the judges else look to it—
No fee, no bread for them if they refuse."—
Should one discourse you thus, how shall he fare
With you?
Dem. The *public pit shall be his fate.

* The barathrum is meant here, a deep pit, where criminals were thrown at Athens.

Thither shall he be borne—and at his neck
I'll tie Hyperbolus by way of make-weight.

Agor. There is a smack of sense and justice here.
What other measures for the state's good ordinance
Have you devis'd?

Dem. Who row our men of war,
Shall win the harbour and full *pay together.

Agor. Many worn hams will thank you for this grace.

Dem. The list which sees a citizen †enroll'd
Shall keep it there: no grace—no innovation.

Agor. This blow will strike Cleonymus' huge buckler.

Dem. I'll have no speeches in the Agora
From those whose chins have not yet budded,

Agor. Clisthenes,
And Straton then must use despatch, and straight
Look out another school of oratory.

Dem. My meaning rather points to those same sparks,
For ever haunting the perfumers' shops,
Who sit and chatter to this tune—" Commend me (*mimicking*)

* Every Athenian was more or less a seaman; and as the soldier sometimes worked at the oar, so the seaman, upon occasions, served by land. The pay of the seaman, like that of the oplite, was, at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, two drachmæ. (Thuc. l. iii. c. 17.) This was found too much for the public treasury, and a reduction took place. In the expedition against Sicily, the state allowance to the mariners was only one drachma: (Thuc. l. vi. c. 31.) we afterwards find Alcibiades advising Tissaphernes (Thuc. l. viii. c. 45.) that the Athenians gave but half a drachma to their sailors, and recommending him to reduce his allowances to the same sum.

† See the comedy of the Peace.

'To *Phæax—swinge me!—'tis a man of parts—
Vers'd in all school-points most divinely—none
Takes firmer hold upon his hearer—split me!—
And then such art in hammering his sentiments,
So clear, so powerful to sway the passions!
He'll take them in their highest storm and buffetings,
And—stap my vitals—lay them in a moment."

Agor. (*mimicking.*) A rape! a rape! thou'rt gone, thou'rt lost—this phrase-maker
Hath ta'en thy very senses—split my wind-pipe!

Dem. Nay, they may bid farewell to law and act making;
The woods† and fields offer more fit diversion—

* The inadvertencies of so learned a man as Casaubon are to be mentioned with due respect. Phæax was not an imaginary voluptuary, drawn from the Odyssey, as he supposes, but a son of Erasistratus, who began public life with Alcibiades. Phæax, according to Plutarch, (Life of Alcibiades) had an easy persuasive manner of speaking in private conversation, but could not maintain a debate before the people; or as Eupolis said of him, he was an excellent talker but a most impotent orator, (λαλειν 'αριστος, 'αδυνατωτατος λεγειν.) The poet therefore laughs at the young coxcombs of Athens, as not knowing the difference between true oratory and a mere flow of words; and the satire is conveyed in the affected language of that class of men, whom he exposes with such admirable art in the following comedy of the Clouds. The dialogue called Sophista, in which Plato brings all his gigantic powers to bear upon the same pestilent race of men, with an apparent consciousness, that even those powers are almost unequal to the task of fully exposing their fallacious subtleties and specious deceptions, is conducted almost entirely in the same kind of phraseology. See also his dialogue called Politicus, and Xen. Mem. l. 3. c. 1. s. 6. That the spirit of the original might not be entirely lost, I have ventured to substitute some of the terms of the dramatic fops of Charles the Second's time.

† The satire of Aristophanes is here, as in most other places, perfectly on the right side. The young men of Athens were

There let them course and hunt, or force may drive them.

Agor. Say you? by the same token then I gift you
With this trim folding *stool, and here's at hand
A stout and well limb'd lad to bear it for you.

Dem. My heart o'erflows—old days return.

Agor. None will
Gainsay that speech, when I shall put a gift
Into thy hand, which thirty years will not
Wear out—what hoa, my lady †Truces, enter!

Dem. Why! what a world of charms is shower'd here!
This lip might tempt me to a ‡thirty-years,
Salute!—those eyes—how cam'st thou by these beauties?

Agor. They were conceal'd within, and who but he,
The cursed Paphlagonian, to hide them?
Take them and hie thee to the country instantly.

gradually deserting the manly exercises of the field, for the effeminate pleasures of a town life, and for the public assemblies, in which they valued themselves on displaying a specious, false, and foppish eloquence, in what manner, and under what masters acquired, we shall have occasion to see in the following comedy of the Clouds.

* It was customary for rich men at Athens to have a slave follow them with a stool of this kind, that they might rest themselves at pleasure. The avaricious man in Theophrastus saves himself this expense, by carrying with him an old mantle for the purpose.

† Some females are here introduced characteristically habited. All early comedy is fond of allusions of this kind. In the French morality, *Le bien advisé et le mal advisé*, the present, past, and future tenses of the verb *to reign*, figure as allegorical persons.

‡ Probably an allusion to the thirty years truce, which was to have preceded the Peloponnesian war.

lem. And how, meantime, shall fare the Paphlagonian?

Agor. This be his punishment—to exercise
› trade I leave—dwell by the city-gates,
ıing no fellowship nor soft communion—
ply—(and that by grace)—the trade of Sausage-vender—
make his olios—*dog-flesh enrich'd
h asses' meat—to know no sober moment—
l when he's high in wine, to make a war
words upon his graceless nymph-companions—
thirst, and slake his parching throat from streams
ich first have visited the public baths— [him?
:s this content, or shall worse treatment bide

lem. Nay, I subscribe to this—on such society
sword-tongue best is drawn—there let him battle—

Agor.) For thee—thy services deserve the Hall,
l seat which late install'd that worthless varlet.
:e you this robe ('tis green, and borrows name
ım frogs) you are my debtor for it—follow me
l bear the same in hand—for Cleon, let now
new pursuit see him in solemn act
:all'd, and garb'd as best befits his office;
vill satisfy the strangers whom his coarse
ronts have long been wont to mortify.

* It was the custom, according to the scholiast, for the lower desmen to practise tricks of this kind, and thus impose upon unwary. It appears, however, from Hippocrates, unpalatand even monstrous as such a dish may appear to us, that the h of asses, horses, dogs, and foxes was eaten without any scru- in Greece. Dogs' flesh, according to Casaubon, was recomnded by this great physician as particularly wholesome.

A procession—Cleon is carried in state in t
tume and with all the implements of his n
sion—the CHORUS *accompanying the po*
song, which unfortunately has not come d

THE CLOUDS.

The following translation of the Clouds (the next in succession of the Aristophanic Comedies) is by the late Mr. Cumberland. It has been too much admired, and, generally speaking, it is too masterly a production, to justify the translator of the preceding plays in a competition, or indeed to render another version of it necessary.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

STRÉPSIADES.
PHEIDIPPIDES.
SERVANT *to* STREPSIADES.
DISCIPLES *of* SOCRATES.
SOCRATES.
CHORUS *of* CLOUDS.
DICÆOLOGOS.
ADICÆOLOGOS.
PASIAS.
AMYNIAS.
WITNESSES,
CHÆREPHON.

SCENE—ATHENS.

THE CLOUDS.

SCENE I.

(STREPSIADES *is discovered in his chamber,* PHEIDIPPIDES *sleeping in his bed. Time, before break of day.*)

Strep. (*stretching and yawning.*) AH me, ah me!
will this night never end?
Oh kingly Jove, shall there be no more day?
And yet the cock sung out long time ago;
I heard him—but my people lie and snore,
Snore in defiance, for the rascals know
It is their privilege in time of war,
Which with its other plagues brings this upon us,
That we mayn't rouse these vermin with a cudgel.
There's my young hopeful too, he sleeps it through,
Snug under five fat blankets at the least.
Would I could sleep so sound! but my poor eyes
Have no sleep in them; what with debts and duns
And stable-keepers' bills, which this fine spark
Heaps on my back, I lie awake the whilst:
And what cares he but to coil up his locks,
Ride, drive his horses, dream of them all night,
Whilst I, poor devil, may go hang—for now

The moon* in her last quarter wains apace,
And my usurious creditors are gaping.
What hoa! a light! bring me my tablets, boy!
That I may set down all, and sum them up.
Debts, creditors, and interest upon interest—
[*Boy enters with a light and tablets.*
Let me see where I am and what the total—
Twelve pounds† to Pasias—Hah! to Pasias twelve!
Out on it, and for what?—A horse forsooth.
Right noble by the mark—Curse on such marks!
Would I had giv'n this eye from out this head,
Ere I had paid the purchase of this jennet!

Phedip. Shame on you, ‡Philo! Keep within your ring.

Streps. There 'tis! that's it! the bane of all my peace
He's racing in his sleep.

Phedip. A heat—a heat!
How many turns to a heat?

Streps. More than enough;
You've giv'n me turns in plenty—I am jaded.
But to my list—What name stands next to Pasias?
Amynias§—three good pounds—still for the race—

* The 30th of the month, the term for enforcing payments and taking out execution against debtors, was in near approach.

† The Athenian pound was of the value of one hundred drachmæ, and each drachma of six oboli. The pound may be computed at three of our's, which gives the price of the horse about 20*l*.

‡ Philos, Phœnix, Corax, &c. were Grecian appellations for horses; substitutes for our high-flyer, Sly-boots, Diamond, &c.

§ Aminias was the archon when this comedy was acted, and makes use of his name in the way of ridicule, spelling [illegible] *Amynias* instead of Aminias. At length the persons [illegible] were by special law, protected from ridicule and

A chariot* mounted on its wheels complete.
Pheidip. Dismount! unharness and away!
Streps. I thank you;
You have unharness'd me: I am dismounted,
And with a vengeance—All my goods in pawn,
Fines, forfeiture, and penalties in plenty.
Pheidip. (*wakes.*) My father! why so restless! who has vex'd you?
Streps. The sheriff vexes me; he breaks my rest.
Pheidip. Peace, self-tormenter, let me sleep!
Streps. Sleep on!
But take this with you; all these debts of mine
Will double on your head; a plague confound
That cursed match-maker, who drew me in
To wed, forsooth, that precious dam of thine.
I liv'd at ease in the country, coarsely clad,
Rough, free, and full withal as oil and honey
And store of stock could fill me, till I took,
Clown as I was, this limb of the Alcmæons,†
This vain, extravagant, high-blooded dame:
Rare bed-fellows and dainty—Were we not?
I, smelling of the wine-vat, figs and fleeces,
The produce of my farm, all essence she,‡

* The chariot or curricle here alluded to was built extremely light, with a seat for the driver, and wheels of a stated construction, for the race. The price annexed to it bespeaks it to have been of slight and simple workmanship.

† The Alcmæonidæ were one of the first families in Athens. By marrying Strepsiades with a branch of this illustrious race, the poet, probably, wishes us to understand that the lady was not an heiress, and that her relations found their account in the wealth of their mean but substantial son-in-law.

‡ Strepsiades, describing the character of his wife as contrasted with himself, says that she was Εγκεκοισυρωμενη, lavish in the ornaments of her person; a Cœsyra, *made up* by all the ar-

Saffron and harlot's kisses, paint and washes,
A pamper'd wanton—Idle I'll not call her;
She took due pains in faith to work my ruin,
Which made me tell her, pointing to this cloak,
Now threadbare on my shoulders—see, goodwife,
This is your work—in troth you toil too hard.

[*Boy re-enters.*

Boy. Master, the lamp has *drunk up all its oil.

Strepa. Aye, 'tis a drunken lamp; the more fault your's;
Whelp, you shall howl for this.

Boy. Why? for what fault?

Strepa. For cramming such a greedy wick with oil. [*Exit Boy.*

Well! in good time this hopeful heir was born;
Then I and my beloved fell to wrangling
About the naming of the brat—My wife
Would dub her colt Xanthippus or Charippus,
Or it might be Callipides, she car'd not
So 'twere †equestrian the name—But I

tifice of the toilette, (or in one word *Cæsyrafied.*) There were two ladies of this name, one the wife of Alcmæon, the other of Pisistratus, and as Strepsiades has already placed his wife in the family of the former, it seems most likely that his ridicule points at the elder Cæsyra, though both were examples equally apposite.

* As the ancients gave little capacity to the interior of their lamps, they could contain but little oil at a time. Hence the necessity of having a vessel of oil at hand to supply the lamps, which soon became dry. ‖Several specimens of these vases are to be found in the Herculaneum Museum.

† Names ending in *ippos* or *ippides* among the Greeks, showed a connection with equestrian rank; hence the lady's partiality for the terms Xanthippus, Charippus, &c. The name Pheidonides, which Strepsiades contends for, is derived from a Greek word, implying a *man addicted to parsimony*; the compromise before for Pheidippides is so contrived as to suit both parties.

:or his grandfather Pheidonides;
when neither could prevail, the matter
mpromis'd by calling him Pheidippides:
he began to fondle her sweet babe,
ting him by the' hand—Lambkin, she cried,
:hou art some years older thou shalt drive,
es-like, thy chariot to the city.
n a saffron mantle—No, quoth I,
my boy, but thou shalt drive thy goats,
hou art able, from the fields of Phelle,*
a woollen jacket like thy father:
is deaf to all these frugal rules,
'ives me on the gallop to my ruin;
ore all night I call my thoughts to council,
.er long debate find one chance left,
ch if I can lead him, all is safe,
-but soft: 'tis time that I should wake him.
v to soothe him to the task—(*speaking in a
oft gentle tone*) Pheidippides!
is Pheidippides!
lip. What now, my father?
s. Kiss me, my boy! reach me thine hand—
lip. Declare,
'ould you?
s. Dost thou love me, sirrah? speak!
lip. Aye, by †equestrian Neptune!
s. (*angrily*) Name not him,

:ky district of Attica, which afforded pasturage only to

les those appellations, which, according to Pausanias,
gned to Neptune by the poets for the sake of adorning
ses, every city had some particular denomination for
l however agreed in calling him by one common appela
e Equestrian.

Name not that charioteer; he is my bane,
The source of all my sorrow—but, my son,
If thou dost love me, prove it by obedience.

Phoidip. In what must I obey?

Strepa. Reform your habits;
Quit them at once, and what I shall prescribe
That do!

Phoidip. And what is it that you prescribe?

Strepa. But wilt thou do't?

Phoidip. Yea, by Dionysus!*

Strepa. 'Tis well—get up! come hither, boy! look out!
Yon little wicket and the hut hard by—
Dost see them?

Phoidip. Clearly. What of that same hut?

Strepa. Why that's the council-chamber of all wisdom
There the choice spirits dwell, who teach the world
That heav'n's great concave is one mighty oven,
And men its burning embers—these are they,
Who can show pleaders how to twist a cause,
So you'll but pay them for it, right or wrong.

* The poet, with due attention to character, makes the young man first swear by [illegible] Nymphs; when driven from that he resorts to Dionysus, the patron of the feast then in actual celebration.

† Diogenes Laertius, upon the authority of Aristoxenus, declares that Socrates received pay for his professional labours (Diog. Laert. in Vitâ Socr., p. [illegible]). Xenophon, however, (and his authority on these points is too unquestionable to admit of a doubt) declares that Socrates considered any remuneration for imparting instruction, as reducing the teacher to the condition of a slave. (Mem. [illegible]) Brunck, who is of that party consider the Clouds as an attack upon the Sophists generally, [illegible] this allusion to pecuniary remuneration as a reference [illegible] greenery disposition of that set of men.

Pheidip. And how do you call them?
Streps. Troth, I know not that,*
it they are men, who take a world of pains;
ondrous good men and able.
Pheidip. Out upon 'em!
or rogues, I know them now; you mean those
scabs,
ose squalid, barefoot,† beggarly impostors,
e mighty cacodæmons‡ of whose sect
e Socrates§ and Chærephon. Away!

* It is worth a remark, that to this question of the son, the stie father pleads ignorance, by which the poet artfully trans- a the first naming of Socrates and Chærephon from that per- n, who must have spoken of them respectfully, to him, who w announces them to the audience with all the contempt and loquy peculiar to his character. This is one amongst many tances of the poet's address, which the critic cannot fail to cover in this opening scene.

† This mode of going barefooted would have savoured of ectation in any country; in Athens, where sandals, it is clear m ancient authors, constituted a great part of the pride of es in men as well as in women, the singularity was still more parent. The fashion, though in a mitigated form, was not ex- ct in the age of Demosthenes, who seems to have regarded its nerents with no great degree of affection.

: Mr. Cumberland has here exactly Anglicised the original rd. In the Preliminary Discourse, it has been put on a foot- ; with the *pauvre diable* of the French language. The origi- l applies another epithet to the Socratic school, expressive of entation and rhodomontade. Xenophon, who, without nam- ; Aristophanes, may be traced in his memoirs of Socrates as ring an eye continually upon the poet, takes more than one asion of vindicating his great master from this charge. In em. lib. i. c. 2. § 5. Lib. i. c. 7. The epithet 'squalid' appli- to the Socratic school, might better have been rendered by the rd pallid.

Chærephon is described by Plato, (in Charmide, p. 235. in ol. p. 360.) as a man, whose warmth of temper had something insanity in it. His violent addiction to study brough ton him ale duskiness of countenance, which in our author's comedy he Birds procures him the nickname of theat .

Streps. Hush, hush! be still; don't vent such
foolish prattle;
But if you'll take my counsel, join their college
And quit your riding-school.
Pheidip. Not I, so help me
Dionysus our patron! though you brib'd me
With all the racers that Leogaras
Breeds from his Phasian* stud.
Streps. Dear, darling lad,
Prythee be rul'd, and learn.
Pheidip. What shall I learn?
Streps. They have a choice of logic; this for jus
tice,
That for injustice: learn that latter art,
And all these creditors, that now beset me,
Shall never touch a drachma that I owe them.
Pheidip. I'll learn of no such masters, nor b
made
A scare-crow and a may-game to my comrades:
I have no zeal for starving.
Streps. No, nor I
For feasting you and your fine pamper'd cattle
At free cost any longer—Horse and foot
To the crows I bequeath you. So be gone!
Pheidip. Well, sir, I have an uncle rich and no
ble;

* Whether the φασιανοὶ are to be understood literally as pheasants, or as horses so described, is a disputed point with the grammarians Leogoras was famous for his breed of horses; he was also a notorious glutton; his character of course accords to each interpretation. I have inclined to the latter, as thinking it more in character of the speaker; and as I find the country on the banks of the Phasis celebrated for its breed of horses, I prefer that construction to any other.

Megacles will not let me be unhorsed;
To him I go: I'll trouble you no longer. [*Exit.*
Streps. (*alone.*) He has thrown me to the ground, but I'll not lie there;
I'll up, and, with permission of the gods,
Try if I cannot learn these arts myself:
But being old, sluggish, and dull of wit,
How am I sure these subtleties won't pose me?
W ! I'll attempt it: what avails complaint?
Why don't I knock and enter?—Hoa! within there!—
(*Knocks violently at the door.*)

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*SCENE II.**

Disciple (*half-opening the door.*) Go, hang your self! and gives the crows a dinner—
What noisy fellow art thou at the door?
Streps. Strepsiades of Cicynna, son of Pheidon.
Disciple. Whoe'er thou art, 'fore Heaven, thou art a fool
Not to respect these doors; battering so loud,
And kicking with such vengeance, you have marr'd
The ripe conception of my pregnant brain,
And brought on a miscarriage.
Streps. Oh! the pity!—
Pardon my ignorance: I'm country bred
And far a-field am come: I pray you tell me
What curious thought my luckless din has strangled,

* The scene changes to the humble mansion of Socrates.

Just as your brain was hatching.
Disciple. These are things
We never speak of but amongst ourselves.
Streps. Speak boldly then to me, for I am come
To be amongst you, and partake the secrets
Of your profound academy.
Disciple. Enough!
I will impart, but set it down in thought
Amongst our mysteries—This is the question,
As it was put but now to Chærephon,
By our great master Socrates, to answer—
How many of his own lengths at one spring
A flea can hop—for we did see one vault
From Chærephon's black eye-brow to the head
Of the philosopher.
Streps. And how did t'other
Contrive to measure this?
Disciple. Most accurately:
He dipt the insect's feet in melted wax,
Which, hard'ning into sandals as it cool'd,
Gave him the space by rule infallible.
Streps. Imperial Jove! what subtilty of thought
Disciple. But there's a deeper question yet behind;
What would you say to that?
Streps. I pray, impart it.
Disciple. 'Twas put to Socrates, if he could say,
When a gnat humm'd, whether the sound did issue
From mouth or tail.
Streps. Aye; marry, what said he?
Disciple. He said your gnat doth blow his trumpet backwards
From a sonorous cavity within him,
Which, being filled with breath, and forc'd along

The narrow pipe or rectum of his body,
Doth vent itself in a loud hum behind.
Streps. Hah! then I see the podex of your gnat
Is trumpet-fashion'd—Oh! the blessings on him
For this discovery; well may he escape
The law's strict scrutiny, who thus developes
The anatomy of a gnat.
Disciple. Nor is this all;
Another grand experiment was blasted
By a curst cat.
Streps. As how, good sir; discuss?
Disciple. One night as he was gazing at the moon,
Curious and all intent upon her motions,
A cat on the house ridge was at her needs,
And squirted in his face.
Streps. Beshrew her for it!
Yet I must laugh no less to think a cat
Should so bespatter Socrates.
Disciple. Last night
We were bilk'd of our supper.
Streps. Were you so?
What did your master substitute instead?
Disciple. Why, to say truth, he sprinkled a few ashes
Upon the board, then with a little broach,
Crook'd for the nonce, pretending to describe
A circle, neatly filch'd away a cloak.
Streps. Why talk we then of Thales? Open to me,
Open the school, and let me see your master:
I am on fire to enter—Come, unbar!
(*The door of the School is unbarred. The Socratic scholars are seen in various grotesque*

situations and positions. Strepsiades, wi signs of astonishment, draws back a pace two, then exclaims)

O Hercules, defend me! who are these?
What kind of cattle have we here in view?

Disciple. Where is the wonder? What do th resemble?

Streps. Methinks they're like our Spartan p soners,
Captur'd at Pylos. What are they in search of?
Why are their eyes so riveted to the earth?

Disciple. There their researches centre.

Streps. 'Tis for onions*
They are in quest—Come, lads, give o'er yo search;
I'll show you what you want, a noble plat,
All round and sound—but soft! what mean the gentry,
Who dip their heads so low?

Disciple. Marry, because
Their studies lead that way: They are now divi
To the dark realms of Tartarus and Night.

Streps. But why are all their cruppers mount up?

Disciple. To practise them in star-gazing, a teach them
Their proper elevations: but no more:
In, fellow-students, in: if chance the master co
And find us here—

(*addressing himself to some of his fellow-studen who were crowding about the new-comer,*)

* He had before said they were like the Lacedæmonian p soners, emaciated and half-starved; he therefore supposes the on the search for food, and not for science.

Strepsi. Nay, prythee let 'em stay,
And be of council with me in my business.
Disciple. Impossible; they cannot give the time.
Strepsi. Now for the love of Heav'n, what have we here?
Explain their uses to me.
Disciple. This machine (*observing the apparatus**.)
Is for astronomy—
Strepsi. And this?
Disciple. For geometry.
Strepsi. As how?
Disciple. For measuring the earth.
Strepsi. Indeed!
What, by the lot?†
Disciple. No, faith, sir, by the lump;
Ev'n the whole globe at once.
Strepsi. Well said, in troth.
A quaint device, and made for general use.‡

* The seventh chapter in the fourth book of Xenophon's Memorabilia seems to have been framed for the purpose of meeting the ridicule thrown upon the astronomical and geometrical pursuits of Socrates. Xenophon never mentions the name of Aristophanes, but many passages in his works show that "the Clouds" of that poet were never out of his mind. His allusions to the play are always made with the utmost good humour.

† Since the restoration of the democracy of Pericles, conquered land had been commonly divided among the poorer citizens; the division being made by lot, colonies of this kind were called κληρουχίαι. *Wid.* That this mode of proceeding did not much please the neighbours or rivals of the Athenians, see Isocr. in Panag. p. 147.

‡ This is not quite correct translation, nor does it sufficiently express the sly hit of the original at the inordinate greediness of the Athenians, which grasped at the possession of the whole globe.

Disciple. Look now, this line marks the
ference
Of the whole earth, d'ye see—This spot is *A*
Strepsi. Athens! go to, I see no courts
ting;
Therefore I can't believe you.
Disciple. Nay, in truth,
This very tract is Attica.
Strepsi. And where,
Where is my own Cicynna?
Disciple. Here it lies:
And here's Eubœa*—Mark! how far it ru
Strepsi. How far it runs! Yes, Pericles ha
Run far enough from us—Where's Laced
Disciple. Here; close to Athens.
Strepsi. Ah! how much too close—
Prythee, good friends, take that bad n
from us.
Disciple. That's not for us to do.
Strepsi. The worse luck yours!
But look! (*casting up his eyes*) who's this
ed in a basket? (*Socrates is dis*
Disciple. (*with solemnity*) HIMSELF. The

* Mr. Cumberland has falsified the historical fact
Thucyd. l. i. p. 114.) he has missed a play of words, v
little consequence, and lost a trait of national charact
is always of consequence. The word, which the Socra
applies to the geometrical extension of Eubœa, Strep
plies to the extension of tribute imposed upon that
Pericles after his chastisement of it for embracing the
nesian party. Strepsiades unites the democratical an
We with Pericles, as the efficient causes of this ex
tribute.

† These words, like the αυτος εφη of the Pythagore
the usual veneration of the Greek disciple for his ma
great effect.

Strepsi. The HE? what HE?

Disciple. Why, Socrates.

Strepsi. Hah! Socrates!—(*to the scholar*) Make up to him and roar,
Bid him come down! roar lustily.

Disciple. Not I:
Do it yourself: I've other things to mind. [*Exit.*

Strepsi. Hoa! Socrates—What hoa, my little Socrates!

Socr. Mortal, how now! Thou insect of a day,
What wouldst thou?

Strepsi. I would know what thou art doing.

Socr. I tread in air, contemplating the sun.

Strepsi. Ah! then I see you're basketed so high,
That you look down upon the Gods—Good hope,
You'll lower a peg on earth.

Socr. Sublime in air,
Sublime in thought I carry my mind with me,
Its cogitations all assimilated
To the pure atmosphere, in which I float;
Lower me to earth, and my mind's subtle powers,
Seiz'd by contagious dulness, lose their spirit;
For the dry earth drinks up the generous sap,
The vegetating vigour of philosophy,
And leaves it a mere husk.

Strepsi. What do you say?
Philosophy has sapt your vigour? Fie upon it.
But come my precious fellow, come down quickly,
And teach me those fine things I'm here in quest of.

Socr. And what fine things are they?

Strepsi. A new receipt
For sending off my creditors, and foiling them
By the art logical; for you shall know

By debts, pawns, pledges, usuries, executions,
I am rackt and rent in tatters.
Socr. Why permit it?
What strange infatuation seiz'd your senses?
Streps. The horse-consumption, a devouring plague;
But so you'll enter me amongst your scholars,
And tutor me like them to bilk my creditors,
Name your own price, and by the Gods I swear
I'll pay you the last drachm.
Socr. By what Gods?
Answer that first; for your Gods are not mine.
Streps. How swear you then! As the Byzantians swear
By their base iron* coin?
Socr. Art thou ambitious
To be instructed in celestial matters,
And taught to know them clearly?
Streps. Aye, aye, in faith,
So they be to my purpose, and celestial.
Socr. If I bring you to a conference
With my own proper Goddesses, the Clouds?
Streps. 'Tis what I wish devoutly.
Socr. Come sit down;
Repose yourself upon this couch.†

* The answer of Strepsiades will be made more intelligible by observing, that the former speech of Socrates would have been rendered more correctly, by translating "Gods are not current coin with me."

† Here commences, with the omission of the very important epithet "sacred" attached to the "couch" of the original, an almost entire neglect by Mr. Cumberland of a very singular part of the Socratic character, which grew out of his early attachment to the occult sciences, so much in vogue among the

Streps. 'Tis done.

Socr. Now take this chaplet—wear it.

Streps. Why this chaplet?
Would'st make of me another Athamas,*
And sacrifice me to a cloud?

Socr. Fear nothing;
't is a ceremony indispensable
t OUR initiations.

Streps. What to gain?

Socr. (*instead of the sacred meat, which was thrown on the sacrificed victim, a basket of stones is showered on the head of Strepsiades.*)
'Twill sift your faculties as fine as powder,
Bolt 'em like meal, grind 'em as light as dust;
Only be patient.

Greek philosophers. When we find both Plato and Aristophanes agree in attaching a considerable degree of mysticism to this singular person, we may be sure that there were some grounds for such a proceeding. In the original, this part of the Socratic character is generally announced by a change of metre, and Wieland, in his translation, has admirably kept up with his original. All the pomp and solemnity of magical incantation come over the mind in the beautiful metres of the Greek and German languages, which in the cold stiff iambics of Mr. Cumberland, are utterly lost. The character of Strepsiades is entirely redeemed by the exquisite metrical harmony, in which his jokes are delivered; and instead of the coarse hardness which the English dress throws over it, it rises into the most perfect legitimate style of poetical buffoonery. It is not very agreeable to make these strictures on a writer, who, where masculine vigour and strength alone are required, has done all that could be wished for Aristophanes; but every reader of the original, will, I feel sure, agree in their truth.

* The poet plays upon a tragedy of Sophocles, then current in every body's mouth; the story of which had been taken out of the fabulous and romantic history of this old Bœotian prince. In the play Athamus is to be sacrificed to the gods, and like other victims he is led to the altar with a chaplet on his head.

Strepsi. Truly, you'll go near
To make your words good; an' you pound me thus,
You'll make me very dust, and nothing else.

Socr. (*assuming all the magical solemnity and tone of voice of an adept.*)
Keep silence then, and listen to a prayer,
Which fits the gravity of age to hear—
Oh! Air, all powerful Air, which dost enfold
This pendant globe, thou vault of flaming gold,
Ye sacred Clouds, who bid the thunder roll,
Shine forth, approach, and cheer your suppliant's soul!

Strepsi. Hold, keep 'em off awhile, till I am ready.
Ah! luckless me, wou'd I had brought my bonnet,
And so escap'd a soaking.

Socr. Come, come away!
Fly swift, ye Clouds, and give yourselves to view!
Whether on high Olympus' sacred top
Snow-crown'd ye sit, or in the azure vales
Of your own father Ocean sporting weave
Your misty dance, or dip your golden urns
In the seven mouths of Nile; whether ye dwell
On Thracian Mimas, or Mœotis' lake,
Hear me, yet hear, and thus invok'd approach!

Chorus of Clouds. (*The scene is at the remotest part of the stage. Thunder is heard. A large and shapeless Cloud is seen floating in the air; from which the following song is heard.*)
Ascend, ye watery Clouds, on high,
Daughters of Ocean, climb the sky,
And o'er the mountain's pine-capt brow
Towering your fleecy mantle throw:

Thence let us scan the wide-stretch'd scene,
Groves, lawns, and rilling streams between,
And stormy Neptune's vast expanse,
And grasp all nature at a glance.
Now the dark tempest flits away,
And lo! the glittering orb of day
Darts from his clear ethereal beam,
Come let us snatch the joyous gleam.

Socr. Yes, ye Divinities, whom I adore,
I hail you now propitious to my prayer.
Didst thou not hear them speak in thunder to me?

Strepsi. (*kneeling, and, with various acts of buffoonery, affecting terror and embarrassment.*)
And I too am your Cloudships' most obedient,
And under sufferance trump against your thunder:—
Nay, (*turning to Socrates,*) take it how you may, my frights and fears
Have pinch'd and cholick'd my poor bowels so,
That I can't chuse but treat their holy nostrils
With an unsavory sacrifice.

Socr. Forbear
These gross scurrilities, for low buffoons*
And mountebanks more fitting. Hush! be still,
List to the chorus of their heavenly voices,
For music is the language they delight in.

Chorus of Clouds. (*approaching nearer.*) Ye Clouds, replete with fruitful showers,
Here let us seek Minerva's towers,

* In the original, *comic writers.* Aristophanes borrows the contemptuous language, in which the philosophers were accustomed to speak of the writers for the stage, whose influence with the people they beheld with the utmost indignation.

The cradle of old Cecrops' race,
The world's chief ornament and grace;
Here mystic fanes and rites* divine
And lamps in sacred splendour shine;
Here the Gods dwell in marble domes,
Feasted with costly hecatombs,
That round their votive statues blaze,
Whilst crowded temples ring with praise;
And pompous sacrifices here
Make holidays throughout the year,
And when gay spring-time comes again,
Bromius convokes his sportive train,
And pipe and song and choral dance†
Hail the soft hours as they advance.

Strepsi. Now, in the name of Jove, I pray thee tell me
Who are these ranting dames, that talk in stilts?
Of the Amazonian cast no doubt.

‡*Socr.* Not so,
No dames, but Clouds celestial, friendly powers

* The Eleusinian Mysteries' *την τελετην*, as Isocrates with some boldness hints at them, *ὡς οἱ μετεχοντες περὶ τε της τε βιε τελευτης, και τε συμπαντος αιωνος, ἡδιες τας ελπιδας εχουσιν.* In Paneg. 108. *Ed.*

† The original applies more to the songs than the dances of the choruses; the whole is applicable to the spring festival, when plays were exhibited.

‡ Many readers, says Wieland, will, perhaps, be displeased (and it will be an error very pardonable in them, since a scholar like Mr. Cumberland has stated the same opinion) at finding the simple ignorant Strepsiades stepping out of his character, as he does through the whole of this scene, and appearing to know things, which might be presumed to lie far beyond his reach. But independently of the liberties, which the Old Comedy allowed itself, and the little regard paid by it to consistency of cha-

To men of sluggish parts; from these we draw
Sense, apprehension, volubility,
Wit to confute, and cunning to ensnare.
Strepa. Aye, therefore 'twas that my heart leapt within me
For very sympathy when first I heard 'em:
Now I could prattle shrewdly of first causes,
And spin out metaphysic cobwebs finely,
And dogmatize most rarely, and dispute
And paradox it with the best of you:
So, come what may, I must and will behold 'em;
Show me their faces, I conjure you.
Socr. Look,
Look towards Mount Parnes* as I point—There, there!
Now they descend the hill; I see them plainly,
As plain as can be.
Strepa. Where, where? I prythee, show me.
Socr. Here! a whole troop of them thro' woods and hollows,
A bye-way of their own.
Strepa. What ails my eyes,
That I can't catch a glimpse of them?
Socr. Behold!
Here at the very entrance—

rector, it may be observed, in complete justification of the author, that the near approach and the songs of the Clouds, the pretended divinities of Socrates and his hangers-on, throw the old peasant into a sort of nympholepsy—he thus becomes elevated above himself, and, under the influence of this inspiration, breaks out into a train of thought, which, conveyed, as it is, in the most beautiful verse, makes it one of the happiest scenes in the whole play.

* One of the mountains in the neighbourhood of Athens.

Streps. Never trust me,
If yet I see them clearly.
Socr. Then you must be
Sand-blind or worse.
Streps. Nay, now by father Jove,
I cannot chuse but see them—precious creatures!
For in good faith here's plenty and to spare.
(*Chorus of Clouds enter.*)
Socr. And didst thou doubt if they were goddesses?
Streps. Not I, so help me! only I'd a notion
That they were fog, and dew, and dusky vapour.
Socr. For shame! Why, man, these are the nursing mothers
Of all our famous sophists, fortune-tellers,
Quacks,* med'cine-mongers, bards bombastical,
Chorus projectors, and star interpreters,
And wonder-making cheats—The gang of idlers,
Who pay them for their feeding with good store
Of flattery and mouth-worship.
Streps. Now I see
Whom we may thank for driving them along
At such a furious dithyrambic† rate,
Sun-shadowing clouds of many-colour'd hues,

* The group Socrates here gives us of *cloud-inspired* worthies has great comic point; it is the reply of sophistry to common sense, which had struck upon the truth in a very natural solution of their properties, supposing them to be *fog* and *vapour*. It is an answer so contrived as to recoil upon himself.

† This rant is glanced at the dithyrambic writers, whose compositions appear to have made part of the amusements of the Dionysian Festival. Wieland thinks that they were sung by ambulant troops, who accompanied them, in a wild and frantic manner, with choral dances.

Air-rending tempests, hundred-headed Typhons;
Now rousing, rattling them about our ears,
Now gently wafting them adown the sky,
Moist, airy, bending, bursting into showers;
For all which fine descriptions these poor knaves
Dine daintily on scraps.*

Socr. And proper fare;
What better do they merit?

Streps. Under favour,
If these be clouds, (d'you mark me?) very clouds,
How came they metamorphos'd into women?
Clouds are not such as these.

Socr. And what else are they?

Streps. Troth, I can't rightly tell, but I should guess
Something like flakes of wool, not women, sure;
And look! these dames have noses.†—

Socr. Hark you, friend,
I'll put a question to you.

Streps. Out with it!
Be quick: let's have it.

* Mr. Cumberland does not appear to have known what were considered the delicacies of an Athenian table; or he would otherwise have seen that the dithyrambic writers did not dine on *scraps*. On the contrary, these turgid poems introduced them to the tables of the rich, and to such delicacies as were to be found in *slices of the large sea-pike*, and *the flesh of thrushes*—luxuries which, as the answer of Socrates implies in the original, were ill-deserved for such bombastical performances.

† Wieland explains this as a joke upon the persons composing the Chorus. Their masks, *provided with large noses*, would have a monstrous appearance to a close spectator; while, to a distant one, they would be in exact proportion. A laughable description of the enormous proportions of the tragic actors is given by Lucian in his treatise on dancing.

Socr. This it is, in short—
Hast thou ne'er seen a cloud,* which thou could'st fancy
Shap'd like a centaur, leopard, wolf or bull?
Streps. Yea, marry, have I, and what then?
Socr. Why then
Clouds can assume what shapes they will, believe me;
For instance; should they spy some hairy clown
Rugged and rough, and like the unlick't cub†
Of Xenophantes, straight they turn to centaurs,
And kick at him for vengeance.
Streps. Well done, Clouds!
But should they spy that peculating knave,
Simon,‡ that public thief, how would they treat him?
Socr. As wolves—in character most like his own
Streps. Aye, there it is now; when they saw Cleonymus,
That dastard runaway, they turn'd to hinds
In honour of his cowardice.
Socr. And now,
Having seen Cleisthenes,§ to mock his lewdness
They change themselves to women.

* Whatever region Aristophanes inhabits for the time, whether the earth, the air, or the regions below, he generally contrives to elicit a species of humour, peculiarly appropriate to the situation. The metaphysical wit, in the present scene, besides its ingenuity, appears to have a perfect local propriety.

† Hieronymus, the dithyrambic poet, son of Xenophantes, is here aimed at.

‡ Simon the sophist is satirized also by Eupolis for his great and notorious public frauds.

§ Cleisthenes was a character so contemptibly effeminate, and vicious withal, that the impurity of his manners became proverbial.

Strepsi. Welcome, ladies!
Imperial ladies, welcome! An' it please
Your Highnesses so far to grace a mortal,
Give me a touch of your celestial voices.
Chor. Hail, grandsire! who at this late hour of life
Would'st go to school for cunning; and all hail,
Thou prince pontifical of quirks and quibbles,
Speak thy full mind, make known thy wants and wishes!
Thee and our worthy Prodicus* excepted,
Not one of all your sophists have our ear:
Him for his wit and learning we esteem,
Thee† for thy proud deportment and high looks,
In barefoot beggary strutting up and down,
Content to suffer mockery for our sake,
And carry a grave face whilst others laugh.
Strepsi. Oh! mother earth, was ever voice like this,
So reverend, so portentous, so divine!
Socr. These are your only deities, all else
I flout at.
Strepsi. Hold! Olympian Jupiter—
Is he no god?
Socr. What Jupiter? what god?
Prythee no more—away with him at once!
Strepsi. Say'st thou? who gives us rain? answer me that.
Socr. These give us rain; as I will straight demonstrate:

* A famous sophist.

† These verses marked out to the spectators (many of them, it must be remembered, strangers from various parts of Greece) the person, whom, perhaps without knowing his name, they had seen about the streets and public places of Athens.

Come on now—When did you e'er see it rain
Without a cloud? If Jupiter gives rain,
Let him rain down his favours in the sunshine,
Nor ask the clouds to help him.
Streps. You have hit it,
'Tis so; heav'n help me! I did think till now,
When 'twas his godship's pleasure, he made water
Into a sieve and gave the earth a shower.
But, hark'ye me, who thunders? tell me that;
For then it is I tremble.
Socr. These, these thunder,
When they are tumbled.
Streps. How, blasphemer, how?
Socr. When they are charg'd with vapours full to the' bursting,
And bandied to and fro against each other,
Then with the shock they burst and crack amain.
Streps. And who is he that jowls them thus together
But Jove himself?
Socr. Jove! 'tis not Jove that does it,
But the ætherial vortex.
Streps. What is he?
I never heard of him; is he not Jove?
Or is Jove put aside, and Vortex crown'd
King of Olympus in his state and place?
But let me learn some more of this same thunder.
Socr. Have you not learnt? I told you how the Clouds,
Being surcharg'd with vapour, rush together,
And, in the conflict, shake the poles with thunder.
Streps. Let that pass,
And tell me of the lightning, whose quick flash
Burns us to cinders; that, at least, great Jove

Keeps in reserve to launch at perjury?

Socr. Dunce, dotard! were you born before the flood
To talk of perjury, whilst Simon breathes,
Theorus and Cleonymus, whilst they,
Thrice-perjur'd villains, brave the lightning's stroke,
And gaze the heav'ns unscorcht? Would these escape?
Why, man, Jove's random fires strike his own fane,
Strike Sunium's guiltless top, strike the dumb oak,
Who never yet broke faith or falsely swore.

Strepa. It may be so, good sooth! You talk this well:
But I would fain be taught the natural cause
Of these appearances.

Socr. Mark when the winds,
In their free courses check'd, are pent and purs'd
As 'twere within a bladder, stretching then
And struggling for expansion, they burst forth
With crack so fierce as sets the air on fire.

Strepa. The devil they do! why now the murder's out:

Chor. The envy of all Athens shalt thou be,
Happy old man, who from our lips dost suck
Into thy ears true wisdom, so thou art
But *wise to learn, and studious to retain

* Mr. Cumberland, not aware of the force of the word φρουντιστας, or the το ταλαιπωρον εν τη ψυχη, or the μη καμνεις, μηδ' ισως μηδε βαδιζων, by which the perseverance and patience of Socrates, in delivering his gratuitous lectures about the streets and public places of Athens seem to be characterized, has translated this passage much too gravely, and, as usual, without any reference to the playful metre in which the description is conveyed. The reader will easily perceive, that the true import

What thou hast learnt; patient to bear the blows
And buffets of hard fortune; to persist,
Doing or suffering; firmly to abide
Hunger and cold, not craving where to dine,
To drink, to sport and trifle time away;
But holding that for best, which best becomes
A man who means to carry all things through
Neatly, expertly, perfect at all points
With head, hands, tongue, to force his way to fortune.

Strepsi. Be confident; I give myself for one
Of a tough heart, watchful as care can make me,
A frugal, pinching fellow, that can sup
Upon a sprig of savory and to bed;
I am your man for this, hard as an anvil.

Socr. 'Tis well, so you will ratify your faith
In these our deities—CHAOS and CLOUDS
And SPEECH—to these and only these adhere.

Strepsi. If from this hour henceforth I ever waste
A single thought on any other gods,
Or give them sacrifice, libation, incense,
Nay, even common courtesy, renounce me.

Chor. Speak your wish boldly then, so shall you prosper

of the whole speech is, "Be, in short, another Socrates," and that it takes that view of the Socratic character, in which it would appear to a gay man of the world, no advocate for unnecessary abstinence, a sombre carriage, and what appeared an affected recurrence to the fashions of the old times; and who, as his enemies allege, wanting elevation of mind to comprehend the motives which actuated Socrates, saw only a source of ridicule in the perpetual locomotion which they engendered, and in the hardy frame of body which was cultivated as a necessary instrument for carrying those intentions into effect.

As you obey and worship us, and study
The wholesome art of thriving.
Strepsi. Gracious ladies,
I ask no mighty favour, simply this—
Let me but distance every tongue in Greece,
And run 'em out of sight a hundred lengths.
Chor. Is that all? there we are your friends to serve you;
We will endow thee with such powers of speech,
As henceforth not a demagogue in Athens
Shall spout such popular harangues as thou shalt.
Strepsi. A fig for powers of spouting! give me powers
Of nonsuiting my creditors.
Chor. A trifle—
Granted as soon as ask'd; only be bold,
And show yourself obedient to your teachers.
Strepsi. With your help so I will, being undone,
Stript of my pelf by these high-blooded cattle,
And a fine dame, the torment of my life.
Now* let them work their wicked will upon me;
They're welcome to my carcass: let 'em claw it,
Starve it with thirst and hunger, fry it, freeze it,†

* The metre, which through the whole of the preceding dialogue is of a very different kind in the original from that used by Mr. Cumberland, here changes into one still more playful.

† It may not be unimportant to remark, that a word is here omitted, which expresses the willingness of Strepsiades to give up his carcass to the dirt and filth, as well as hardy privations of his future teachers. All the ideas of the poet on the Socratic character are evidently formed upon exteriors, and show that he had very little knowledge of the inner Socrates; or rather, that Socrates had not yet redeemed the revolting parts of his character by that mixture of great qualities and endowments, which have so much commanded the attention of posterity.

Nay, flay the very skin off; 'tis their own;
So that I may but fob my creditors,
Let the world talk; I care not though it call me
A bold-faced, loud-tongued, overbearing bully;
A shameless, vile, prevaricating cheat;
A tricking, quibbling, double-dealing knave;
A prating, pettyfogging limb o' the' law;
A sly old fox, a perjurer, a hang-dog,
A ragamuffin made of shreds and patches,
The leavings of a dunghill.—Let 'em rail,
Yea, marry, let 'em turn my guts to fiddle-strings.
May my bread be my poison! if I care.*

Chor. This fellow hath a prompt and daring spirit—
Come hither, sir; do you perceive and feel

* This torrent of terms, nearly, if not quite synonymous, says Mr. Cumberland, speaking of his own translation, forms one of the most curious passages in this very singular author, and is such a specimen of the versatility and variety of language, as almost defies translation.

It is not more certain that the above 'torrent of terms' defies direct translation, than that Mr. Cumberland has not given any thing like synonymous terms for the original. The pleasure derived from the Greek text (and the English reader must not expect to participate in all the pleasures of the scholar) appears to arise from three sources; from juxta-position or ingenious composition, which our language does not admit, as in the περιτριμμα δικων, ψευδων ξυνκολλητης, ευρησιεπης, ματτυολοιχος; from the application of words in a sense for which they were not intended, and making *things* characteristics of *thoughts*, as in the τρυμη, μασθλης, σροφις; or from images derived from objects familiar to Athenian minds, but for which we have nothing corresponding, as in the γλοιος, the κροταλον and the κυρβις, the first applying to the dirty leavings of oil employed in the baths, the second to the noisy castanets which regulated the movements of the indecent *cordax*, and the third to the tables which registered the criminal statutes of Athens.

What great and glorious fame you shall acquire
By this our schooling of you?
Strepa. What, I pray you!
Chor. What but to live the envy of mankind
Under our patronage?
Strepa. When shall I see
Those halcyon days?
Chor. Then shall your doors be throng'd
With clients waiting for your coming forth,
All eager to consult you, pressing all
To catch a word from you, with abstracts, briefs,
And cases ready drawn for your opinion.
But come, begin and lecture this old fellow;
Sift him, that we may see what meal he's made of.
Socr. Hark ye, let's hear what principles you hold,
That these being known, I may apply such tools
As tally with your stuff.
Strepa. Tools! by the gods;
Are you about to spring a mine upon me?
Socr. Not so, but simply in the way of practice
To try your memory.
Strepa. Oh! as for that,
My memory is of two sorts, long and short:
With them that owe me aught, it never fails;
My creditors indeed complain of it,
As mainly apt to leak and lose its reck'ning.
Socr. But let us hear if nature hath endow'd you
With any grace of speaking.
Strepa. None of speaking,
But a most apt propensity to cheating.
Socr. If this be all, how can you hope to learn?
Strepa. Fear me not, never break your head for that.

Socr. Well then be quick, and when I speak of things
Mysterious and profound, see that you make
No boggling, but—
Streps. I understand your meaning;
You'd have me bolt philosophy by mouthfuls,
Just like a hungry cur.
Socr. Oh! brutal, gross
And barbarous ignorance! I must suspect,
Old as thou art, thou must be taught with stripes:
Tell me now, when thou art beaten, what dost feel?
Streps. The blows of him that beats me I do feel;
But having breath'd awhile I lay my action
And cite my witnesses; anon more cool,
I bring my cause into the court, and sue
For damages.
Socr. Strip off your cloak! prepare.
Streps. Prepare for what? what crime have I committed?
Socr. None; but the rule and custom is with us,
That all shall enter naked.
Streps. And why naked?
I come with no search-warrant; fear me not;
I'll carry nought away with me.
Socr. no matter;
Conform yourself, and strip.*

* The poet, who seems to hold all the superstitious ceremonies of the heathen religion in contempt, makes Socrates insist upon Strepsiades stripping himself naked before he can be admitted of his school, because such was the practice of those, who were initiated into the *Sacred Mysteries.* The clown, who does not see the drift of this injunction, excuses himself from obeying it by saying he does not come like those, who are sent upon the search for stolen goods, and who by law were obliged to enter all

Strepsi. And if I do,
Tell me for my encouragement to which
Of all your scholars will you liken me.
Socr. You shall be call'd a second Chærephon.
Strepsi. Ah! Chærephon is but another name
For a dead* corpse—excuse me.
Socr. No more words:
Pluck up your courage, answer not, but follow:
Haste and be perfected.
Strepsi. Give me my dole†
Of honey-cake in hand, and pass me on;
Ne'er trust me if I do not quake and tremble
As if the cavern of Trophonius yawn'd,
And I were stepping in.
Socr. What ails you? enter!
Why do you halt and loiter at the door?
(*Socrates and Strepsiades enter the mansion of the former.*)
Chor. Go, brave adventurer, proceed!
May fortune crown the gallant deed;
Tho' far advanc'd in life's last stage,
Spurning the infirmities of age,
Thou canst to youthful labours rise,
And boldly struggle to be wise.

such houses naked, and so to go out of them, that their warrant might not be made a pretence for plundering the owners.

* Aristophanes generally makes himself merry with the paleness and meagre body of this pupil of Socrates. See the Wasps and the Birds. Chærephon was distinguished for a sort of half-crazy devotion to Socrates.

† In the ceremonials of Trophonius's cave, honey-cake was an indispensable oblation to the prophetic dragon under ground.

Ye, who are here spectators of our scene,*
Give me your patience to a few plain words,
And by my patron Bacchus, whose I am,
I swear they shall be true ones--Gentle friends,
So may I prosper in your fair esteem,
As I declare in truth that I was mov'd
To tender you my former comedy,
As deeming it the best of all my works,
And you it's judges worthy of that work,
Which I had wrought with my best care and pains:
But fools were found to thrust me from the stage,
And you, whose better wisdom should have sav'd me
From that most vile cabal, permitted it;
For which I needs must chide, yet not so sharply
As to break off from such approv'd good friends:
No, you have been my patrons from all time,
Ev'n to my first-born issue: when I dropt
My bantling at your door to hide the shame
Of one, who call'd herself a maiden nurse,
You charitably took the foundling in,
And gave it worthy training. Now, behold,
This sister comedy,† Electra-like,

* This address, it is presumed, was spoken by the Chorus on the part of the author, and probably by one wearing his mask. I think it is easy to understand his motives for the introduction of it here, whilst the action of the comedy is suspended, and in the stage of its progress, rather than as a prologue before the opening of the play, when the minds of the audience might have been not favourably disposed to receive it. Depending upon the interest, which the preceding scenes would naturally create, he now ventures gently to expostulate with them upon the hard treatment his former comedy of the Clouds had met with, vindicating that performance, yet artfully charging its miscarriage upon a cabal, whose ignorance and injustice they had no share in.

† It is almost unnecessary to mention, that an allusion is here made to the Choephoræ of Æschylus, where Electra recognises

Comes on the search if she perchance may find
Some recognition of a brother lost,
Though but a relic of his well-known hair.
Seemly and modest she appears before you;
Not like our stage buffoons in shaggy hide
To set a mob a-roaring; she will vent
No foolish jests at baldness,* will not dance
The' indecent cordax; we have no old man
Arm'd with a staff to practise manual jokes
On the by-standers' ribs, and keep the ring
For them who dance the chorus: you shall see
No howling furies† burst upon the stage
Waving their torches; other weapons
Than the muse gives us we shall not employ,
Nor let *ah me, ah me!*‡ sigh in your ears.
Yet not of this I boast, nor that I scorn
To cater for your palates out of scraps
At second or third hand, but fresh and fair
And still original, as one, who knows,
When he has done a good deed, where to stop;
And, having levell'd Cleon to the ground,
Not to insult his carcass, like to those
Who, having once run down Hyperbolus,§

a lock of hair, found on her father's grave, to be the hair of her brother.

* This is a retort upon Eupolis, who had taken occasion to ridicule Aristophanes for so poor a reason as his being bald-headed. Various other allusions are here made to some lost pieces of antiquity, by the poet's rivals, Eupolis, Cratinus, &c.

† Æschylus was mulct in a heavy fine for introducing his chorus of furies armed with fiery torches.

‡ He says (glancing at the hypochondriac philosophers) that he will not weary his audience with the mournful repetitions of *ιου! ιου!*

§ Some account of this turbulent demagogue has been given in the comedy of the Knights.

Poor devil! mouth and mangle without mercy
Him and his mother too; foremost of these
Was Eupolis, who pilfer'd from my muse,
And pass'd it for his own with a new name,*
Guilty the more for having dash'd his theft
With the obscene device of an old hag
Dancing the drunken cordax in her cups,
Like her Phrynichus feign'd to be devour'd
By the sea-monster†--Shame upon such scenes!
Hermippus next *Hyperbolix'd* amain,
And now the whole pack open in full cry,
Holding the game in chase, which I had rous'd.
If there be any here, who laugh with these,
Let such not smile with me; but if this night
Ye crown these scenes with merited applause,
Posterity shall justify your taste.

Semichorus. Great Jove, supreme of Gods, and heav'n's high king,
First I invoke; next him the Trident's lord, [der,
Whose mighty stroke smites the wild waves asun-
And makes the firm earth tremble; thee from whom
We draw our being, all-inspiring Air,
Parent of nature; and thee, radiant Sun,
Thron'd in thy flaming chariot, I invoke,
Dear to the gods and by the world ador'd.

Chorus of Clouds. Most grave and sapient judges, hear the charge,
Which we shall now prefer, of slights ill brook'd
By us your wrong'd appellants: for whilst we,

* The name of Eupolis's stolen play is mentioned in the text (Maricaus:) the object of imitation was the Knights of Aristophanes.

† A woman devoured by a sea-monster, seems to have been a favourite spectacle on the Greek stage. Plato, the comic writer, had something of the kind in his Cleophone.

The patronesses of your state, the Clouds,
Of all the powers celestial serve you most,
You graceless mortals serve us not at all;
Nor smoke, nor sacrifice ascends from you,
But blank ingratitude and cold neglect.
If some rash enterprise you set on foot,
Some brainless project, straight with rain or thunder,
Sure warnings, we apprise you of your folly:
When late you made that offspring of a tanner,
That Paphlagonian odious to the gods,
The general* of your armies, mark how fierce
We scowl'd upon you, and indignant roll'd
Our thunders intermixt with flashing fires;
The Moon forsook her course, and the vext Sun
Quench'd his bright torch, disdaining to behold
Cleon your chief, yet chief that Cleon was,
(For it should seem a proverb† with your people,

* The reader is already acquainted with the achievements of Cleon's generalship through the medium of our author's Demagogues. The present passage, no doubt, alludes to some violent tempest, (an occurrence by no means uncommon in the climate of Greece,) which took place about the time of Cleon's appointment to the command of the army in Thrace.

† It is less to a proverb than to one of the old Athenian mythical tales, that allusion is here made. In the celebrated contest, which took place between Minerva and Neptune for the presidency over Athens, the former, it is well known, was victorious. Irritated at his defeat, the god of the sea pronounced a curse over the city, which had been the object of their strife; and in virtue of this imprecation, measures ill planned and ill advised were to be the common characteristics of Athenian politics. The goddess had the power of correcting, though not of altering this sentence. By her decree, the opinions which directed measures were to be no tests of the consequences which should attend them; or rather, the success of measures was to be inversely as the wisdom which suggested them.

That measures badly taken best succeed :)
But if you'll learn of us the ready mode
To cancel your past errors, and ensure
Fame and good-fortune for the public weal,
You have nought else to do, but stop the swallow
Of that wide-gaping cormorant, that thief
Convicted and avow'd, with a neat noose
Drawn tight and fitted to his scurvy throat.

Semichorus. Thou too, Apollo, of thy native isle,
Upon the Cinthian mount high thron'd, the king,
Hear and be present! thou, Ephesian goddess,
Whose golden shrine the Lydian damsels serve
With rich and costly worship; thou, Minerva,
Arm'd with the dreadful ægis, virgin queen,
And patroness of Athens; thou, who Hold'st
Divided empire on Parnassus' heights,
Lead hither thy gay train of revellers,
Convivial god, and thus invok'd approach!

Chorus. As we were hither journeying in midway
We crost upon the Moon,* who for a while

* When the poet, says Mr. Cumberland who is here speaking in his own person, indulges himself in such a vein of daring ridicule, it would be hard to suppose that he was seriously employed to fix the charge of impiety upon Socrates, for the purpose of bringing him to trial.

Mr. Cumberland indulges in some further observations to the same purport; but of the real object of the Chorus, he does not seem to have the least suspicion. The humour of it is derived from the reformation, then taking place in the Athenian calendar, by the celebrated astronomer Meton. The year first known to the Greeks had been what is called the Lunar year, between which and the Solar year, as is well known, there is a difference of eleven days; and this difference in a period of seventeen years of course amounted to 187 days. The months then became necessarily inverted; the whole calendar was deranged, and fes-

Held us in converse, and with courteous greeting
To this assembly charg'd us—This premis'd,
The tenor of our next instruction points
To anger and complaint for ill returns
On your part to good offices on her's.
First for the loan of her bright silver lamp
So long held out to you, by which you've sav'd
Your torch* and lacquey for this many a night.
More she could name, if benefits avail'd;
But you have lost all reck'ning of your feasts,
And turn'd your calendar quite topsy-turvy;
So that the deities, who find themselves

tivals, which ought to have fallen in the Summer months, by the Almanack became due in Winter. Meton proposed to rectify this serious inconvenience by inserting an intercalary month at the end of every third, fifth, eighth, eleventh, thirteenth, sixteenth, and nineteenth year. This cycle, comprising 235 lunations, would necessarily bring the moon and sun into the same relative position, as they were in at the commencement of the cycle, and it was accordingly adopted. In such a town as Athens, where the people were much more distinguished by their loquacity and acuteness, than by their attainments in the sciences, or a capacity for applying to them, such a proposal was not likely to be made without exciting a great deal of conversation and party-feeling at the time. The ingenious promulgator of the cycle itself, it is probable, did not behave with all becoming modesty on the occasion, or Aristophanes perhaps had occasion to know, that, like many other of his countrymen, who set up for proficiency in the more exact sciences, he was only strutting in borrowed plumes, and was taking praise to himself for the invention of a system, the credit of which was more due to the Egyptians, the great teachers of the Greeks on all these points. It was most probably to some feeling of this kind that Meton is indebted for the flagellation which is bestowed upon him in our author's comedy of the Birds.

* The conviviality of the Athenians made the torch a very necessary appendage to their supper-parties, and the plays of Aristophanes show the abundant use which was made of it. It was with a view to promote temperance and sobriety that the Spartan laws absolutely forbade the use of torches at night.

Bilk'd of their dues, and supperless for lack
Of their accustom'd sacrifices, rail
At her poor Moon, and vent their hungry spite,
As she were in the fault; whilst you, forsooth,
Maliciously select our gala days,
When feasting would be welcome, for your suits
And criminal indictments; but when we
Keep fast and put on mourning for the loss
Of Memnon or Sarpedon, sons of Heaven,
Then, then you mock us with the savoury odour
Of smoking dainties, which we may not taste:
Therefore it is, that when this year ye sent
Your deputy Amphictyon to the diet,*
(Hyperbolus forsooth) in just revenge
We tore away his crown, and drove him back
To warn you how you slight the Moon again.

* On the subject of the Amphictyonic Diet, see Prideaux's Treatise on the Oxford Marbles, Leland's Preliminary Discourse to his History of Philip, King of Macedon, Mitford's History, v. i. and Le Jeune Anacharsis, t. iii. Every Grecian state, which had a seat in this important confederacy, sent to its meetings two deputies, one of whom bore the name of Pylagore, the other the appellation of Hieromnemon; indicating that his office was more particularly to superintend all concerns of religion. In honour of this holy office, the Hieromnemon appears to have been distinguished by the privilege of wearing a chaplet during the sitting of the diet, and of returning to his country with this honorary distinction on his head. A storm of wind, it seems, had accidentally torn this chaplet from the head of Hyperbolus; and, as the Clouds profess to have taken this vengeance in compliment to the Moon, it is probable that Hyperbolus had made himself conspicuous by affecting to patronize the new astronomical system.

SCENE III.

SOCRATES, (*coming out of the house in violent indignation,*) STREPSIADES, CHORUS.

Socr. O vivifying breath, æthereal air,
And thou profoundest chaos, witness for me
If ever wretch was seen so gross and dull,
So stupid and perplext as this old clown,
Whose shallow intellect can entertain
No image nor impression of a thought;
But ere you've told it, it is lost and gone!
'Tis time however he should now come forth
In the broad day—What hoa! Strepsiades—
Take up your pallet; bring yourself and it
Into the light.
Streps. Yes, if the bugs would let me.
Socr. Quick, quick, I say; set down your load and listen!
Streps. Lo! here am I.
Socr. Come, tell me what it is
That you would learn besides what I have taught you;
Is it of measure, verse, or modulation?
Streps. Of measure by all means, for I was fobb'd
Of two days' dole i' the measure of my meal
By a damn'd knavish huckster.
Socr. Pish! who talks
Of meal? I ask which metre you prefer,
Tetrameter or trimeter.

Streps. I answer—
Give me a pint pot.*
Socr. Yes, but that's no answer.
Streps. No answer! stake your money, and I'll wager
That your tetrameter is half my pint pot.
Socr. Go to the gallows, clodpate, with your pint pot!
Will nothing stick to you? But come, perhaps
We may try further and fare better with you—
Suppose I spoke to you of modulation;
Will you be taught of that?
Streps. Tell me first,
Will I be profited? will I be paid
The meal that I was chous'd of? tell me that.
Socr. You will be profited by being taught
To bear your part at table in some sort
After a decent fashion; you will learn
Which verse is most commensurate and fit
To the arm'd chorus in the dance of war,
And which with most harmonious cadence guides
The dactyl in his course poetical.
Streps. The dactyl, quotha! Sure I know that well.
Socr. As how? discuss.
Streps. Here, at my fingers' end;
This is my dactyl, and has been my dactyl
Since I could count my fingers.
Socr. Oh! the dolt.

* There was a certain measure, as near as possible to our pint, which the Greeks dealt out daily of meal to their slaves. To this Strepsiades alludes when he says he was defrauded of two measures, and to this humorous mal-entendu he obstinately adheres through the whole scene.

ps. I wish to be no wiser in these matters.*
·. What then?
ps. Why then, teach me no other art
e fine art of cozening.
·. Granted; still
is some previous matter, as for instance
enders male and female†—Can you name
them?
ps. I were a fool else—These are masculine;
ull, goat, dog, and pullet.
·. There you're out:
is male and female.
ps. Tell me how?
·. Cock and hen pullet—So they should be
nam'd.
ps. And so they should, by the æthereal air!
hit it; for which rare discovery,
ll the meal this cardopus contains.
·. Why there again you sin against the gen-
ders,
l your bolting-tub a cardopus,
g that masculine which should be fem'nine.
ps. How do I make my bolting-tub a male?
·. Did you not call it cardopus? As well
ight have call'd Cleonymus a man;
l your bolting-tub alike belong
ther sex, believe me.

is is an excellent answer on the part of common sense to
unprofitable and pedantic trifling.

at the leading object of attack in this comedy was, has
ready shown. Before the reader concludes too hastily on
ossibility of such a man as Socrates descending to the
g and nonsense displayed in this scene, he will do well
lt the Platonic dialogue, called Cratylus.

Streps. Well, my trough
Shall be a Cordopa, and he Cleonyma;
Will that content you?
Socr. Yes, and while you live
Learn to distinguish sex in proper names.
Streps. I do; the female I am perfect in.
Socr. Give me the proof.
Streps. Lysilla, she's a female;
Philinna, and Demetria, and Cleitagora.
Socr. Now name your males.
Streps. A thousand—as for instance,
Philoxenus, Melesias, and Amynias.
Socr. Call you these masculine, egregious dunce?
Streps. Are they not such with you?
Socr. No; put the case,
You and Amynias meet—how will you greet him?
Streps. Why, thus, for instance—Hip! holla! Amynia!
Socr. There, there! you make a wench of him at once.
Streps. And fit it is for one who shuns the field;*
A coward ought not to be call'd a man;
Why teach me what is known to all the world?
Socr. Aye, why indeed?—but come, repose yourself.
Streps. Why so?
Socr. For meditation's sake: lie down.
Streps. Not on this pallet, I beseech you, sir;
But if I must lie down, let me repose
On the bare earth and meditate.

* This Amynias seems to have had his full share of abuse from the comic poets of his time: Eupolis, Crates, and our author, in various parts, bestow it very plentifully.

Socr. Away!
There's nothing but this bed will cherish thought.
Streps. It cherishes, alas! a host of bugs,
That show no mercy on me.
Socr. Come, begin,
Cudgel your brains and turn yourself about;
Now ruminate awhile, and if you start
A thought that puzzles you, try t'other side,
And turn to something else, but not to sleep;
Suffer not sleep to close your eyes one moment.
Streps. (*after a considerable pause.*) Ah! woe is me: ah, woeful, well-a-day!
Socr. What ails you? why this moaning?
Streps. I am lost;
I have rous'd the natives* from their hiding holes;

* Mr. Cumberland's usual spirit of translation is seen in the version, though not in the metre of this little passage; and it was not his fault, that he has not been able to mark the play of words, with which the nice inflexions of a Grecian actor's voice, no doubt, slipped into the difference between *Cori*-es (the troublesome tenants of the Socratic bed) and *Cori*nthians (the troublesome and active enemies of Athens.) The latter part of the original, however, deserves a short remark, to show that it furnishes, perhaps, one of the nearest approaches to the modern rhyme, of any thing which antiquity has left us.

και τας πλευρας δαρδαπτουσιν,
και την ψυχην ωπινουσιν,
και τους ορχεις εξελκουσιν,
και τον πρωκτον διορυττουσιν,
και μ' απολλυσιν.

Literally, as far as metre is concerned,
Side and side-bone these are trying,
Heart and vitals those are plying,
Into secrets these are prying;
Gasping—panting—fainting—sighing;
Help and aid! for I am dying.

A colony of bugs in ambuscade
Have fall'n upon me: belly, back, and ribs,
No part is free: I feed a commonwealth.

Socr. Take not your sufferings too much to heart.

Streps. How can I chuse—a wretch made up of wants!
Here am I penniless and spiritless,
Without a skin, Heav'n knows, without a shoe;
And to complete my miseries here I lie,
Like a starv'd sentinel upon his post,
At watch and ward, till I am shrunk to nothing.
(*A pause of some duration.*)

Socr. How now; how fare you? Have you sprung a thought?

Streps. Yes, yes, so help me Neptune!

Socr. Hah? what is it?

Streps. Why I am thinking if these cursed vermin
Will leave one fragment of my carcass free.

Socr. A plague confound you!

Streps. Spare yourself that prayer;
I'm plagued already to your heart's content.

Socr. Prythee don't be so tender of your skin;
Tuck yourself up and buff it like a man:
Keep your skull under cover, and depend on't
'Twill make your brain bring forth some precious project
For furthering your good-fortune at the expense
Of little else but honesty and justice.

Streps. Ah! would to Heav'n some friendly soul would help me
To a fine project how to cheat the bugs
With a sleek lambskin. (*A long pause.*)

Socr. Whereabouts, I trow,
Sits the wind now? What ails you? are you dozing?
Streps. Not I, by Heaven!
Socr. Can you start nothing yet?
Streps. Nothing, so help me.
Socr. Will your head breed no project,
Tho' nurs'd so daintily?
Streps. What should it breed?
Tell, me, sweet Socrates; give me some hint.
Socr. Say first what 'tis you wish.
Streps. A thousand times,
Ten thousand times I've said it o'er and o'er—
My creditors, my creditors—'Tis them
I would fain bilk.
Socr. Go to! get under cover,
Keep your head warm, and rarefy your wits
Till they shall sprout into some fine conceit,
Some scheme of happy promise: sift it well,
Divide, abstract, compound, and when 'tis ready,
Out with it boldly.
Streps. Miserable me!
Would I were out!
Socr. Lie still,* and if you strike
Upon a thought that baffles you, break off
From that entanglement and try another,
So shall your wits be fresh to start again.
Streps. (*not attending to what Socrates is saying.*)
Hah! my dear boy!—My precious Socrates!

* Socrates's instructions for soliciting the inspiration of some sudden thought, are a banter upon the pretended visions and communications with dæmons of the sophists and philosophers; tricks brought by them out of Egypt and the East, which served to impose upon the credulous and vulgar.

Socr. What would'st thou, gaffer?
Streps. I have sprung a thought,
A plot upon my creditors.
Socr. Discuss!
Streps. Answer me this—Suppose that I should hire
A witch, who some fair night shall raise a spell,
Whereby I'll snap the moon* from out her sphere
And bag her.
Socr. What to do!
Streps. To hold her fast,
And never let her run her courses more;
So shall I 'scape my creditors.
Socr. How so?
Streps. Because the calculations of their usury
Are made from month to month.
Socr. A gallant scheme;
And yet methinks I could suggest a hint
As practicable and no less ingenious—
Suppose you are arrested for a debt,
We'll say five talents, how will you contrive
To cancel at a stroke both debt and writ?
Streps. Gramercy! I can't tell you how off hand;
It needs some cogitation.
Socr. Were you apt,
Such cogitations would not be to seek;
They would be present at your fingers' ends,
Buzzing alive, like chafers in a string,
Ready to slip and fly.
Streps. I've hit the nail
That does the deed, and so you will confess.

* Mr. Cumberland says, that in this project for arresting the moon, the poet seems to glance at Pythagoras.

ocr. Out with it!
trepa. Good chance but you have noted
retty toy, a trinket in the shops,
ich being rightly held produceth fire
m things combustible—
ocr. A burning glass,
garly call'd—
trepa. You are right; 'tis so.
ocr. Proceed!
trepa. Put the case now your whoreson bailiff comes,
ws me his writ*—I, standing thus, d'ye mark me,
ne sun's stream, measuring my distance, guide
focus to a point upon his writ,
off it goes in fumo!
ocr. By the Graces!
wittingly devis'd.
trepa. The very thought
his five talents cancel'd at a stroke
es my heart dance for joy.
ocr. But now again—
trepa. What next?
ocr. Suppose yourself at bar, surpris'd
a suit, no witnesses at hand,
judge prepar'd to pass decree against you—
will you parry that?
trepa. As quick as thought—
ocr. But how?
trepa. incontinently hang myself,
baulk the suitor—

t must be remembered, that documents of this kind were im-
sed on tables of wax. *Ed.*

Socr. Come, you do but jest.,
Streps. Serious, by all the gods! A man that' dead
Is out of the law's reach.
Socr. I've done with you—
Instruction's lost upon you: your vile jests
Put me beyond all patience.
Streps. Nay, but tell me
What is it, my good fellow, that offends thee?
Socr. Your execrable lack of memory.
Why how now; what was the first rule I taugh you?
Streps. Say'st thou the first? the very first—wh was it?
Why, let me see; 'twas something, was it not?
About the meal—Out on it! I have lost it.
Socr. Oh thou incorrigible, old doating bloc head,
Can hanging be too bad for thee?
Streps. Why there now,
Was ever man so us'd? If I can't make
My tongue keep pace with your's, teach it th quirks
And quibbles of your sophistry at once,
I may go hang—I am a fool forsooth—
Where shall I turn? Oh gracious Clouds, befrien me,
Give me your counsel.
Chorus. This it is, old man—
If that your son at home is apt and docile,
Depute him in your stead, and send him hither.
Streps. My son is well endow'd with nature gifts,
But obstinately bent against instruction.

Chorus. And do you suffer it?
Streps. What can I do?
He's a fine full-grown youth, a dashing fellow,
And by the mother's side of noble blood:
I'll feel my way with him—but if he kicks,
Befall what may, nothing shall hinder me
But I will kick him headlong out of doors,
And let him graze e'en where he will for me—
Wait only my return; I'll soon dispatch. [*Exit.*
Chor. "Highly favour'd shalt thou be,
"With gifts and graces kept in store
"For those who our divinities adore,
"And to no other altars bend the knee:
"And well we know the' obedience shown
"By this old clown deriv'd alone
"From lessons taught by thee.
"Wherefore to swell thy lawful gains,
"Thou soon shalt skin this silly cur,
"Whom thou hast put in such a stir,
"And take his plunder for thy pains:
"For mark how often dupes like him devise
"Projects that only serve to' enrich the wise."

SCENE IV.

STREPSIADES, (*coming out of his house to his Son, who stands at the door,*) PHEIDIPPIDES.

Streps. Out of my house! I call the Clouds to witness
You shall not set a foot within my doors.

Go to your Lord Megacles! Get you hence,
And gnaw his posts for hunger.
Pheidip. Ah, poor man!
I see how it is with you. You are mad,
Stark mad, by Jupiter!
Streps. You swear by Jupiter!*
Why then I swear by Jove there's no such god—
Now who is mad but you?
Pheidip. Why do you turn
Such solemn truths to ridicule?
Streps. I laugh
To hear a child prate of such old men's fables;
But list to what I'll tell you, learn of me,
And from a child you shall become a man—
But keep the secret close, do you mark me, close;
Beware of babbling.
Pheidip. Heyday! what is coming?
Streps. You swore but now by Jupiter
Pheidip. I did.
Streps. Mark now what 'tis to have a friend like me—
I tell you at a word there is no Jupiter.
Pheidip. How then?
Streps. He's off; I tell you for truth—
He's out of place, and Vortex reigns instead.

* This and the following speech are put a little too seriously by Mr. Cumberland. The following comes more near, I believe, to the self-conceit, with which the clown chuckles over his newly-acquired wisdom.

Streps. (*laughing.*) By Jupiter!
Come, that's a good one, faith. By Jupiter!
And at your age! by Jupiter indeed! (*laughing vociferously.*)
Pheidip. (*gravely.*) And where's the pleasantry, I ask?

Pheidip. Vortex indeed! What freak has caught you now?
Streps. No freak, 'tis fact.
Pheidip. Who tells you this?
Streps. E'en Socrates the Melian,
And Chærephon, the flea philosopher.
Pheidip. And are you so far gone in dotage, sir,
As to be dup'd by men like them, fellows
Whose bile has overflow'd them?
Streps. Keep a good tongue;
Take heed you slander not such worthy men,
So wise withal and learned,—men so pure
And cleanly in their morals, that no razor
Ever profan'd their beards; their unwash'd hides
Ne'er dabbled in a bath, nor wafted scent
Of od'rous unguent as they pass'd along.
But you, a prodigal fine spark, make waste
And havoc of my means, as I were dead
And out of thought—but come, turn in and learn.
Pheidip. What can I learn or profit from such teachers?
Streps. Thou canst learn every thing that turns to profit;
But first and foremost thou canst learn to know
Thyself how totally unlearn'd thou art;
How mere a blockhead, and how dull of brain—
But wait awhile with patience—
[*Enters the house hastily.*
Pheidip. Woe is me!
How shall I deal with this old crazy father?
What course pursue with one, whose reason wanders
Out of all course? Shall I take out the statute,
And cite him for a lunatic; or wait

Till nature and his phrenzy, with the help
Of the undertaker, shall provide a cure?

(*Strepsiades returns, with a cock in one hand and a hen in the other.*

Streps. Now we shall see! Lo! what have I got here?

Pheidip. A chicken—

Streps. Well, and this?

Pheidip. A chicken also.

Streps. Are they the same then? Have a care, good boy,
How you expose* yourself, and for the future
Describe them cock and hen-chick severally.

Pheidip. Ridiculous! Is this the grand discovery
You have just borrow'd from these †sons o' the' dunghill?

Streps. This, and a thousand others—but being old
And lax of memory, I lose it all
As fast as it comes in.

Pheidip. Yes, and methinks
By the same token you have lost your cloak.

Streps. No, I've not lost it; I have laid it out
Upon the arts and sciences.

Pheidip. Your shoes—
They're vanish'd too. How have you laid them out?

* The reader's mind, I think, will often recur in this play to Molière's M. Jourdain.

† γιγαντες:—Titanes—himmelstürmer; as Wieland very properly translates.

Strepsi. Upon the commonwealth—like Pericles*
I'm a barefooted patriot—Now no more;
Do as thou wilt, so thou wilt but conform
And humour me this once, as in times past
I humour'd thee, and in thy playful age
Brought thee a penny go-cart from the fair,
Purchas'd with what my legal labours earn'd,
The fee for my attendance.

(*Going towards the house of Socrates.*)

Pheidip. You'll repent,
My life upon 't; you will repent of this.

(*Following reluctantly.*)

Strepsi. No matter, so you'll humour me—What, hoa!
Why Socrates, I say, come forth, behold,
Here is my son!

* He alludes to the sums that Pericles had expended in bribing the Lacedæmonian ephori, Cleander and Plistianax. [From the text and the note, it does not appear that Mr. Cumberland perfectly understood the event to which the text refers. When Pheidippides asks his father, 'how he has laid out his shoes,' the answer should have been, 'on necessary purposes, like Pericles;' alluding to a well known item in Pericles' accounts, which, equally to the credit of the mutual confidence of Pericles and his fellow-citizens, was allowed to pass unexamined, under the conviction, that it had been applied to the purpose of withdrawing an invading army from Attica. See a further note in the Comedy of the Peace.]

SCENE V.

I've brought him, tho' in faith
Sorely against the grain.
(*Socrates enters.*)
Socr. Aye, he's a novice,
And knows not *where the panniers hang as yet.
Pheidip. I would you'd hang yourself there in their stead.
Streps. Oh monstrous impudence! this to your master!
Socr. Mark how the idiot quibbles upon *hanging*,
Driv'ling and making mouths—Can he be taught
The loopholes of the law; whence to escape,
How to evade, and when to press a suit;—
Or tune his lips to that soft rhetoric,†
Which steals upon the ear, and melts to pity
The heart of the stern judge?

* The text intimates "And has not yet had practice in the panniers:" alluding to the panniers in which Socrates used to meditate.

† Mr. Cumberland has very successfully evaded the difficulty of the Aristophanic χαυνωσις ανεπιστημια, one of those terms, which no other language can come up to. Mr. Cumberland has omitted a line at the end, which is not immaterial. "And yet this knowledge cost Hyperbolus a talent," says the satirical Socrates, alluding to the price which the fashionable Sophists exacted for their instructions.

Strepa. Come, never doubt him;
He is a lad of parts, and from a child
Took wondrously to dabbling in the mud,
Whereof he'd build you up a house* so natural
As would amaze you, trace you out a ship,
Make you a little cart out of the sole
Of an old shoe mayhap, and from the rind
Of a pomegranate cut you out a frog,
You'd swear it was alive. Now what do you think?
Hath he not wit enough to comprehend
Each rule both right and wrong? Or if not both,
The latter way at least—There he'll be perfect.

Socr. Let him prepare: His lecturers are ready.

Strepa. I will retire—When next we meet, remember
I look to find him able to contend
'Gainst right and reason, and outwit them both.

[† *Exit.*

(‡ *Dicæologos and Adicæologos enter.*)

Dicæol. Come forth; turn out, thou bold audacious man,
And face this company.

Adicæol. Most willingly:
I do desire no better: take your ground
Before this audience, I am sure to triumph.

Dicæol. And who are you that vapour in this fashion?

* Plato, in his system of education, strongly recommends, that the pupil should be taught to commence his own course of instruction in this amusing manner. *De Leg.* l. i. p. 872.

† A preparatory choral song, which preceded the entrance of the allegorical Logoi, is now irretrievably lost.

‡ The reasons for the liberty taken of altering Mr. Cumberland's names, will be seen in the Preliminary Discourse.

Adicæol. Fashion itself—the very style of the times.

Dicæol. Aye, of the modern times, and them and you
I set at naught.

Adicæol. I shall bring down your pride.

Dicæol. By what most witty weapon?

Adicæol. By the gift
Of a most apt invention.

Dicæol. Then I see
You have your fools to back you.

Adicæol. No,—the wise
Are those I deal with.

Dicæol. I shall spoil your market.

Adicæol. As how, good sooth?

Dicæol. By speaking such plain truths
As may appeal to justice.

Adicæol. What is justice?
There's no such thing—I traverse your appeal.

Dicæol. How! No such thing as justice?

Adicæol. No; where is it?

Dicæol. With the immortal gods.

Adicæol. If it be there,
How chanc'd it Jupiter himself escap'd
For his unnatural deeds to his own father?

Dicæol. For shame, irreverent wretch, thus do you talk?
I sicken at impiety so gross,
My stomach kicks against it.

Adicæol. You are craz'd;
Your wits, old gentleman, are off the hinges.

Dicæol. You are a vile blasphemer and buffoon.

Adicæol. Go on! you pelt me—but it is with roses.

Dicæol. A scoffer!
Adicæol. Every word your malice vents
Weaves a fresh wreath of triumph for my brows.
Dicæol. A parricide!
Adicæol. Proceed, and spare me not—
You shower down gold upon me.
Dicæol. Lead, not gold,
Had been your retribution in times past.
Adicæol. Aye, but times present cover me with glory.
Dicæol. You are too wicked.
Adicæol. You are much too weak.
Dicæol. Thank your own self, if our Athenian fathers
Coop up their sons at home, and fear to trust them
Within your schools, conscious that nothing else
But vice and folly can be learnt of you.
Adicæol. Methinks, friend, yours is but a ragged trade.
Dicæol. And yours, oh shame! a thriving one, tho' late,
A perfect Telephus, you tramp'd the street
With beggar's wallet cramm'd with hungry scraps,
Choice gather'd from—* Pandeletus' larder.

* This line has been altered from Mr. Cumberland, in order to preserve the proper quantity in the name of Pandeletus, of which Mr. Cumberland had made the penultima short. The reader of 'The Acharnians' will easily perceive, what name the author meant his hearers to supply at the pause purposely made as the line is just concluding. The substitution of the malignant Pandeletus for the sophisticating Euripides, is one of those two-sided blows, and jokes by surprise, in which both the Greeks and Romans appear to have taken a pleasure, that modern readers rarely sympathize in. See *Cicero de Oratore*, lib. ii. sect. 63. et alibi.

Adicæol. Oh! what rare wisdom you remind me of!

Dicæol. Oh, what rank folly theirs, who rule this city,
And let it nourish such a pest as you,
To sap the morals of the rising age.

Adicæol. You'll not inspire your pupil with these notions,
Old hoary-headed time!

Dicæol. I will inspire him,
If he has grace, to shun the malady
Of your eternal clack.

Adicæol. Turn to me, youth!
And let him rail at leisure.

Dicæol. Keep your distance,
And lay your hands upon him at your peril.

Chor. (*interposing.*) Come, no more wrangling.—Let us hear you both;
You of the former time produce your rules
Of ancient discipline—of modern, you—
That so, both weigh'd, the candidate may judge
Who offers fairest, and make choice between you.

Dicæol. I close with the proposal.

Adicæol. 'Tis agreed.

Chor. But which of you shall open?

Adicæol. That shall be:
I yield him up that point; and in reply,
My words, like arrows levelled at a butt,
shall pierce him through and through; then, if he rallies,
If he comes on again with a rejoinder,
I'll launch a swarm of syllogisms at him,
That, like a nest of hornets, shall belabour him,
Till they have left him not an eye to see with.

Chor. "Now, sirs, exert your utmost care,
"And gravely for the charge prepare;
"The well-rang'd hoard of thought explore,
"Where sage experience keeps her store;
"All the resources of the mind
"Employment in this cause will find,—
"And he, who gives the best display
"Of argument, shall win the day:
"Wisdom this hour at issue stands,
"And gives her fate into your hands;
"Yours is a question that divides
"And draws out friends on different sides:
"Therefore on you, who, with such zealous praise,
"Applaud the discipline of former days,
"On you I call; now is your time to show
"You merit no less praise than you bestow."

Dicæol. Thus summon'd, I prepare myself to speak
Of manners primitive, and that good time,
Which I have seen, when discipline prevail'd,
And modesty was sanctioned by the laws.
No babbling then was suffer'd in our schools;—
The scholar's test was silence. The whole group
In orderly procession sallied forth
Right onwards, without straggling, to attend
Their teacher in harmonics; though the snow
Fell on them thick as meal, the hardy brood
Breasted the storm uncloak'd: their harps were strung
Not to ignoble strains, for they were taught
A loftier key, whether to chant the name
Of Pallas, terrible amidst the blaze
Of cities overthrown, or wide and far
To spread, as custom was, the echoing peal.

There let no low buffoon intrude his tricks,
Let no capricious quavering on a note,
No running of divisions high and low
Break the pure stream of harmony; no Phryni
Practising wanton warblings out of place—
Woe to his back that so was found offending!
Hard stripes and heavy would reform his taste
Decent and chaste their postures in the school
Of their gymnastic exercises; none
Expos'd an attitude that might provoke
Irregular desire; their lips ne'er mov'd
In love-inspiring whispers, and their walks
From eyes obscene were sacred and secure.
Hot herbs, the old man's diet, were prescrib'd
No radish, anise, parsley, deck'd their board;
No rioting, no revelling was there
At feast or frolic, no unseemly touch
Or signal, that inspires the hint impure.

Adicæol. Why these are maxims obsolete stale;
Worm-eaten rules, coeval with the hymns
Of old Ceceydas and Buphonian feasts.

Dicæol. Yet so were train'd the heroes, imbru'd
The field of Marathon with hostile blood;
This discipline it was that braced their nerves
And fitted them for conquest. You, forsooth,
At great Minerva's festival produce
Your martial dancers, not as they were wont,
But smother'd underneath the tawdry load†

* Phrynis, of Mitylene, the scholar of Aristocleides, is meant.

† From the manner in which Mr. Cumberland has transl this passage, he does not appear to have understood the alls

Of cumbrous armour, till I sweat to see them
Dangling their shields in such unseemly sort
As mars the sacred measure of the dance.
Be wise, therefore, young man, and turn to me.
Turn to the better guide, so shall you learn
To scorn the noisy forum, shun the bath,
And turn with blushes from the scene impure:
Then conscious innocence shall make you bold
To spurn the injurious, but to reverend age
Meek and submissive, rising from your seat
To pay the homage due, nor shall you ever
Or wring the parent's soul, or stain your own.
In purity of manners you shall live
A bright example; vain shall be the lures
Of the stage-wanton* floating in the dance,
Vain all her arts to snare you in her arms,
And strip you of your virtue and good name.
No petulant reply shall you oppose

conveyed in the original. It refers to a dance, celebrated in the earlier ages of Athenian simplicity, in honour of the great patroness of their town, and more particularly as a memorial of her wonderful birth, when, at the blow of Vulcan's hammer, she sprang from her father's skull in complete armour. In memory of this tradition was established a solemn procession, which, made up of the whole Athenian population, traversed the principal streets of Athens, and ascended to the magnificent Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva, on the Acropolis. It was the fashion for the young men of Athens, armed with a spear and shield, with little more clothing than a short military frock, to accompany the procession, to the steps of a solemn dance.

* There is a little sin of commission, as well as omission, in the translation of this passage, which, as affecting a correct knowledge of Greek manners, and more particularly of their theatrical entertainments, it may not be amiss to rectify. The word, which Mr. Cumberland translates stage-wanton, is in the original ορχηστρις, and implies one of those Grecian females, who made it their employment (and the profession by no means wanted for

To fatherly commands, nor taunting vent
Irreverent mockery on his hoary head,
Crying—"Behold Iäpetus* himself!"

numbers) to contribute to the enjoyment of private convivial parties by the exhibition of dancing. No females were admitted on the Greek stage, for the purposes of recitation, or in the orchestra, for the purposes of dancing; but the ορχηστρίδες supplied the young men of Athens, who had more money than sense or virtue, with the same means of getting rid of their superfluous cash as the stage-wantons and opera-dancers of the present day. Among the paintings found in the ruins of Pompeii are a series of these dancing women; and it must be confessed that if they are to be considered as a just sample of the profession, the young men of Athens had need of some admonition to make them rise superior to their allurements. Movements, all lightness and air; attitudes, which might supply a Canova with ideas; and robes so thin as to justify the expression, which called them "woven wind," and these too thrown but very sparingly over the person, formed some of the attractions of these usual and dangerous appendages to a Grecian banquet. Having turned the private dancer of the Greeks into a modern stage-figurante, Mr. Cumberland might think it necessary to omit the provocative apple, which in the original is thrown at the young man, as the prelude to further playfulness; and which, however it might suit a banqueting room and a private party, could not well have taken place from the stage. The classical reader need not be reminded of his Theocritus, his Virgil and his Ovid, to know how much the apple entered into all the amatory poetry and engagements of the ancients; nor from what allusions to the most beautiful part of the female form, it became the favourite present and pledge of affection between lovers. One of the prettiest uses made of this favoured fruit, occurs among the Images of Philostratus. A band of Cupids, represented, as the ancient artists delighted to paint them, with little wings to their backs and without clothing, are there described as throwing apples at each other, with a reward of kisses, proportioned to the number which they catch.

* Iäpetus here stands for the *ne plus ultra* of antiquity. Thus in Lucian's Saturnalia, the great founder of that time of festivity, comparing his happy situation, now that he had surrendered his throne to Jupiter, observes, "I now live at my ease, and as an old man should live—I drink nectar without mixture, and I talk

Poor thanks for all this fond parental care,
Adicæol. Aye, my brave youth, do, follow these fine rules,
And learn by them to be as mere a swine,
Driveler, and dolt, as any of the sons
Of our Hippocrates;*—I swear by Bacchus,
Folly and foul contempt shall be your doom.
Dicæol. Not so, but fair and fresh in youthful bloom
Amongst our young athletics you shall shine;
Not in the forum loit'ring time away
In gossip prattle, like our gang of idlers,
Nor yet in some vexatious paltry suit
Wrangling and quibbling in our petty courts,
But in the solemn academic grove,
Crown'd with the modest reed, fit converse hold
With your collegiate equals; there serene,
Calm as the scene around you, underneath
The fragrant foliage where the ilex spreads,
Where the deciduous poplar strews her leaves,
Where the tall elm-tree and wide-stretching plane
Sigh to the fanning breeze, you shall inhale
Sweet odours wafted in the breath of spring.
This is the regimen that will insure
A healthful body and a vigorous mind,

over old stories with Iäpetus and others my coevals. ¡The cares of government (and a numerous tribe they are) I leave to him. I have reserved only a few days to myself, that men may still be reminded of the blessings, which they enjoyed under my beneficent reign, when sowing and ploughing were unknown arts, when bread grew ready-made, and meat was cooked to the hand, when rivers ran wine, and milk and honey were to be found in every fountain." *Ed.*

* The sons of Hippocrates (better known to the spectators than they are to us) were proverbial for their stupidity.

A countenance serene, expanded chest,
Heroic stature and a temperate tongue;
But take these modern masters, and behold
These blessings all revers'd; a pallid cheek,
Shrunk shoulders, chest contracted, sapless limbs,
A tongue that never rests, and mind debas'd,
By their vile sophistry perversely taught
To call good evil, evil good, and be
That thing, which nature spurns at, that disease,
A mere Antimachus,* the sink of vice.

Chor. "Oh sage instructor, how sublime
"These maxims of the former time!
"How sweet this unpolluted stream
"Of eloquence, how pure the theme!
"Thrice happy they, whose lot was cast
"Amongst the generation past,
"When virtuous morals were display'd
"And these grave institutes obey'd.
"Now you, that vaunt yourself so high,
"Prepare; we wait for your reply,
"And recollect, or ere you start,
"You take in hand no easy part;
"Well hath he spoke, and reasons good
"By better only are withstood;
"Sharpen your wits then, or you'll meet
"Contempt as certain as defeat."

Adicæol. Doubt not I'm ready, full up to the throat,
And well nigh chok'd with plethory of words,
Impatient to discharge them. I do know
The mighty masters of the modern school

* Antimachus, according to the Scholiast, appears to have been equally conspicuous for his beauty, his effeminacy, and the utter corruption of his morals.

Term me the Lower Logic, so distinguish'd
From the old practice of the upper time,
By him personified; which name of honour
I gain'd as the projector of that method,
Which can confute and puzzle all the courts
Of law and justice—An invention worth
Thousands to them who practise it, whereas
It nonsuits all opponents.—Let that pass.
Now take a sample of it in the ease,
With which I'll baffle this old vaunting pedant
With his warm baths, that he forsooth forbids.
Harkye, old man, discuss, if so it please you,
Your excellent good reason for this rule,
That interdicts warm bathing.

Dicæol. Simply this—
I hold it a relaxer, rendering men
Effeminate and feeble.

Adicæol. Hold awhile—
I have you on the hook. Answer me this—
Of all the heroes Jupiter has father'd
Which is for strength, for courage, and a course
Of labours most renown'd?

Dicæol. I know of none
Superior in those qualities to Hercules.

Adicæol. And who e'er heard Herculean baths*
were cold?
Yet Hercules himself you own was strong.

Dicæol. Aye, this is the very style of the times;
These are the dialects now in fashion

* Tepid baths, according to fabulous legends, being the gift of Vulcan to Hercules, it became a fashion to term all such Herculean.

With our young sophists who frequent the baths
Whilst the palæstra starves.

Adicæol. I grant you this;
It is the style of the times, by you condemn'd,
By me approv'd, and not without good cause;
For how but thus doth ancient Nestor* talk?
Can Homer err? Were all his wise men fools?
They are my witnesses.—Now for this tongue,
This member out of use by his decree,
Not so by mine.—His scholar must be silent
And chaste withal—damping prescriptions both—
For what good fortune ever did betide
The mute and modest? Instance me a case.

Dicæol. Many—chaste Peleus† so obtain'd his sword.

Adicæol. His sword! and what did Peleus gain by that?
Battle and blows this modest Peleus gain'd;
Whilst mean Hyperbolus, whose wretched craft
Was lamp-making, by craft of viler sort
Garbled his thousands, solid coin, not swords.

Dicæol. But continence befriended Peleus so,
As won the goddess Thetis to his bed.

* Mr. Cumberland has missed the sense here. The humour of the passage lies in imitating the *persiflage* of the sophists, and in a play of words, deriving the Homeric title of Nestor, Agoritès, (a fluent orator) from Agora, (a place with which the readers of Aristophanes have been made acquainted in the preceding plays.)

† Peleus, having withstood the solicitations of Atalante, wife of Acastus, was rewarded for his continence by the gods, with a sword of celestial temper, the workmanship of Vulcan. But Atalante, having accused him to her husband, and stimulated Acastus to revenge a supposed attempt upon her honour, Peleus found himself driven to declare war against him, and to this Adicæologos alludes in his retort upon Dicæologos.

Adicæol. And drove her out of it—for he was cold,
Languid and listless: she was brisk and stirring,
And sought the sport elsewhere. Now are you answered?
Good sooth you're in your dotage. Mark, young sir,
These are the fruits of continence: you see
What pleasure you must forfeit to preserve it—
All the delights that woman can bestow;
No am'rous sports to catch the fair one's smile,
No luscious dainties shall you then partake,
No gay convivial revels, where the glass
With peals of laughter circulates around;
These you must sacrifice, and without these
What is your life?—So much for your delights.—
Now let us see how stands your score with nature—
You're in some scrape we'll say—intrigue—adultery—
You're caught, convicted, crush'd—for what can save you?
You have no powers of speech—but arm'd by me,
You're up to all occasions: Nothing fear;
Ev'n give your genius scope; laugh, frolic, sport,
And flout at shame; for should the wittol spouse
Detect you in the fact, you shall so pose him
In his appeal, that nothing shall stick to you;
For Jove shall take the blame from off your shoulders,
Being himself a cuckold-making* god,

* It is on account of stories of this nature, as well as other representations degrading to the heroic character, that Plato so anxiously excludes the works of Homer from his system of education. *De Rep.* l. iii. The character of the heathen divinities

And you a poor frail mortal—Why should you
Be wiser, stronger, purer than a god?
Dicæol. But what if this your scholar should incur
The' adulterer's correction—pill'd and sanded,
And garnish'd with a radish in his crupper,
The scoff of all beholders—What fine quirk
Will clear him at that pinch, but he must pass
For a most perfect Ganimide?
Adicæol. What then?
Where is the harm?
Dicæol. Can greater harm befal him?
Adicæol. What will you say if here I can confute you?
Dicæol. Nothing—my silence shall confess your triumph.
Adicæol. Come on then—answer me to what I ask.
Our advocates—what are they?
Dicæol. Catamites.
Adicæol. Our tragic poets—what are they?
Dicæol. The same.
Adicæol. Good, very good!—our demagogues—
Dicæol. No better.
Adicæol. See there! discern you not that you are foil'd?
Cast your eyes round this company!
Dicæol. I do.
Adicæol. And what do you discover?
Dicæol. Numerous birds
Of the same filthy feather, so Heaven help me!

is generally treated with sufficient freedom by Aristophanes; but the tragic stage rather exceeded than fell short of him.

This man I mark; and this, and this fine fop
With his curl'd locks.—To all these I can swear.
Adicæol. What say you then?
Dicæol. I say I am confuted—
Here, wagtails, catch my cloak—I'll be amongst you.*
Socr. (*to Strepsiades, just return'd.*) Now, friend, what say you? who shall school your son?
Strep. School him and scourge him, take him to yourself.
And mind you wet him to an edge on both sides,
This for slight skirmish, that for stronger work.
Socr. Doubt not, we'll finish him to your content
A perfect sophist.
Pheidip. Perfect skin and bone—
That I can well believe.
Socr. No more—Away! (*Strepsiades retires.*)
Pheidip. Trust me you've made a rod for your own back. (*Follows Socrates into the house.*)
(*Chorus address the Spectators.*)
Now to our candid judges we shall tell
What recompense they may expect from us,
If they indeed are studious to deserve it:
First, on your new-sown grounds in kindly showers,
Postponing other calls, we will descend.

* Thus ends this famous episode, says Mr. Cumberland, reversing the Choice of Hercules, and making the spectators parties in the criminality and injustice of the decision. Wieland, after applauding the truly comic manner in which the dialogue concludes, and allowing the necessity there was of giving the upper hand to the genius, or representative of things on their wrong side, is still in doubt, whether a due regard to the moral graces allowed of the contest being so easily given up by the genius or representative of things on their right side.

The bearing branches of your vines shall sprout,
Nor scorch'd with summer heats nor chill'd with rain.
This to our friends who serve us,—but to him,
Who dares to slight us, let that mortal hear,
And tremble at the vengeance which awaits him:
Nor wine nor oil shall that man's farm produce;
For when his olive trees shall yield their fruit,
And his ripe vineyard tempts the gath'rer's hand,
We'll batter him to ruin, lay him bare;
And if we catch him with his roof untiled,
Heav'ns! how we'll drench him with a pelting storm
Of hail and rain incessant! above all,
Let him beware upon the wedding night;
When he brings home his own or kinsman's bride,
Let him look to't! Then we'll come down in torrents,
That he shall rather take his chance in Egypt,
Than stand the vengeful soaking we will give him.

SCENE VI.

STREPSIADES (*with a sack of meal on his shoulder, and talking to himself.*)

Lo! here's the fifth day gone—the fourth—the third—
The second too—day of all days to me
Most hateful and accurs'd—the dreadful eve,

Ushering the new moon, that lets in the tide
Of happy creditors, all sworn against me,
To rack and ruin me beyond redemption.
I, like a courteous debtor, who would fain
Soften their flinty bosoms, thus accost them—
"Ah, my good sir, this payment comes upon me
"At a bad time, excuse me—That bill's due,
"But you'll extend your grace—This you will cancel,
"And totally acquit me."—By no means;
All with one voice cry out, they will be paid,
And I must be be-knav'd into the bargain,
And threaten'd with a writ to mend the matter—
Well, let it come!—They may ev'n do their worst;
I care not so my son hath learnt the trick
Of this new rhetoric, as will appear
When I have beat this door—(*knocks at the door*)
—Boy, boy! come forth!
(*Socrates comes forth.*)

Socr. Hail to Strepsiades!

Streps. Thrice hail to Socrates!
But first I pray you (*setting down the meal against the door*) take this dole of meal,
In token of the reverence I bear you;
And now, so please you, tell me of my son,
Your late noviciate. Comes he on apace?

Socr. He apprehends acutely.

Streps. Oh brave news!
Oh the transcendent excellence of fraud!

Socr. Yes, you may set your creditors at naught—

Streps. And their avouchers too?—

Socr. Had they a thousand.

Streps. (*singing and dancing.*) Then I'll sing out
my song, and sing aloud,
And it shall be—Woe, woe to all your gang,
Ye money-jobbing caitiffs, usurers, sharks!
Hence with your registers, your cents-per-cent;
I fear you not; ye cannot hook me now.
Oh! such a son have I in training for you,
Arm'd with a two-edg'd tongue that cuts o' both
sides,
The stay, support, and pillar of my house,
The scourge of my tormentors, the redeemer
Of a most wretched father—Call him forth,
Call him, I say, and let my eyes feast on him—
What hoa! My son, my boy—Your father calls;
Come forth and show yourself.

(*To them Pheidip.*)

Socr. Behold him present!

Streps. My dear—my darling—

Socr. Lo! you have your darling.

Streps. Joy, joy, my son! all joy—for now you
wear
A face of the right character and cast,
A wrangling, quibbling, contradicting face;
Now you have got it neatly on the tongue—
The very quirk o' the' time "What's that you
say?
"What is it?"—Shifting from yourself the wrong
To him that suffers it—an arch conceit
To make a transfer of iniquity,
When it has serv'd your turn—Yes, you will pass;
You've the right *Attic stamp upon your forehead.

* The Athenians, says Wieland, were so well aware of the advantages, which their wit, their volubility of tongue, and their

Now let me see a sample of your service,
Forsooth to say you owe me a good turn.
Pheidip. What vexes you, my father?
Strepa. What! the moon,
This day both new and old.
Pheidip. Both in one day?
Ridiculous!
Strepa. No matter—'Tis the day
Will bring my creditors upon my back
All in a swarm together.
Pheidip. Let them swarm!
We'll smother 'em if they dare so to miscal
One day as two days.*

higher cultivation gave them over other Greeks, and particularly over their neighbours, the Bœotians, the Megarians, and the islanders of the Ægean and Ionian seas, that this self-consciousness actually impressed itself on their features, and produced a sort of bold, confident, shameless look, by which an Athenian citizen was easily distinguished from a stranger. From this self-confidence proceeded another piece of impertinence, of which Mr. Cumberland, from his manner of translation, does not seem to be quite aware. "What's that you say?" was an expression in common use at Athens—not for the purpose of "shifting wrong from the doer to the sufferer,"—but merely to display Athenian superiority, and to let a stranger know that his answers were very dull to Athenian ears. The French *comment?*—the usual answer to questions, which the hearer does not or will not understand—has too much of the triumph of civil, well bred superiority in it to be put on a footing with the τι λεγεις συ of the Athenian citizen; but the writer of this note has sometimes thought that he has met with its very counterpart in the *comment?* the sharp, shrewd and insolent interrogation of the lower citizens of Geneva.

* The equivoque of the original text, and the turn which Mr. Cumberland has given to it, will require a little explanation. Before the commencement of a trial in Athens, both parties deposited a certain sum of money with the magistrate who entered their cause into the court. This deposit went finally to the

Streps. What should hinder them?
Pheidip. What, do you ask? Can the same woman be
Both young and old at once?
Streps. They speak by law:
The statute bears them out.
Pheidip. But they misconstrue
The spirit of the statute.
Streps. What's that?
Pheidip. Time-honour'd Solon was the people's friend—
Streps. This makes not to the case of new or old.
Pheidip. And he appointed two days for the process,
The old and new day—for citation that,
This for discharge—
Streps. Why did he name two days?
Pheidip. Why, but that one might warn men of their debts,
The other serve them to escape the payment;

payment of persons attending the courts; the losing party also being obliged, beside the payment of other charges, to restore the deposit-money to his adversary. Pheidippides, playing upon a term in the Athenian calendar, which has been already explained and by which one and the same day was made to appear like two days, derives from it a proof of Solon's affection for the democracy. According to him, Solon's appointment of the two days, new and old, for a legal summons, was, that by that means, the deposit-money might be taken on the new moon, the old day being added for the purpose of giving the contending parties, a previous opportunity of settling matters amicably. Why then, asks Strepsiades, continuing the quibble, do the magistrates receive the deposit-money on the new-moon, and not on the old and new day? Because, replies the son, in Mr. Cumberland's version "they're hungry feeders," &c.

Else were they laid by the' heels, as sure as fate,
On the new moon ensuing.
Strepsi. Wherefore then
Upon the former day do they commence
Their doles of first fruits at the Prytaneum,
And not at the new moon?
Pheidip. Because, forsooth,
They're hungry feeders, and make haste to thrust
Their greedy fingers in the public dish.
Strepsi. Hence then, ye witless creditors, begone!
We are the wise ones, we are the true sort;
Ye are* but blocks, mob, cattle, empty casks—
" Therefore with ecstacy I'll raise
" My jocund voice in fortune's praise,
" And, oh rare son!—Oh happy me!
" The burden of my song shall be;
" For hark! each passing neighbour cries—
" All hail, Strepsiades the wise!
" Across the forum as I walk,
" I and my son the public talk,
" All striving which shall have to boast
" He prais'd me first, or prais'd me most—
" And now, my son, my welcome guest,
" Enter my house and grace my feast."
[*Exeunt.*

* Strepsiades, in the common manner of the Greek stage, applies these terms to the audience, and not to his creditors.

SCENE VII.

(PASIAS, *and a Witness.*)

Pasias. *Should this man be permitted to go on
At such a desperate rate? It must not be.
Better for him to have brok'n up at once
Than to be thus beset. Therefore it is
That I am forc'd upon this hostile course,
Empowering you to summon this my debtor
For the recovery of my own—Good sooth,
I will not put my country to the blush,
But I must rouse Strepsiades—

(*Strepsiades re-enters.*)

Streps. Who's this?

Pasias. The old and new day call upon you, sir.

Streps. (*to the Spectators.*) Bear witness that this man has named two days—
And for what debt do you assail me thus?

Pasias. For twelve good pounds that you took up at interest
To pay for your son's racer.

Streps. I a racer?

* The sense is very obscure here, as narrated by Mr. Cumberland. Pasias enters, addressing himself to his accompanying witness, and the sum of his reasoning is as follows: "What, shall a man lose his own (for the sake of pleasing others?) Let it not be thought of. Better had it been to have put a good front upon the matter at first, and have said 'no,' than to have been put to all this trouble. Self-defence, however, obliges me to take another course. Therefore it is," &c,

Do you not hear him? Can you not all witness
How mortally and from my soul I hate
All the whole racing calendar?
Pasias. What then?
You took the gods to witness you would pay me.
Streps. I grant you, in my folly I did swear,
But then my son had not attain'd the art
Of the new logic unconfutable.
Pasias. And have you now the face to stand it out
Against all evidence?
Streps. Assuredly—
Else how am I the better for my schooling?
Pasias. And dare you, knowing it to be a falsehood,
Take the great gods to witness to your oath,
When I shall put it to you?
Streps. What great gods?
Pasias. (*starting at the question.*) Mercurius, Neptune, Jupiter himself—
Streps. Yes, and stake down three-farthings as a handsel
That I will take the oath, so help me Jove!
Pasias. Insolent wretch, you'll perish in your folly!
Streps. Oh! that this madman was well scrubb'd with salt,
To save his brains from addling!
Pasias. Out upon't!
Do you make game of me?
Streps. —I warrant me
He'll take at least six gallons for a dressing.

Pasias. So may great Jove and all the gods deal with me
As I will handle you for this buffoonery!
Streps. I thank you for your gods—They're pleasant fellows—
And for your Jupiter, the learn'd and wise
Hold him a very silly thing to swear by.
Pasias. 'Tis well, rash man, 'tis well! The time will come
When you shall wish these vaunting words unsaid:
But will you pay the debt or will you not?
Say, and dismiss me.
Streps. Set your mind at rest;
You shall have satisfaction in a twinkling—(*Steps aside.*)
Pasias. What think you of this chap?
Witness. That he will pay you.
(*Strepsiades returns.*)
Streps. Where is this dun of mine? Come hither, friend,
How do you call this thing?
Pasias. A kneading-trough,
Or, as we say, a cardopus—
Streps. Go to!
Dost think I'll pay my money to a blockhead,
That calls this kneading-trough a *cardopus*?
I tell you, man, it is a *cardopa*—
Go, go, you will not get a doit from me,
You and your *cardopus*.
Pasias. Will you not pay me?
Streps. Assure yourself I will not—Hence, begone!
Will you not beat your march, and quit my doors?

Pasias. I'm gone, but take this with you, if I live
I'll sue you in the Prytaneum* before night.
Streps. You'll lose your suit, and your twelve pounds besides.
I'm sorry for your loss, but who can help it?
You may ev'n thank your cardopus for that.
[*Exit Pasias and Witness.*

(*Amynias enters, followed by a Witness.*)

Amynias. Ah me, ah me!
Streps. Who's that with his—Ah me?
Whom has *Carcinus*† sent amongst us now—
Which of his doleful deities?—
Amynias. Alas!
Would you know who I am? Know then I am
A wretch made up of woes—
Streps. A woeful wretch—
Granted! pass on.
Amynias. Oh‡ inaspicious chance!
Oh ye hard hearted, chariot-breaking fates!
Oh! Pallas my destroyer, what a crash
Is this that you have giv'n me!

* The word Prytaneia has led Mr. Cumberland into an error. The threat of Pasias implies that he will commence the first stage of a process by laying down the gage-money.

† He glances at Carcinus, (by the way, Mr. Cumberland is incorrect in his quantity; the penultima of Carcinus being short,) a very voluminous tragic writer, to the amount of 160 dramas. He introduced some of the immortals in ridiculous situations, using the like doleful expressions as he puts here into the mouth of the money-lender.

‡ These lines appear to be a parody upon some tragedy, in which Tlepolemus, one of the sons of Hercules, apparently gave occasion to some character in the piece to utter a similar exclamation.

Strepsi. Hah! what ails you?
Of what can you accuse Tlepolemus?
Amynias. Mock not my miseries, but bid your son
Repay what he has borrow'd.
Strepsi. Take me with you—
What should my son repay?
Amynias. The sum I lent him.
Strepsi. Is that it? Then your case is desperate;
Truly you're out of luck.
Amynias. I'm out of every thing—
I overthrew my chariot—By the gods
That's being *out*, I take it, with a vengeance.
Strepsi. Say rather you are kick'd by an ass*—a trifle!
Amynias. But, sir, my lawful money is no trifle;
I shall not choose to be kick'd out of that.
Strepsi. I'll tell you what you are—Out of your wits.
Amynias. How so?
Strepsi. Because your brain seems wondrous leaky.
Amynias. Look to't! By Mercury, I'll clap you up,
If you don't pay me.
Strepsi. Harkye, one short question—
When Jove rains on us does he rain fresh water,

* There is a play upon words in the original, which it is not possible to transfuse into the translation. The learned reader will understand the difficulty. [It consists in the nice inflection of voice, by which απ' ουν and απο νυ would be confounded together.]

Or only vapours that the sun exhales?
Answer me that.
Amynias. I care not what he rains;
I trouble not my cap with such conceits.
Streps. And do you think a man, that has no wit
To argue upon these rare points, will argue me
Out of my money?
Amynias. Let your debt go on,
And pay me up the interest.
Streps. What is that?
What kind of thing is that same interest?
Amynias. A thing it is that grows from day to day,
And month to month, swelling as time rolls on
To a round sum of money.
Streps. Well defin'd!
One question more—What think you of the sea?
Is it not fuller now than heretofore?
Amynias. No, by the Gods! not fuller, but as full:
That is my judgment of it.
Streps. Oh thou miser!
That so would'st stint the ocean, and yet cram
Thy swelling coffers till they overflow—
Fetch me a whip, that I may lash him hence:
Take to your heels—begone!
Amynias. I will convoke
My witnesses against you.
Streps. Start! set off!—
Away! you jennet you!
Amynias. (*to the Spectators.*) Is not this outrage?
Streps. (*smacking his whip.*) Will you not bolt? will you not buckle kindly

Into your geers, or must I mount and goad you
Under the crupper, till you kick and wince
For very madness? Oho! Are you off?
A welcome riddance—All the devils drive
You and your cursed chariot hence together!

(*Strepsiades goes into his house.*)

Manet Chorus. "Mark here how rarely it succeeds

"To build our trust on guilty deeds:
"Mark how this old cajoling elf,
"Who sets a trap to catch himself,
"Falsely believes he has found the way
"To hold his creditors at bay.
"Too late he'll curse the Sophists' school,
"That taught his son to cheat by rule,
"And train'd the modest lips of youth
"In the vile art of torturing truth;
"A modern logic much in use,
"Invented for the law's abuse;
"A subtle knack of spying flaws
"To cast in doubt the clearest cause,
"Whereby, in honesty's despite,
"The wrong side triumphs o'er the right—
"Alas! short triumph he must have,
"Who glories that his son's a knave:
"Ah foolish sire, the time will come*
"You'll wish that son of your's were dumb."

* The moral and prophetic Chorus again denounces punishment and repentance upon the infamous expedients which Strepsiades has resorted to for defrauding his creditors, and the succeeding incident fully verifies the prediction. I am fully persuaded there is no Greek drama now in our hands, where the Chorus takes a part so intimately connected with the plot, as in

SCENE VIII.

STREPSIADES (*rushing out of the house, in great confusion, followed by his son*) PHEIDIPPIDES, CHORUS.

Streps. Hoa there! What hoa! for pity's sake some help!
Friends, kinsmen, countrymen! turn out and help!
Oh! my poor head, my cheeks are bruis'd to jelly—
Help by all means!—Why, thou ungracious cub,
Thy father wouldst thou beat?
Pheidip. Assuredly.
Streps. There, there! he owns that he would beat his father.
Pheidip. I own it, good my father!
Streps. Parricide!
Impious assassin! Sacrilegious wretch!
Pheidip. All, all, and more—You cannot please me better;
I glory in these attributes. Go on!
Streps. Monster of turpitude!
Pheidip. Crown me with roses!
Streps. Wretch, will you strike your parent?

this comedy: here it is essential, and delivers those sentiments, which reason dictates, and the poet wishes to inspire into the minds of his hearers——

Oh! si sic semper dixisset! C.

Pheidip. Piously,
And will maintain the right, by which I do it.
Streps. Oh shameless villain! can there be a right
Against all nature so to treat a father?
Pheidip. That I shall soon make clear to your conviction.
Streps. You, you convince me?
Pheidip. With the greatest ease:
And I can work the proof two several ways;
Therefore make choice between them.
Streps. What do you mean?
Pheidip. I mean to say we argue up or down—
Take which you like. It comes to the same end.
Streps. Aye, and a precious end you've brought it to.
If all my care of you must end in this,
That I have put you in the way to beat me,
(Which is a thing unnatural and profane)
And after justify it.*
Pheidip. That I'll do
By process clear and categorical,
That you shall fairly own yourself a convert
To a most wholesome cudgeling.
Streps. Come on!
Give me your arguments—but spare your blows.

* It is not easy to conceive any incident more pointedly severe than this, which the poet has employed for interesting the spectators in his attack upon the sophists. A son exhibited in the impious act of striking his father, and justifying the crime upon principle, is surely as bitter an invective against the schools of the philosophers as can be devised.

Chorus. How to restrain this headstrong son of yours
Behoves you now, old man, to find the means,
For sure he could not be thus confident
Without some cause; something there needs must be,
Some strong possession of himself within,
That buoys him up to this high pitch of daring,
This bold assumption; which that we may know,
Give us distinctively the whole detail
From first to last whence this contention sprang,
So shall we hear, and hearing judge betwixt you.

Streps. So please you then I will the cause unfold
Of this base treatment to your patient ears,
And thus it stands—When we had supp'd together,
As you all know, in friendly sort, I bade him
Take up his lute and give me the good song
Of old Simonides,*—"the ram was shorn;"—
But he directly scouted my request—
It was a fashion out of date forsooth—
He would not sit twanging the lute, not he;
'Twas not for him to cackle o'er his wine,
As if he were some wench working the hand-mill†—

* The nature of the *Scolia* or drinking songs of the Athenians may be seen in the comedy of the Wasps.

† Alluding to the ballads sung by women, whilst at work upon the hand-mill. The names of several of these may be found in Hesychius and Athenæus. One of the simplest is preserved in Ælian, lib. vii. c. 4. It bore the name of Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, and King of Mitylenë, who, according to Plutarch, took a peculiar pleasure in grinding his own

Pheidip. Grossly so;
And was it not high time that I should beat you,
Who had no better manners than to set
Your guest a chirping like a grasshopper?
Streps. These were his very words, and more than these;
For by and bye he told me that Simonides*
Was a most paltry poet. This you'll own
Was a tough morsel, yet I gulp'd it down,
And pass'd it off with bidding him recite
Some passage out of Æschylus, withal
Tendering a myrtle† wreath, as custom is,
To grace the recitation—He forsooth,
Flouting my tender, instantly replied—
"I hold your Æschylus, of all our poets,
"First of the spouters, incoherent, harsh,
"Precipitous and turgid."—Oh my friends,

corn and making his own bread. The women at their mills did not, of course, forget so honourable a testimony to their craft.

Grind, grind, good my mill, grind;
Pittacus turns a mill as we all find.
Grind, grind, good my mill, grind,
This miller-king, oh he's the man to my mind.

* The name of this celebrated writer, who, like the French Marot, may be called the king of the poets, and the poet of the kings of his time, (and if Xenophon's dialogue, Hiero, be a just specimen of his conversation, kings had reason to value themselves on the possession of such a contemporary,) occurs more than once in the writings of Aristophanes. The talents, the literary contests, and the mercenary disposition of the poet, are there briefly commended or satirized in the comedian's usual peculiar manner.

† When any poems, sacred to the deity, such as those of a dramatic kind, were recited at private tables, the person reciting held a branch of laurel, (myrtle) in his hand, to signify that he was performing an act of devotion as well as amusement. *Inquiry, by R. P. Knight, Esq.* p. 38.

Was not this more than flesh and blood should
bear?
Yet, yet I smother'd rage within my heart,
And calmly said—"Call something else to mind
"More to your taste and from some modern bard,
"So it be good withal and worth the hearing—"
Whereat, would you believe it? he began
Repeating from Euripides—Great Jove,
Guard my chaste ears from such another dose!
A perilous long-winded tale of incest
'Twixt son and daughter of the same sad mother.*
Sick to the soul I spurned at such declaiming,
Adding, as well I might, all that my scorn
Of such vile trash could add! till, to be short,
Words begat words, and blows too as it prov'd,
For leaping from his seat he sprung upon me,
Struck, buffeted, and bang'd me out of measure,
Throttled me, pounded me well nigh to dust—

Pheidip. And what less does that heretic deserve,
Who will not praise Euripides, the first†
In wisdom of all poets?

Strepa. He the first!
How my tongue itches!—but the rogue is ready;
He'll beat me if I answer.

Pheidip. And with reason.

Strepa. What reason, graceless cub, will bear you
out
For beating me, who in your baby age

* The story of Macareus the son of Æolus, and his uterine sister Canace.

† This high admiration for Euripides had, of course, been learnt in the school of Socrates, whose regard for that poet and his tragedies is well known.

Caress'd you, dandled you upon my knee,
Watch'd every motion, humour'd all your wants?
Then if you lisp'd a syllable I caught it—
Bryn cried the bantling—straight I gave you drink;
Mamman it mew'd—and that forsooth was bread:
Nay I perform'd the nurse's dirtiest task,
And held you out before me at your needs;
And now in my necessity you show'd
No mercy to the pressing calls of nature,
But having pummel'd me till my poor bowels
Could hold no longer, kept me fast imprison'd
To struggle with occasion as I could.

Chor. Now every young man's heart beats an alarm,
Anxious to hear his advocate's appeal;
Which if he can establish, the same right
By him asserted will on all devolve,
And beating them will be so much in vogue
That old men's skins will be reduc'd to cobwebs—
Now you, that hold up this new paradox,
Look well how you defend it, for it asks
No trivial reasons to enforce persuasion.

Pheidip. How gratefully the mind receives new lights,
Emerging from the shades of prejudice,
And casting old establishments aside!
Time was but now, when every thought of mine
Was centred in the stable; then I had not
Three words upon my tongue without a stumble;
But now, since I've been put into the way
Of knowing better things, and the fine art
Of subtil disputation, I am bold
To meet this question and convince my hearers

How right it is to punish this old sinner.

Streps. Mount, mount your chariot! Oh, that I could see you
Seated again behind your favourite horses,
Tho' 'twere with four in hand, so that you kept
From driving me at such a pelting rate.

Pheidip. Now then, I ask you, gathering up my thread
Where it was broken off, if you, my father,
When I was but a stripling, spar'd my back?

Streps. No, for I studied all things for your good,
And therefore I corrected you.

Pheidip. Agreed,
I also am like studious of your good,
And therefore I most lovingly correct you;
If beating be a proof of love, you have it
Plenteous in measure, for by what exemption
Is your most sacred carcass freed from stripes
And mine made subject to them? Am not I
Free-born as you? Say, if the son's in tears,
Should not the father weep?

Streps. By what one rule
Of equity?

Pheidip. What equity were that
If none but children are to be chastis'd?
And grant they were, the proverb's in your teeth,
Which says old age is but a second childhood.
Again, if tears are seen to follow blows,
Ought not old men to expiate faults with tears
Rather than children, who have more to plead
In favour of their failings?

Streps. Where's the law
That warrants this proceeding? There's none such.

Pheidip. And what was your law-maker but a man,
Mortal as you and I are? And tho' time
Has sanctified his statutes, may not I
Take up the cause of youth, as he of age,
And publish a new ordinance for leave
By the right-filial to correct our fathers,
Remitting and consigning to oblivion
All ex-post-facto beating? Look at instinct—
Inquire of nature how the brute creation
Kick at their parents, which in nothing differ
From lordly man, except that they compile
No laws, and hold their rights without a statute.

Streps. If you are thus for pecking at your father
Like a young fighting-cock, why dont you peck
Your dinner from the dunghill, and at night
Roost on a perch?

Pheidip. The cases do not tally,
Nor does my master Socrates prescribe
Rules so absurd.

Streps. Cease then from beating me;
Else you preclude yourself.

Pheidip. As how preclude?

Streps. Because the right I have of beating you
Will be your right in time over your son,
When you shall have one.

Pheidip. But if I have none,
All my sad hours are lost, and you die laughing.

Streps. There's no denying that.—How say you, sirs?
Methinks there is good matter in this plea;
And as for us old sinners, truth to say,
If we deserve a beating we must bear it.

Pheidip. Hear me—there's more to come—
Streps. Then I am lost,
For I can bear no more.
Pheidip. Oh fear it not,
Rather believe what I have now to tell you
Will cause you to make light of what is past,
'Twill bring such comfort to you.
Streps. Let me have it:
If it be comfort, give it me.
Pheidip. Then know,
Henceforth I'm resolv'd to beat my mother
As I have beaten you.
Streps. How say you? How?
Why this were to out-do all you have done.
Pheidip. But what if I have got a proof in petto,
To show the moral uses of this beating?
Streps. Show me a proof that you have hang'd yourself,
And with your tutor Socrates beside you
Gone to the devil together in a string;
Those moral uses I will thank you for—
Oh inauspicious goddesses, O Clouds!
In you confiding, all these woes fall on me.
Chor. Evil events from evil causes spring,
And what you suffer flows from what you've done.
Streps. Why was I not forewarn'd? You saw me old,
And practis'd on my weak simplicity.
Chor. 'Tis not for us to warn a wilful sinner;
We stay him not, but let him run his course,
Till by misfortunes rous'd, his conscience wakes,
And prompts him to appease the' offended gods.

Streps. I feel my sorrows, but I own them just:*
Yes, ye reforming Clouds, I'm duly punish'd
For my intended fraud.—And now, my son,
Join hands with me, and let us forth together
To wreak our vengeance on those base deceivers,
That Chærephon and Socrates the chief,
Who have cajol'd us both.

Pheidip. Grace forbid
I should lift up my hand against my masters!

Streps. Nay, nay, but rather dread avenging Jove,
God of our ancestors,† and him revere.

Pheidip. You're mad, methinks, to talk to me of Jove—
Is there a god so call'd?

Streps. There is! there is!

Pheidip. There is no Jupiter, I tell you so;
Vortex has whirl'd him from his throne, and reigns
By right of conquest in the Thunderer's place.

Streps. 'Tis false, no Vortex reigns but in my brain.‡

* This appeal to the Chorus, their reply to it, and the old man's acknowledgment that he merited the punishment he met with, are finely introduced, and impress a very just and natural moral on the catastrophe of the fable.

† The Zeus Patrous of the original was not properly a deity of the Athenians; the title Patrous belonged exclusively to Apollo. The answer of Pheidippides, in the original, refers primarily to this mistake.

‡ Mr. Cumberland adds two more lines.

When in my ecstacy I fancied you
An earthen deity, a farthing god.

This is scarcely sense, and yet it is difficult to elicit from the text any better meaning. There seems to be a pun in the original on the word, which Mr. Cumberland translates Vortex, and which, besides that meaning, also signified a particular sort of cup. One of the commentators supposes that a cup of this kind

Pheidip. Laugh at your own dull joke and be a fool! [*Exit.*

Streps. (*striking his breast.*) Insufferable block-head that I was;
What ail'd me thus to court this Socrates,
Ev'n to the exclusion of the immortal gods?
O Mercury, forgive me; be not angry,
Dear tutelary god, but spare me still,
And cast a pitying eye upon my follies,
For I have been intemperate of tongue,
And dearly rue it—Oh my better genius,
Inspire me with thy council how to act,
Whether by legal process to assail them,
Or by such apter means as thou may'st dictate.
I have it! Well hast thou inspir'd the thought;
Hence with the lazy law; thou art not for it.
With fire and faggot I will fall upon them,
And send their school in *fumo* to the Clouds.
Hoa, Xanthias, (*calling to one of his slaves*) hoa! bring forth without delay
Your ladder and your mattock, mount the roof,
Break up the rafters, whelm the house upon them.
And bury the whole hive beneath the ruins.
(*Xanthias mounts the roof and begins working with his mattock.*)
Haste! if you love me, haste! Oh, for a torch,
A blazing torch new lighted, to set fire

had been set up before the school of Socrates, in place of the Apollo Agyieus, or the image of Apollo, which commonly stood in the fore-court of an Athenian house. Wieland suggests, that the image of Apollo before the Socratic school had been worn away, till it more resembled a cup of the particular kind here referred to, than a statue of Apollo.

To the infernal edifice.—I warrant me
I'll soon unhouse the rascals, that now carry
Their heads so high, and roll them in the dust.

(*One of the scholars comes out.*)

First Disciple. Woe! mischief! misery!

Streps. (*mounts the roof and fixes a torch to the joists.*) Torch, play your part:
And we shall muster up a conflagration.

First Disciple. What are you doing, fellow?

Streps. Chopping logic;
Arguing a knotty point with your house-beams.

Second Disciple. Oh horror! Who has set our house on fire?

Streps. The very man whose cloak you nabb'd so neatly.

Second Disciple. Undone and ruin'd—!

Streps. Heartily I wish it—
And mean you should so be if this same mattock
Does not deceive my hope, and I escape
With a whole neck.

(*Socrates comes forth.*)

Socr. Hoa there! What man is that?
You there upon the roof—what are you doing?

Streps. *Treading on air—contemplating the sun—*

Socr. Ah me! I'm suffocated, smother'd, lost—

(*Chærephon appears.*)

Chærephon. Wretch that I am, I'm melted, scorch'd, consumed!—

Streps. Blasphemers, why did you insult the gods?
Dash, drive, demolish them! Their crimes are many,

But their contemptuous treatment of the gods,
Their impious blasphemies, exceed them all.

Chor. Break up!—The Chorus have fulfill'd
their part.

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